The Saturday Evening
POST
September 21, 1957 — 15¢

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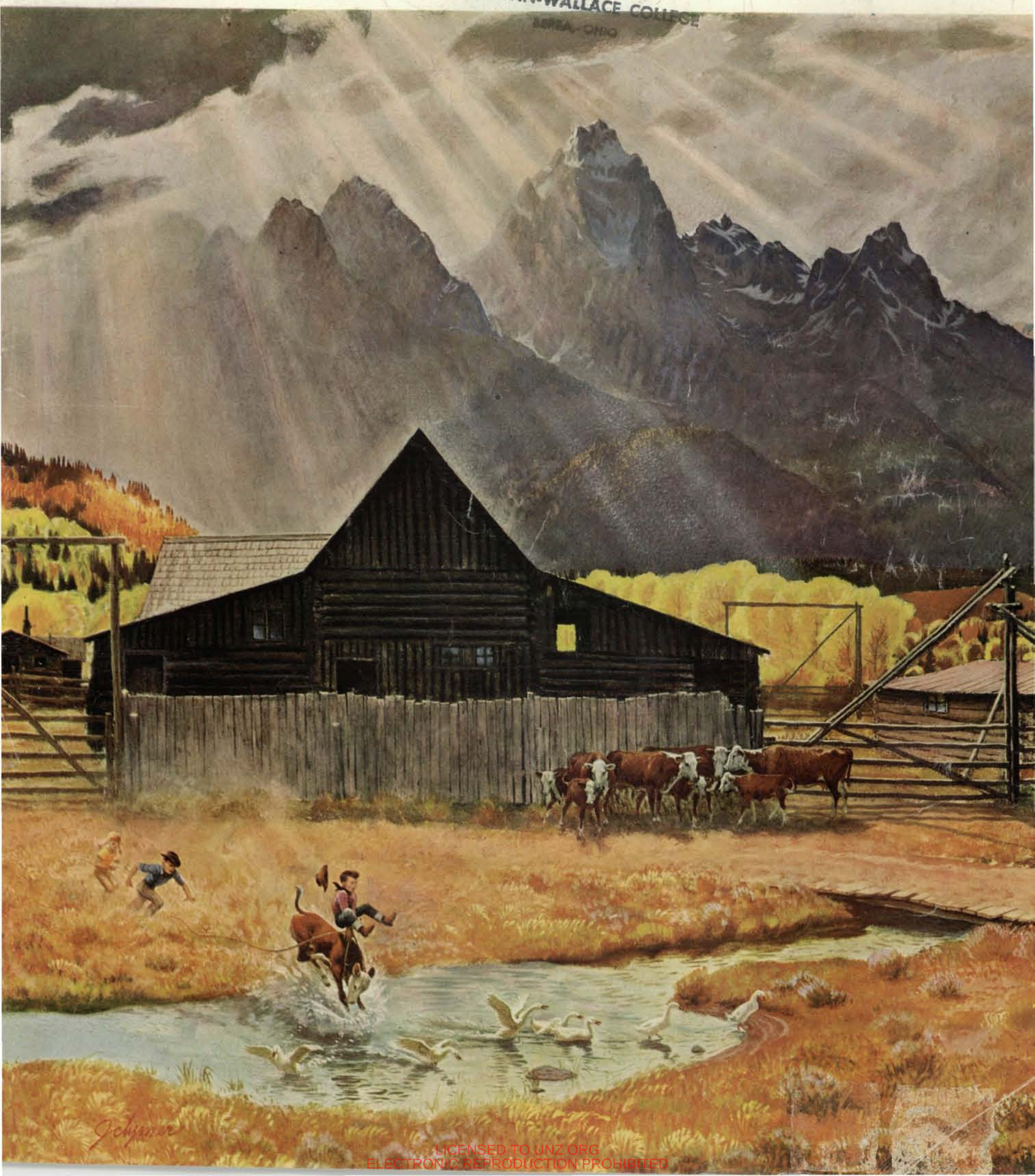
George Raft Tells the Amazing Truth About Himself

ARE THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS DOING THEIR JOB?



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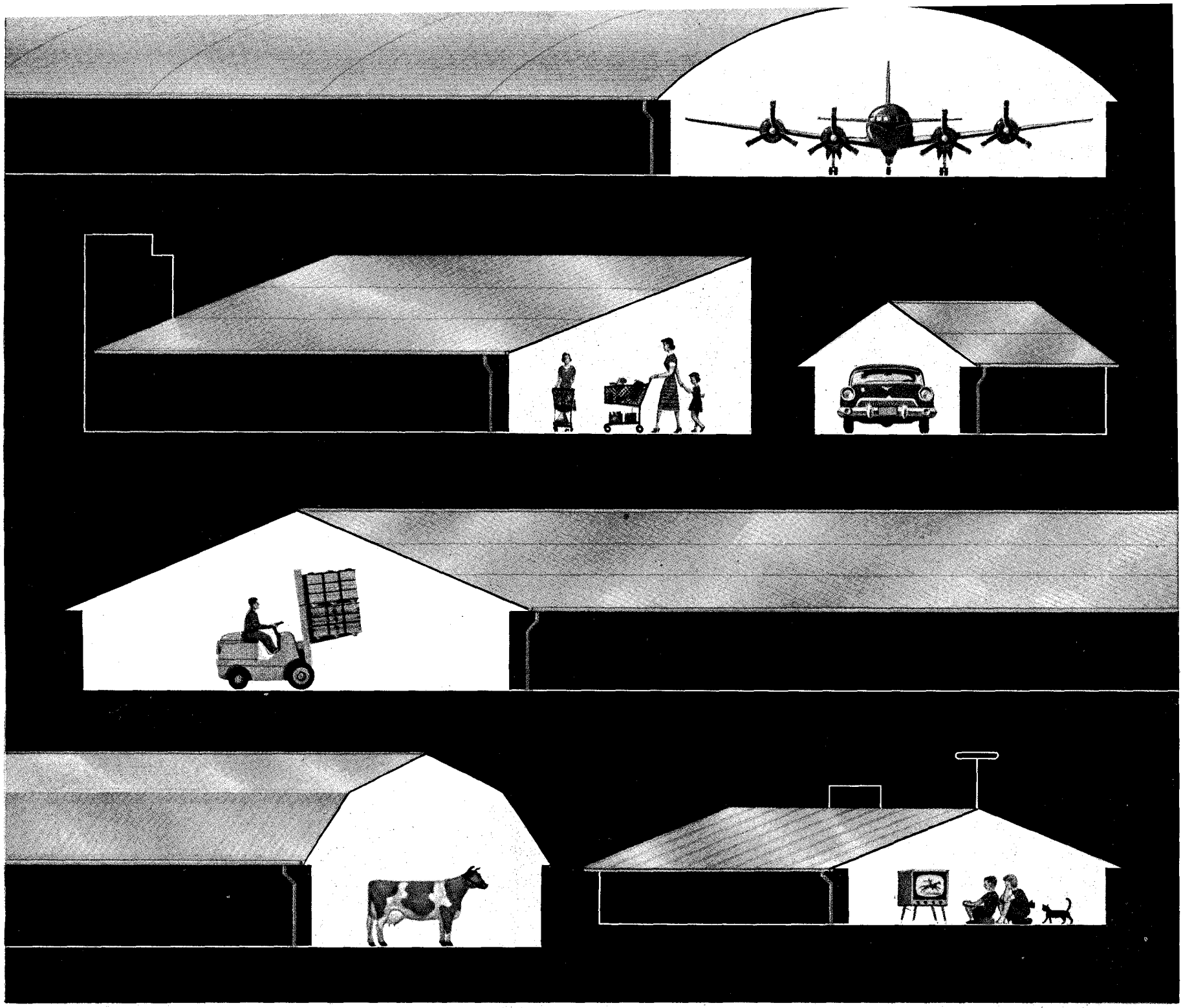

6 different roof problems—all solved by Wheeling

To some people, all roofs seem alike. But not to architects or builders. They'll tell you that what's perfect for a factory may not be so perfect for, say, a barn...and vice versa. So the right roofing is all important.

That's where Wheeling's complete line of roofing comes in. TRI-RIB, CHANNELDRAIN, CORRUGATED, SEAMLESS ROLL or a variety of other types . . . for industry, farm and home . . . there's a just-right Wheeling roof or roof deck for every building.

Equally important, they're all made to last — to give long, dependable, worry-free service, each and every one of them. Wheeling quality control makes sure of that.

Best of all, the Wheeling warehouse nearest you can give your builder or building supply dealer speedy, on-time delivery on all warehouse stocked items, or write to Wheeling Corrugating Company, Wheeling, W. Va.

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY
IT'S WHEELING STEEL

Atlanta Boston Buffalo Chicago Columbus Detroit Houston Kansas City Louisville Madison Minneapolis New Orleans New York Philadelphia Richmond St. Louis

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Beth felt a wave of envy

for the woman in the green sedan

Beth had watched the couple with the green sedan at the station night after night. She knew they'd been married for years, yet he always seemed as attentive and gallant as a bridegroom. "If only George could be like that", she reflected. But George was not—and there was a "why". Halitosis—bad breath.

The most common cause of bad breath is germs . . . Listerine kills germs by millions

The most common cause of bad breath (halitosis) is germs in the mouth. Listerine Antiseptic kills germs by millions. Tests show Listerine kills every germ found in the mouth instantly, on contact—to help keep breath sweeter, longer.

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does

Tooth paste can't kill germs the way Listerine does, because no tooth paste is antiseptic. Listerine IS antiseptic. That's why Listerine stops bad breath four times better than tooth paste—usually stops it for hours on end. Every morning, every night, before every date, gargle Listerine full-strength.

Listerine Antiseptic stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

stops bad breath 4 times better than tooth paste

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PHILCO ANNOUNCES HYPER-POWER TELEVISION

. . . a picture so much better it demanded a new kind of sound!

You need power to make a TV picture bright and clear — power to give you true natural sound — power to bring in distant channels — knock out interference!

Philco found the way to add tremendous power to TV. It's called Hyper-power. . . or HTV.

Turn on a new Philco HTV set. You'll see a better, clearer, more powerful picture. And you will see why HTV demanded a new kind of sound . . .

Wrap-Around Sound!

Three separate harmonically balanced speakers, one in front and one on each side, create a feeling of *presence* you've never before experienced in TV. It's the world's first three-speaker, wide-diffusion TV sound system!

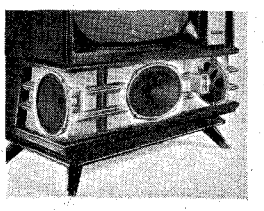
See and hear new *dependable* Philco HTV. Available in your choice of fine wood cabinets. You can own Philco HTV for as little as **$179.95**!*

*PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER SOUTH AND WEST.

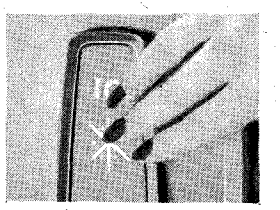
PHILCO "MISS AMERICA" HTV! Most beautiful set of all.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

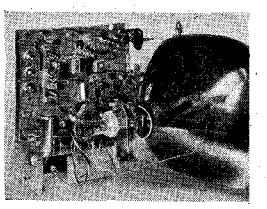
LIVE BETTER Electrically with Full Housepower



New Wrap-Around Sound! Fullest tone. No blast, no blare—you feel you're there! Equipped with phono-jack.



New Hyper-power Tuner! So sensitive it needs no dial at all! You simply touch the panel to change the channel!



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THE COVER

Here we have a junior cowboy riding a junior bovine, although the former soon may find himself riding a water fowl. Here is unskilled youth practicing and dreaming itself toward skillful maturity: that lad, as a son of America's rodeo country, envisions himself a famed cowboy, careening out of the chutes on a fearfully bouncing bull while thousands cheer—and that calf envisions itself giving the cowboy the heave-ho while thousands do not cheer. What John Clymer actually saw on a country road near Jackson, Wyoming, was a galloping calf and an unseated boy still clinging to a rope, being towed on his stomach in a cloud of dust. When the boy let go, Clymer looked up, westward, at the purple-green majesty of the high Tetons. And so a cover was born.

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Published weekly by The Curtis Publishing Company, Independence Square, Philadelphia 5, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office at Philadelphia, Pa. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada.

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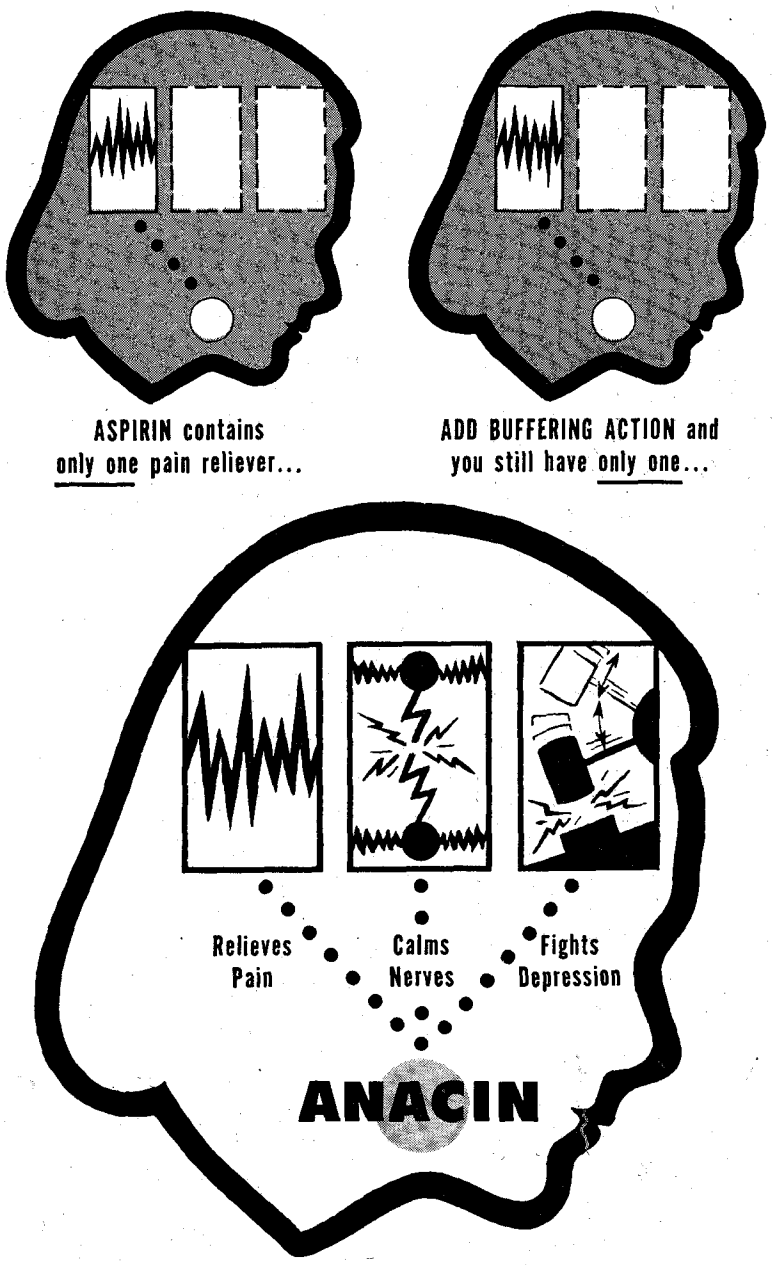

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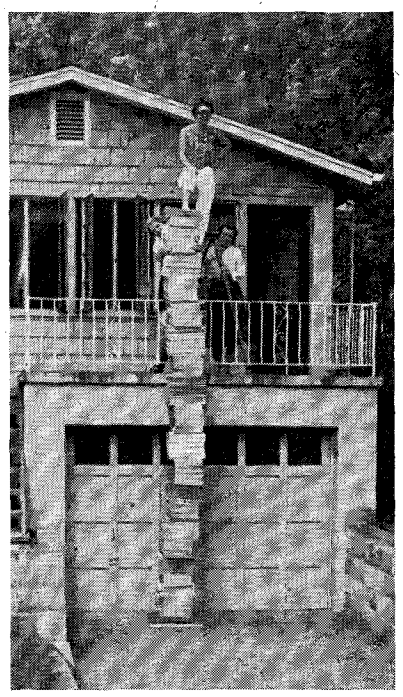
Letters

Mom Regains Her Basement

Dear Sirs:

These are all Posts, fourteen feet and two inches of them, stacked up in back of our garage, waiting for the University of Omaha library truck to get them.

It broke my heart to part with them—I've kept them, solid, ever since the November 5, 1938, issue. A writer, I like to have things where I can put my hands



on them. And I've been tangling for nineteen years with Eleanore, my wife, who would like a nice, *empty* basement—one she can hose out. You know.

Finally, she put her foot down on the issue—on all of them! I tried to get a shot of her doing it, but she flubbed out, halfway up the ladder. So Anne, one of our twin daughters, did the aerial work, while Eleanore and Aunt Betty held things [see above].

Well, I can always pop out to Omaha U to read my old Posts. Yours in defeat,

FLETCHER D. SLATER
Omaha, Neb.

Khrushchev's Coup

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial [KHRUSHCHEV HAD A FREE SHOT AT THE AMERICAN MIND, July 27] on the Khrushchev propaganda broadcast, courtesy U.S.A., is magnificent. The American news and radio reporters gave him the authentic "go" sign so that he would be listened to by the world in a "score of languages." The Post, in 650 words, tells just how the "Red gangster cleaned up," but the seed has been sown, and some of it is bound to sprout.

DON HENDERSON
St. Joseph, La.

Dear Sirs:

All of the thousands of tons of propaganda material shipped into this country, plus the home-grown efforts, could never equal the propaganda riches delivered gratis to the Kremlin by this very ill-advised sensationalism. Let's hope it is the last of such nonsense.

G. B. M. MEDEARIS
Quincy, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I saw the telecast. . . . I am 14. I myself could see . . . that it was all a bunch of double-talk and propaganda. If I could, I'm sure intelligent adults could, too.

CAROLYN CIASTKO
Calumet City, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Congratulations on your down-to-earth editorial.

ERNEST GARDOS
Sebring, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I only wish that every "Liberal" pushing us toward coexistence with the Soviets would read your editorial—and wake up.

CAPT. R. W. ORRELL
Daytona Beach, Fla.

What Kind of Woman?

Dear Sirs:

After reading I CALL ON JULIE LONDON, by Pete Martin [August 17] all I can say is give us back the good old-fashioned girls like Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.

CAPT. FRANK MCKULICK, USMC
Quantico, Va.

Dear Sirs:

My neighbors, friends and I are convinced that Julie London hasn't the voice of an anemic mosquito.

MRS. CLARA M. KIMBALL
Framingham Centre, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

Pete Martin is fast becoming my favorite fan writer, titillating as he does the risibles of the more discerning. Just now I am lost in admiration of the straight-faced scalpel job he did on Julie London.

HUNTER LOVELACE
Hollywood, Cal.

Dear Sirs:

I thought the Post was above such froth.

C. WAYNE TUTHILL
Seaford, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

We urge Pete Martin to call on (1) Anita Ekberg and (2) Sophia Loren!

Since we would like to, but can't, guess a story by him would be next best thing.

A. ANDERS
Dunkirk, N.Y.

● *Pete Martin expects to call on a lot of glamorous people, but we don't want to divulge the lineup. —ED.*

(Continued on Page 6)

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Your car can take you to such wonderful places...

A car is useful, no doubt about it.

It takes you to market, to work, to school, to any place you have to go. That's a help.

But a car's more than just a worker and helper. You could miss a lot if you forgot that.

One of these weekends, just get in your car, and get out on the road, and ride. And relax. And look around a little bit.

And when you see something you like, stop for a closer look. At a country museum, maybe. Or a clear cool picnic pond, where you can skip a few flat stones with your kids, and eat. They'd like that. You probably would, too, wouldn't you?

How about *this* weekend?

There are over 200,000 service station men ready to help you wherever you drive. Knowing that trained, experienced help is as near as the next service station makes motoring a carefree pleasure.

DRIVE MORE—IT'S FUN FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

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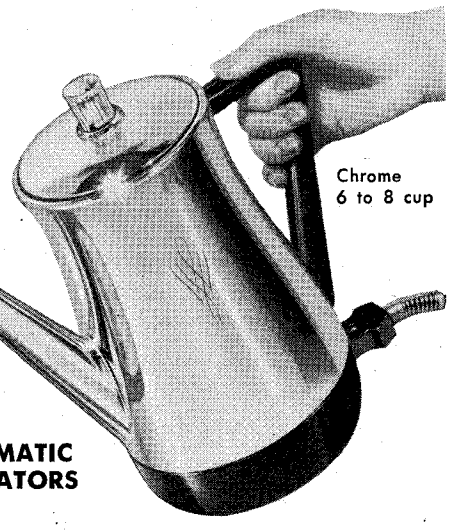
Large 11" x 11" family size
Extra deep — 3¾ qt. capacity

Now . . . enjoy **effortless automatic cooking** with the extra-deep West Bend Automatic Skillet. Makes cooking actually fun with new "balanced heat" — the amazing feature that means the temperature you dial is evenly balanced over every square inch of cooking surface. All 'round pouring lip and vent-type cover. With copper color cover, **$23.45;*** or polished aluminum cover, **$22.95.***



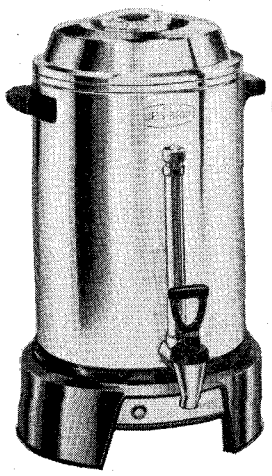
Chrome
6 to 8 cup

FLAVO-MATIC PERCOLATORS

Superb coffee, with the flavor automatically controlled. Coffee is always gently perked — a combination of exclusive and patented features provides correct timing and temperature control.

	2-5 cup	6-8 cup
gleaming chrome	$18.50*	$19.95*
copper color	$13.50*	$14.95*
polished aluminum	$11.95*	$13.50*

*includes cord and excise tax



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Delicious coffee for any event . . . made automatically. **Just pour in cold water . . . add coffee . . . and forget it!** When coffee has reached its flavor peak and is ready to serve, a signal light flashes. Automatically stays serving hot. Three sizes: 48 to 72 cup, **$42.95;** 30 to 50 cup, **$39.95;** new 12 to 24 cup, **$29.95.**

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ELECTRIC BEAN POT

TRIG TEA KETTLE

BOWLMASTER MIXING BOWLS

WEST BEND FASHIONING NEW IDEAS FOR HAPPIER homemaking

AT HOUSEWARES, HARDWARE, GIFT AND APPLIANCE STORES. PRICES SLIGHTLY HIGHER IN CANADA AND HAWAII.

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Summer Madness

Dear Sirs:

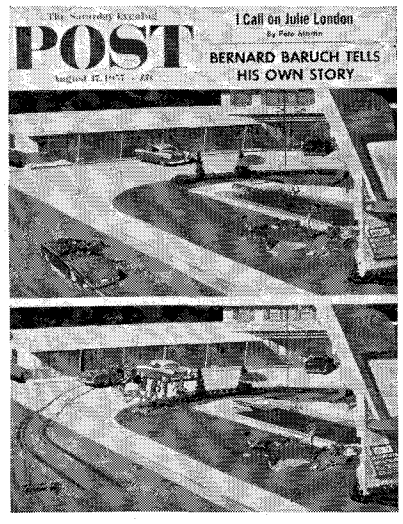
I couldn't help but laugh out loud when I saw Thornton Utz's August 17th cover. A really clever presentation of a typical summer situation. I hope the girls showered the boys with lots of Southern charm.

ELIZABETH FAHLE
Lakeland, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Are they mannequins? Is it conceivable that out of six girls not one glances at five approaching males! . . . Show me six girls from any walk of life who wouldn't even peek.

MRS. HARRIET SMITH
Elkins Park, Pa.



Dear Sirs:

The young hopefuls better get their brakes adjusted or they're going to find themselves in a field one of these days. From the skid marks, the front end is dragging.

T. G. FADER
Montreal, P.Q.

New Schools

Dear Sirs:

Your editorial SOME COMMUNITIES BUILD SCHOOLS BY LOCAL LEND LEASE, Aug. 17, suggests a good way for communities where there are wealthy individuals and business concerns to finance their new school construction. But what about the schools in poorer communities, in the South for example. State aid for school construction is essential for the poorest communities in every State. For the poorer States, Federal aid is essential.

GEORGE J. HECHT
Chairman, American Parents Committee
New York, N.Y.

Of Hawley and Japan

Dear Sirs:

I have just returned after a year and a half in the Far East. I would like to congratulate Cameron Hawley on his candid article [ARE WE DRIVING JAPAN INTO RED CHINA'S ARMS?, Aug. 10]. It gets down to the true problems existing in Japan today. . . .

WILLIAM H. TAUBERT
Pelham Manor, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

The article is written in a terrific spirit of community of interests: an American examines the anxieties of the leading Japanese businessmen with sympathy and understanding equal to those that he devotes to his own country.

NICHOLAS ABOLTINS
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

It is apparent . . . that neither Japan nor the United States learned much from the bitter lesson of World War II.

JACK IMMELL
Buffalo, Okla.

Dear Sirs:

Cameron Hawley misses the point entirely regarding our trade relations with Japan. . . .

He writes that the average Japanese citizen is fully aware that his country is engaged in a do-or-die effort. Isn't Mr. Hawley aware that a lot of American manufacturers are also engaged in a do-or-die attempt to save their businesses from cheaper Japanese competition? . . .

Sooner or later, the Japanese are going to trade with whomever they wish, and that is as it should be. It is high time that we quit meddling in everyone's affairs.

Yes, let Japan take care of Red China . . . and then we won't have to worry about getting involved . . . and . . . we will cease to be a dumping ground for cheap merchandise.

NORMAN E. CARRON
Two Rivers, Wis.

Dear Sirs:

Cameron Hawley's piece . . . is an excellent job.

Incidentally the photograph on page 19 wrongly identifies Sanzo Nosaka,

Japan's Number One Red, as the white-haired man. . . . Nosaka is the fellow on the extreme left.

HARRISON FORMAN
South Salem, N.Y.

● *Far Eastern expert Forman is right. The white-haired man, according to the Japanese consulate in New York City, is Kanichi Kauakami, a Communist member of the lower house of the Diet.* —*ED.*

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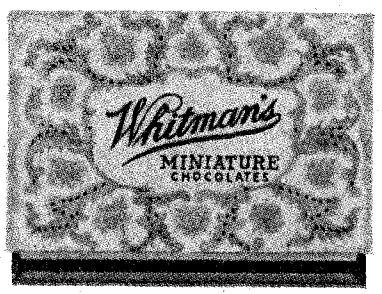
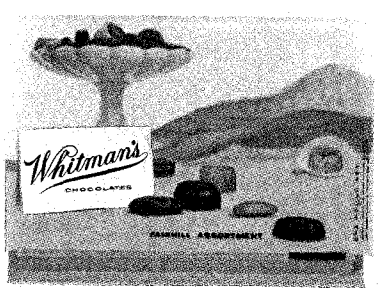
Something special for someone special

Fruits and Nuts Assortment, $2.25



Miniature Chocolates, $2



Fairhill Assortment, $1.69

SO FINE,

SO FAMOUS,

SO SURE TO PLEASE

Whitman's
CHOCOLATES

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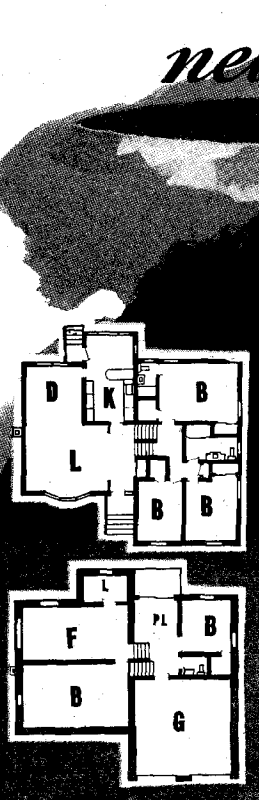


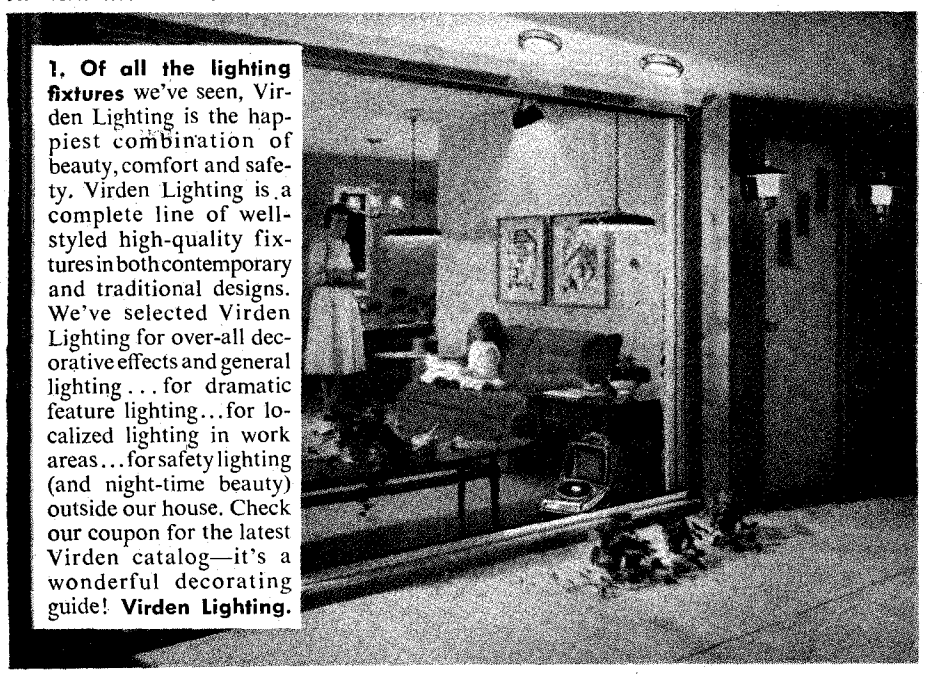
► *This outstanding model house was built by James and Hervey Cosden in their new project, Oradell Village, Oradell, New Jersey. It gets our vote for "Newest of the New." We proudly present it as this month's SHOW-HOUSE. It is open to the public.*

A corner of the Family Room

Each Year, our home-planning experts look over a host of new products designed by leading manufacturers to bring you better home living. We look for quality . . . workmanship . . . styling—all the features *you* look for when *you* shop. *Here, on these pages, we present our findings . . . an exciting line of lighting fixtures by* Virden . . . revolutionary new high-fidelity systems by Steelman . . . attractive Deft Wood Finishes by Desmond Brothers . . . a new engineered-for-comfort Perfection heating line . . . a "show-off" wind-resistant roof of Ruberoid Lok-Tab asphalt shingles . . . Curtis Woodwork to give our house personality-plus . . . a wonderful new organ by Thomas Organ . . . the finest automatic dishwasher—KitchenAid by Hobart . . . Vina-Lux Floors by Azrock—so new, wanted and wonderful! . . . and bathrooms elegantly styled in real ceramic tile by Mosaic. We think you'll like "shopping" this SHOW-HOUSE! . . . And using our coupon for idea-full booklets.

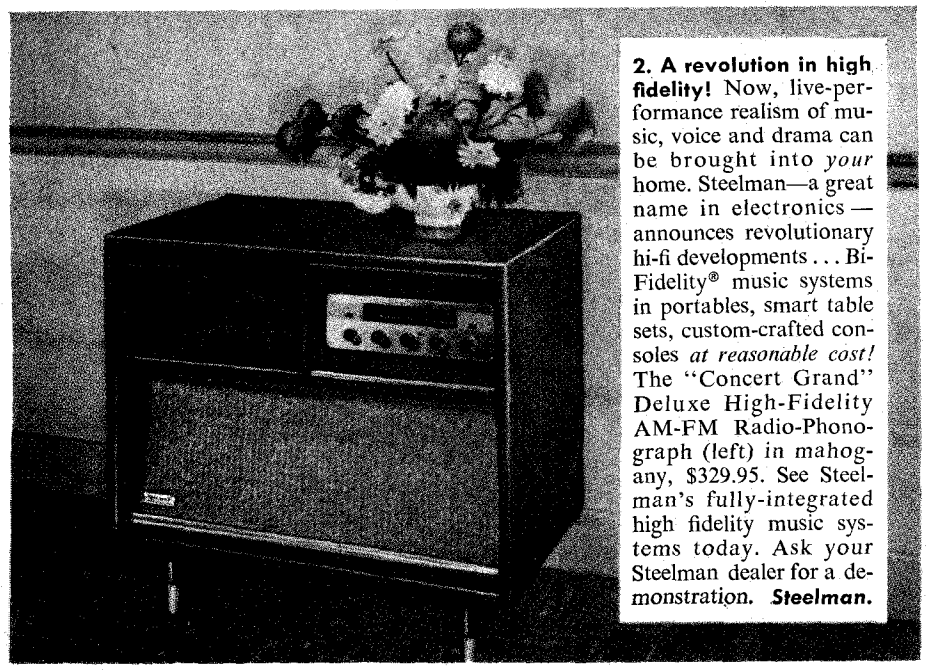
PHOTOGRAPHY: RODNEY MCKAY MORGAN

COPYRIGHT 1957 SHOW-HOUSE

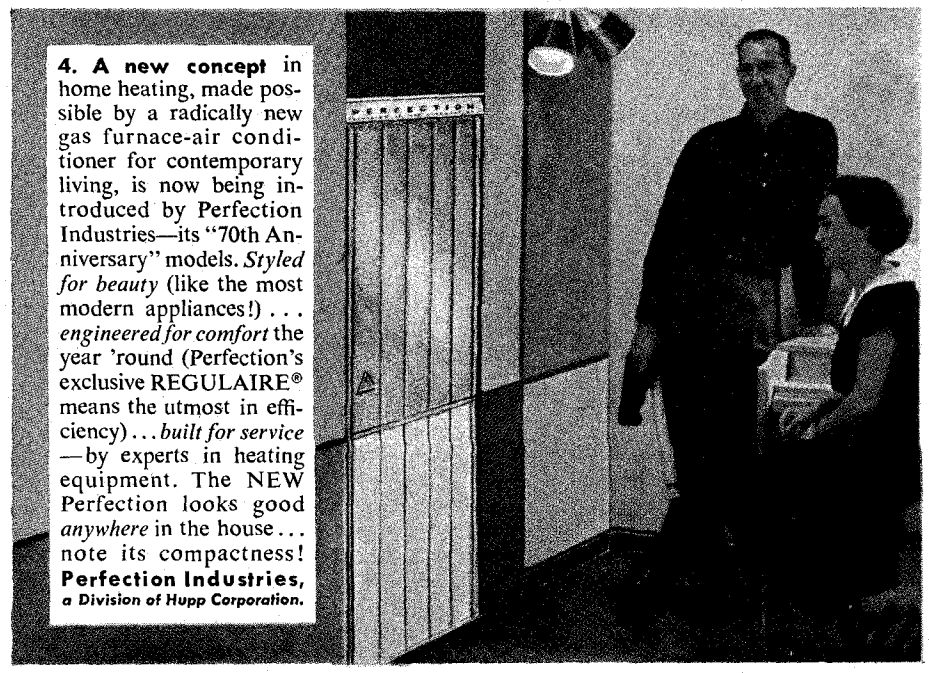


1. Of all the lighting fixtures we've seen, Virden Lighting is the happiest combination of beauty, comfort and safety. Virden Lighting is a complete line of well-styled high-quality fixtures in both contemporary and traditional designs. We've selected Virden Lighting for over-all decorative effects and general lighting . . . for dramatic feature lighting . . . for localized lighting in work areas . . . for safety lighting (and night-time beauty) outside our house. Check our coupon for the latest Virden catalog—it's a wonderful decorating guide! **Virden Lighting.**

3. Deft-finished for interior natural wood beauty. Deft Wood Finish is the new easy way to a finer interior finish. Deft seals, primes, finishes; no thinning required. Dries in 30 minutes. Two coats result in a beautiful finish on paneled walls and cabinets; three coats a bar-top finish on furniture and floors. *Anyone can use Deft with professional results*, it's trouble-free. Oh yes, Deft is a protective coating for brass fixtures and interior flagstone. We've used Deft *throughout*. Be GOOD to *your* WOOD: Deft-finish it. Where paints are sold, or write, Desmond Bros., 1826 W. 54th St., Los Angeles 62, Calif. See coupon. **Desmond Bros.**



2. A revolution in high fidelity! Now, live-performance realism of music, voice and drama can be brought into *your* home. Steelman—a great name in electronics—announces revolutionary hi-fi developments . . . Bi-Fidelity® music systems in portables, smart table sets, custom-crafted consoles *at reasonable cost!* The "Concert Grand" Deluxe High-Fidelity AM-FM Radio-Phonograph (left) in mahogany, $329.95. See Steelman's fully-integrated high fidelity music systems today. Ask your Steelman dealer for a demonstration. **Steelman.**



4. A new concept in home heating, made possible by a radically new gas furnace-air conditioner for contemporary living, is now being introduced by Perfection Industries—its "70th Anniversary" models. *Styled for beauty* (like the most modern appliances!) . . . *engineered for comfort* the year 'round (Perfection's exclusive REGULAIRE® means the utmost in efficiency) . . . *built for service*—by experts in heating equipment. The NEW Perfection looks good *anywhere* in the house . . . note its compactness! **Perfection Industries,** *a Division of Hupp Corporation.*

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SHOW-HOUSE®

TO BETTER YOUR HOME LIVING

presents

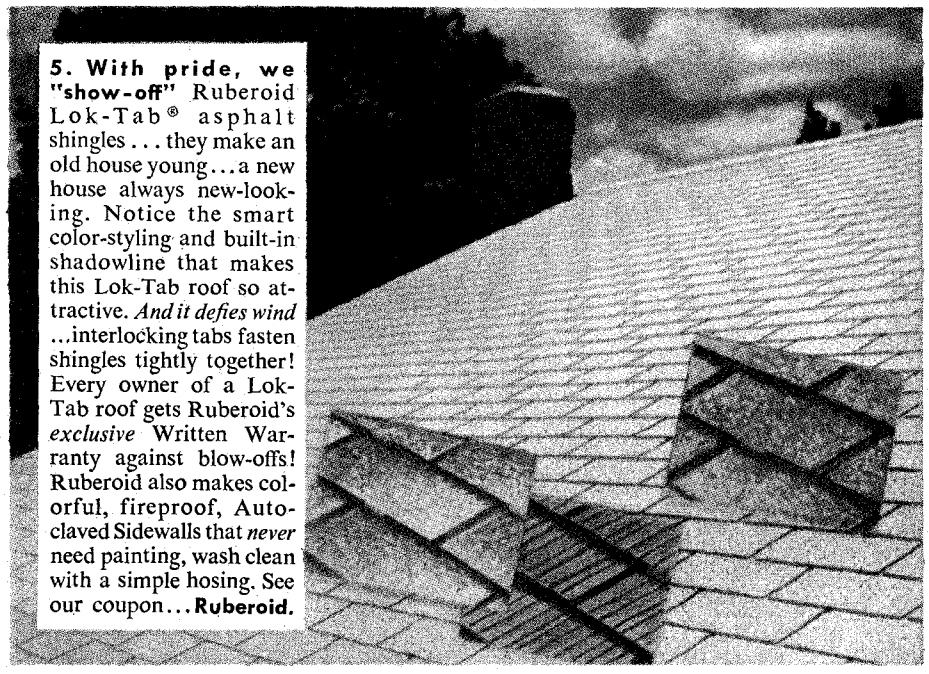
a striking collection of bright new home ideas

NUMBER 21 IN A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS BY SHOW-HOUSE, 555 FIFTH AVE., N. Y. 17

This coupon good until Dec. 31, 1957.

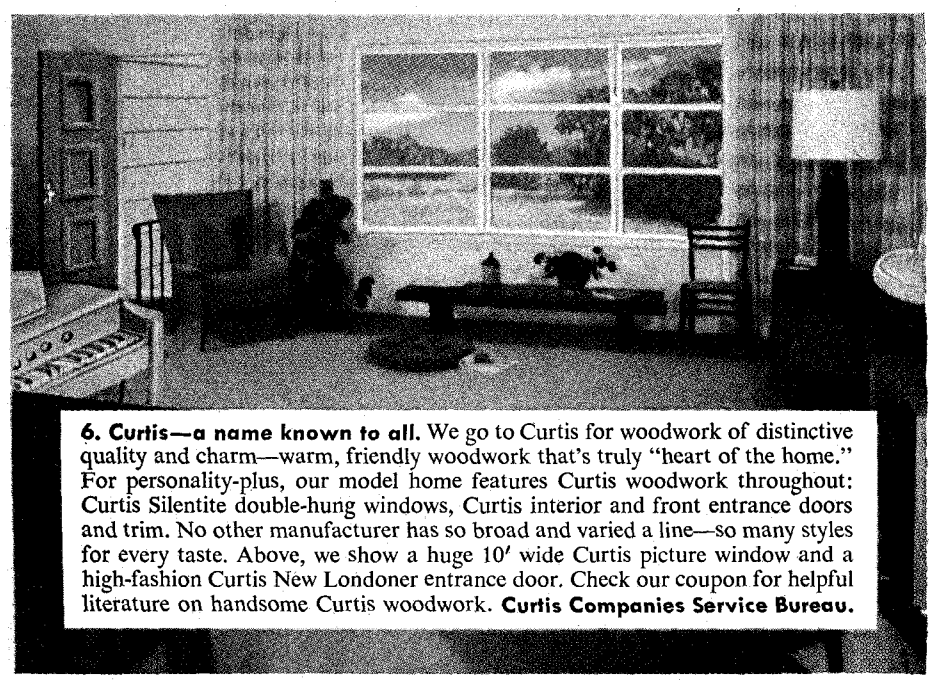
SHOW-HOUSE, Box 1500, Grand Central Sta., N. Y. 17, N. Y. Please send me the better living aids checked below. I enclose coins (no stamps) to cover the cost of those for which there is a charge.

- ☐ BLUE-PLAN of entire house, 25c.
1. VIRDEN: ☐ New Decorative Lighting Guide, 25c.
2. STEELMAN: ☐ Free catalog of Bi-Fidelity Music Systems.
3. DESMOND BROS.: Free folder—easy-to-use Deft WOOD FINISH.
4. PERFECTION: ☐ Free booklet: "Styled for Beauty, Engineered for Comfort, Built for Service."
5. RUBEROID: ☐ Free color folder showing decorator-designed Lok-Tabs and ☐ "High Fashion" Autoclaved Sidewalls.
6. CURTIS COMPANIES SERVICE BUREAU: ☐ Window Booklet (free). ☐ Woodwork Booklet, 10c. ☐ Kitchen Cabinets, 10c.
7. THOMAS ORGANS: ☐ Free record of organ music
8. KITCHENAID BY HOBART: ☐ Complete Color Folder on Automatic Dishwashers, ☐ Color Facts Sheet on KitchenAid Food Preparers and ☐ Electric Coffee Mills.
9. AZROCK: ☐ Free packet of floor planning folders with color charts.
10. MOSAIC TILE: ☐ "The Mosaic Tile Book of Beautiful Homes," 25c.



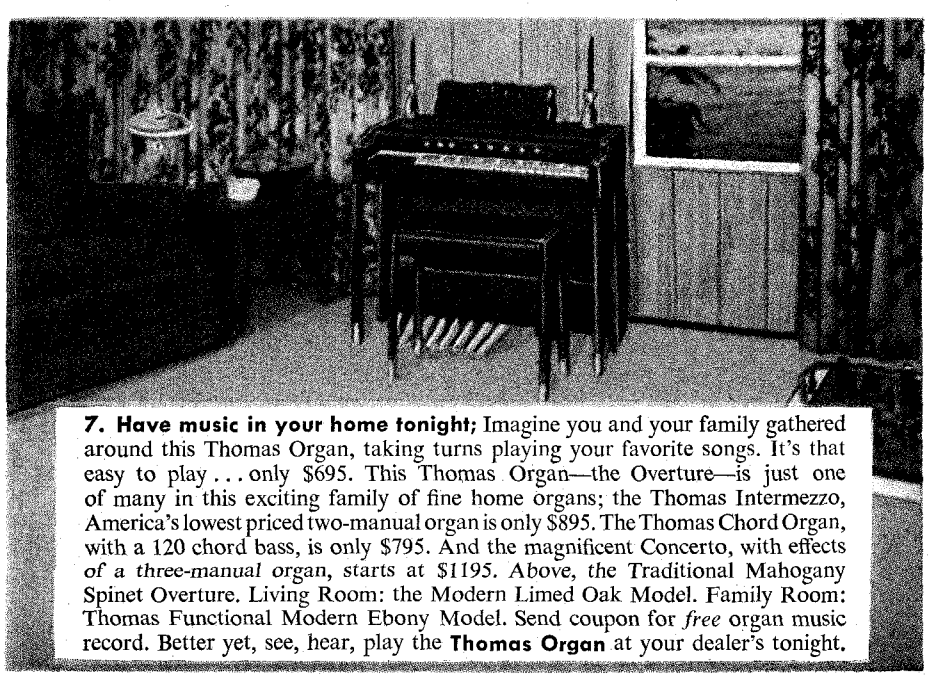
5. With pride, we "show-off" Ruberoid Lok-Tab® asphalt shingles . . . they make an old house young . . . a new house always new-looking. Notice the smart color-styling and built-in shadowline that makes this Lok-Tab roof so attractive. *And it defies wind* . . . interlocking tabs fasten shingles tightly together! Every owner of a Lok-Tab roof gets Ruberoid's *exclusive* Written Warranty against blow-offs! Ruberoid also makes colorful, fireproof, Autoclaved Sidewalls that *never* need painting, wash clean with a simple hosing. See our coupon . . . **Ruberoid.**

8. Pin a medal on the finest dishwasher ever! KitchenAid by Hobart, of course . . . in 8 decorator-styled models. This quality-built product does your complete dishwashing job *automatically* . . . presents you with *hospital-clean* dishes . . . gives you time to spend with family or guests. Its racks are cushion-coated . . . no need to hand-rinse with a KitchenAid, thanks to its Hobart exclusive revolving wash action and dual strainer system. Other KitchenAid products: Food Preparer (in 6 colors) and electric Coffee Mill—*best of the best;* **Hobart Dishwashers.**

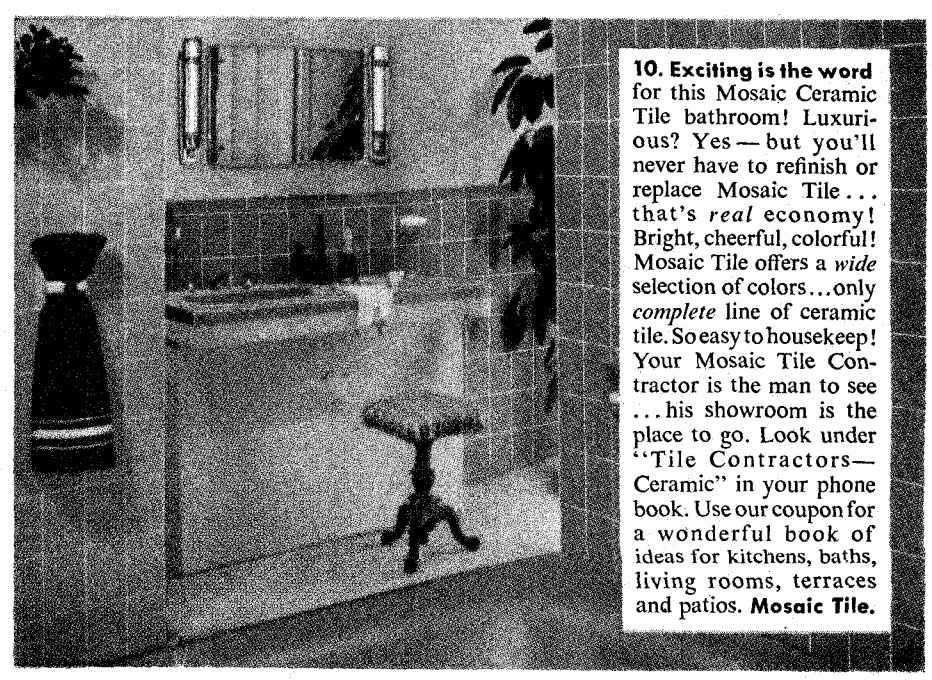


6. Curtis—a name known to all. We go to Curtis for woodwork of distinctive quality and charm—warm, friendly woodwork that's truly "heart of the home." For personality-plus, our model home features Curtis woodwork throughout: Curtis Silentite double-hung windows, Curtis interior and front entrance doors and trim. No other manufacturer has so broad and varied a line—so many styles for every taste. Above, we show a huge 10′ wide Curtis picture window and a high-fashion Curtis New Londoner entrance door. Check our coupon for helpful literature on handsome Curtis woodwork. **Curtis Companies Service Bureau.**

9. Our decorators love Vina-Lux® floors by Azrock! No wonder! Here's a refreshing new line to add beauty and style to every room. We've used Vina-Lux floors *exclusively*. See our Vina-Lux Cork Hue floor of reinforced vinyl in the Family Room above. In our kitchen, it's Terrazzo Tones. In the Living Room, Vina-Lux with exclusive delicate *Micromatic veining*. Here are perfect floors for long life, easy cleaning without waxing. See the Yellow Pages for your Azrock Dealer or use our coupon above for free Azrock color charts. **Azrock Floors.**



7. Have music in your home tonight; Imagine you and your family gathered around this Thomas Organ, taking turns playing your favorite songs. It's that easy to play . . . only $695. This Thomas Organ—the Overture—is just one of many in this exciting family of fine home organs; the Thomas Intermezzo, America's lowest priced two-manual organ is only $895. The Thomas Chord Organ, with a 120 chord bass, is only $795. And the magnificent Concerto, with effects *of a three-manual organ*, starts at $1195. Above, the Traditional Mahogany Spinet Overture. Living Room: the Modern Limed Oak Model. Family Room: Thomas Functional Modern Ebony Model. Send coupon for *free* organ music record. Better yet, see, hear, play the **Thomas Organ** at your dealer's tonight.



10. Exciting is the word for this Mosaic Ceramic Tile bathroom! Luxurious? Yes — but you'll never have to refinish or replace Mosaic Tile . . . that's *real* economy! Bright, cheerful, colorful! Mosaic Tile offers a *wide* selection of colors . . . only *complete* line of ceramic tile. So easy to housekeep! Your Mosaic Tile Contractor is the man to see . . . his showroom is the place to go. Look under "Tile Contractors—Ceramic" in your phone book. Use our coupon for a wonderful book of ideas for kitchens, baths, living rooms, terraces and patios. **Mosaic Tile.**

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Editorials

The States Aren't so "Sovereign" as They Used to Be

The Trojans learned the hard way that you don't get something for nothing. The question now is whether the forty-eight states will learn the same lesson.

The latest Book of the States, giving the figures for 1953, shows that Wyoming in that year received 43 per cent of her revenue directly from the Federal Government. Thirty-two per cent of what Missouri spent came from Washington. Twenty states were beholden to the Federal Government for at least one fifth of their revenues.

In 1947, Federal grants to the states were $1,678,000,000. By 1957, the figure had grown to around $4,272,000,000, according to the most reliable estimates. For fiscal 1958, which we are now in, the Eisenhower Administration is pushing programs which will run close to $5,500,000,000.

The brand-new programs proposed for the current fiscal year show precisely how the Federal camel is clambering under the tent of state sovereignty. Some $185,000,000 is planned for general school construction—an endeavor traditionally the responsibility of the states and the local school districts. For construction of training facilities for medical and dental schools, $1,080,000 is scheduled. Assistance for state industrial-safety programs will account for another $2,180,000. The Commerce Department will promote "area assistance activities" to the tune of $1,500,000. Washington for the first time will also help the states plan education beyond high schools, and will kick in $2,500,000 as a starter.

A glance at the programs begun just last year will show how rapidly these programs grow. The new Federal program for municipal-sewage plants cost only $7,000,000 last fiscal year. This year it will run around $60,000,000. Grants-in-aid for the construction of health-research facilities is up from $1,600,000 last year to an estimated $8,600,000 this year. One scans the lists in vain for any program with decreasing costs. And even "temporary" programs often turn out to be immortal.

So far, there has been little effective protest from the states. Governors may talk loudly about "states' rights" and "Federal encroachments," but when it comes to Federal handouts, they try to be the first in line. When President Eisenhower made a few modest suggestions to the Conference of Governors about curtailing certain Federal activities, only a few governors pressed for further details.

One of the most astute students of Federal-state relations to be found anywhere is Dr. Leonard D. White, former professor of public administration at the University of Chicago. His words are worth studying.

"If present trends in Federal-state relations continue for another quarter century," Doctor White said, back in 1952, "the states may be left hollow shells, operating primarily as the field districts of Federal departments and dependent upon the Federal treasury for their support." Or will we have to wait twenty-five years?

Abstract Art Can't be as Mysterious as the Critics Tell Us

The most famous resident of Baltimore is an artist named Betsy. Betsy, a chimpanzee, flashed into newspaper headlines, Betsy appeared on nationwide television shows, Betsy was denounced by Moscow.

Betsy paints with all her ten fingers. She is an abstract artist, which means that nobody can make head or tail of her art, although there are some who pretend they do. Anyway, people near and far are sending money to the Baltimore Zoo for paintings by Betsy.

In general, the art business is booming, especially in the abstract department. Nearly all the world and his wife seem convinced that two expensive cars and a fine big house won't bring them enough prestige; they must buy high-class art to impress their guests. And how can guests be impressed if they understand what they see? So one of the main demands in the market is for abstractions.

Some people like these works for the very reason that they are puzzles. What they mean, if anything, only the artists know. But there are professors and art reviewers who glibly explain the mysteries.

One of the top abstractionists in England, William Gear, won a £500 prize for a painting in the art exhibition of the Festival of Britain in 1951. Then the experts put out a catalogue and in it his painting appeared upside down.

The next year Howard Bliss, a rich expert who collected abstract art, exhibited two paintings by Gear and one by Roger Hilton, in the British Government's Tate Gallery. Bliss purposely hung them sideways. Why? He thought they looked prettier that way.

Now all this is not a condemnation of abstract art as such. You may like an abstract painting or sculpture or construction or collage because it pleases your eye or teases your fancy. You may like or dislike it as you do a design in a carpet. Yet a few high "experts" pretend to discern meanings, and their assertions are echoed by thousands of lesser "experts" and by tens of thousands of docile "laymen."

Are you baffled by the lingo of the art reviewers? George Orwell, one of the ablest writers of recent times, had this to say:

"In certain kinds of writing, particularly in art criticism and literary criticism, it is normal to come across long passages which are almost completely lacking in meaning. Words like *romantic*, *plastic*, *values*, *human*, *dead*, *sentimental*, *natural*, *vitality*, as used in art criticism, are strictly meaningless." In short, the lingo is part of a cult of pretense.

Without using any of the words cited above, a reviewer lately commented on montages by a certain artist: "These are made of pieces of cloth sewn together. . . . Her designs are big and wayward and in some she includes evocative fragments, such as bits of a burned bath towel, which hint at a sharper meaning."

Clearly the bits of a burned bath towel are not "evocative fragments" at all, for they evoke no understanding from the reviewer's mind. Maybe the artist is only joking.

But you can be sure that Betsy, the chimpanzee, never jokes. Nor has she joined the cult of pretense. She is a serious artist, an honest abstract artist, painting to suit herself.

Why Must Phony Soviet "Countries" Remain in the U.N.?

Before the wrangling about new United Nations memberships starts again, as it does every fall, we'd like to ask a simple question: Why must we longer tolerate the presence of two phony Soviet "countries" in the U.N.?

We are talking about the Ukraine and Byelorussia—also known as White Russia. Both places are a lot less self-governing than, say, Texas or California. They have no more right to be separate members of the United Nations General Assembly than, for instance, Quebec or Wales. And yet, when the U.N. was set up in 1945, not only was the Soviet Union as a whole brought into it but these two Soviet Socialist "Republics" from within its borders were given separate seats and separate votes.

Now, as membership of the U.N. increases, year by year, the number of countries that practice a rather dubious brand of neutralism, and that see Western "colonialism" under every palm tree, goes up and up. While the political maturity of some of these countries may be in doubt, they can apparently not be kept out of the U.N.

Why, then, with the balance of U.N. voting strength turning more and more against us, should the United States not try to get rid of those two phony Soviet states? Why must we always be on the defensive, fighting off pressure from so-called friends to admit Red China into the U.N.? Why not start a few campaigns of our own? Why not light a fire under the membership status of the Ukraine and Byelorussia?

If any proof is needed that these two regions are simply part and parcel of the Soviet Union, let us look at the way they entered the United Nations Educational, Scientific and Cultural Organization (UNESCO). The admission documents for the Soviet Union, the Ukraine and Byelorussia were all signed by one man, Moscow's very own Jacob Malik. There wasn't even a pretense of separateness or sovereignty. There is no need to tolerate this sort of hypocrisy any longer.

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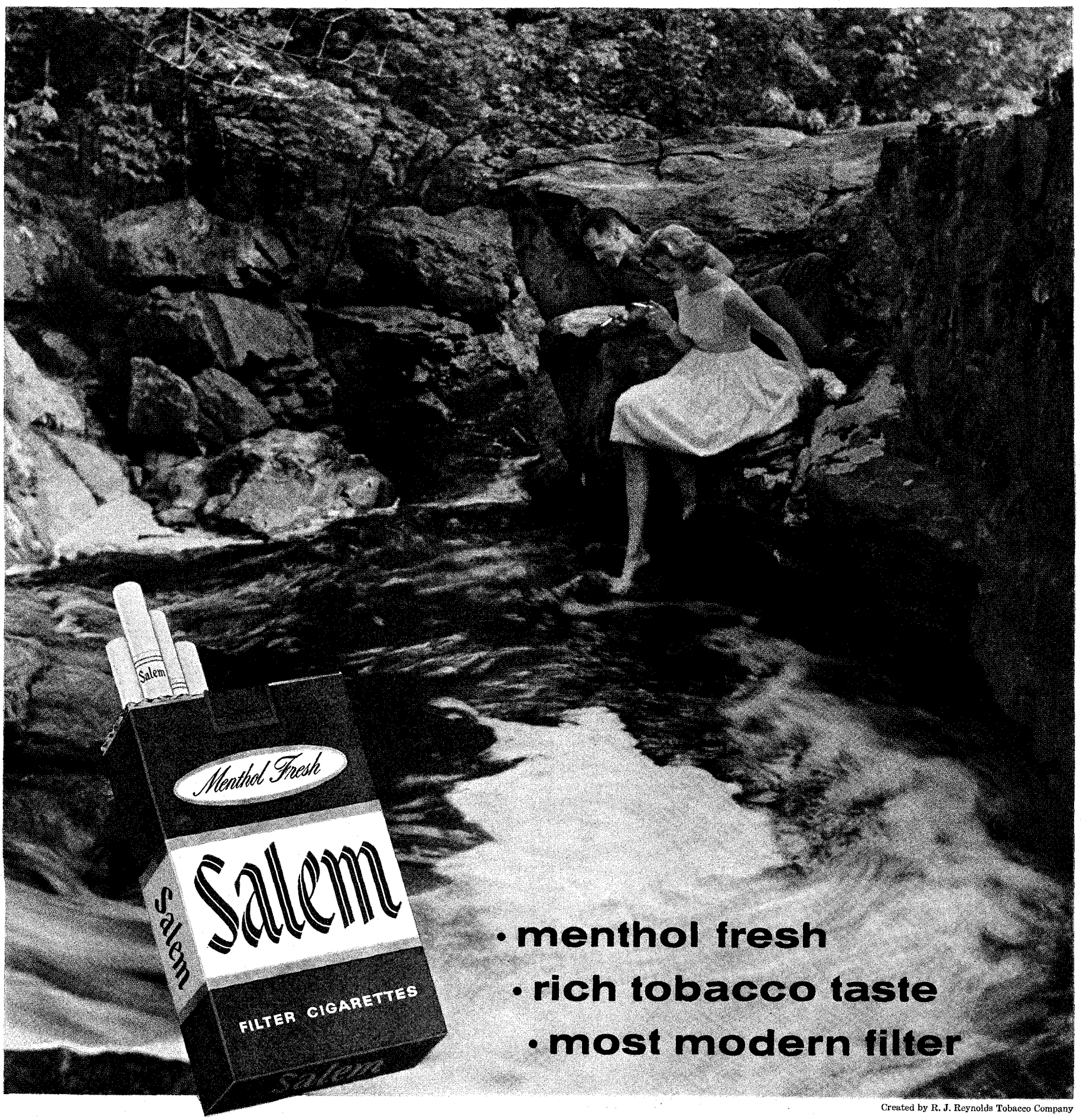
A new idea in smoking!

Salem refreshes your taste



Created by R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Take a puff...It's Springtime! Perhaps you, too, will find your long-sought smoking ideal in new Salem, the cigarette that added a new quality to tobacco smoking . . . refreshment. Through Salem's pure-white filter flows the freshest taste in cigarettes. Try Salem. See how its rich tobacco taste has a new surprise softness. Smoke refreshed, pack after pack. Smoke Salem.

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AL SCHACHT, "Clown Prince of Baseball," with New York State Motor Commissioner Joseph P. Kelly, and newspapermen. "Nothing compares in safety with the Dual 90's two treads and Nygen Cord," says Schacht.

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I bought General Dual 90's

"I cover 60,000 miles in five months... 125 baseball towns in 129 days..."

by AL SCHACHT
"The Clown Prince of Baseball"

In the past 10 years, I've driven my car 625,000 miles.

I've driven to personal appearances in as many as 125 towns in 129 days—from Yankee Stadium to the West Coast.

I've driven the equal of 25 times around the world—*and I always get home safe.*

Every mile of my 625,000 total has been done on General Tires because I have to have extra strength for my kind of mileage.

I get shocked when I read today's accident figures—and the number caused by faulty tires. They're not figures to me—they're people, getting mangled on the highway and in traffic.

When it comes to tire safety, I'm not clowning—tires can be a matter of life or death today. That's why I trust myself only to the Dual 90.

GENERAL DUAL 90

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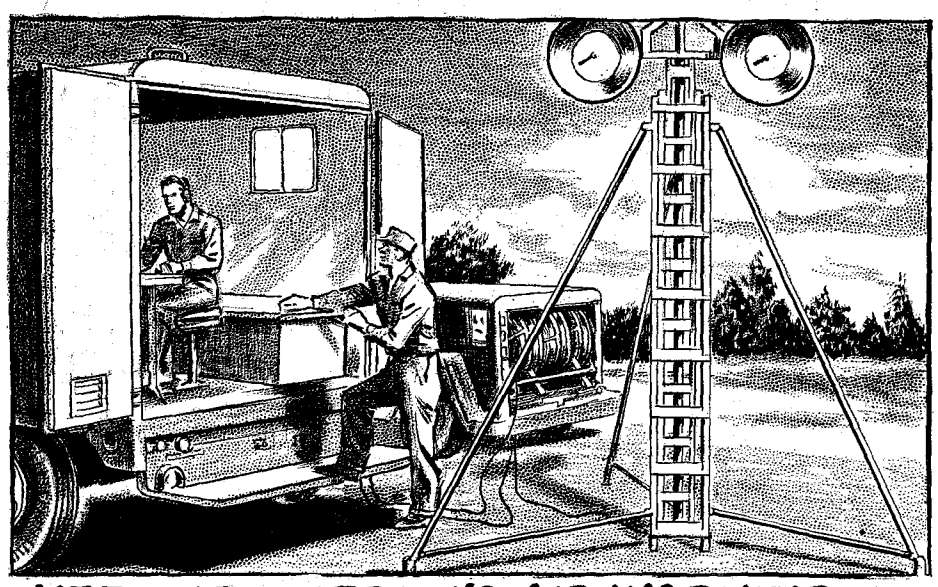
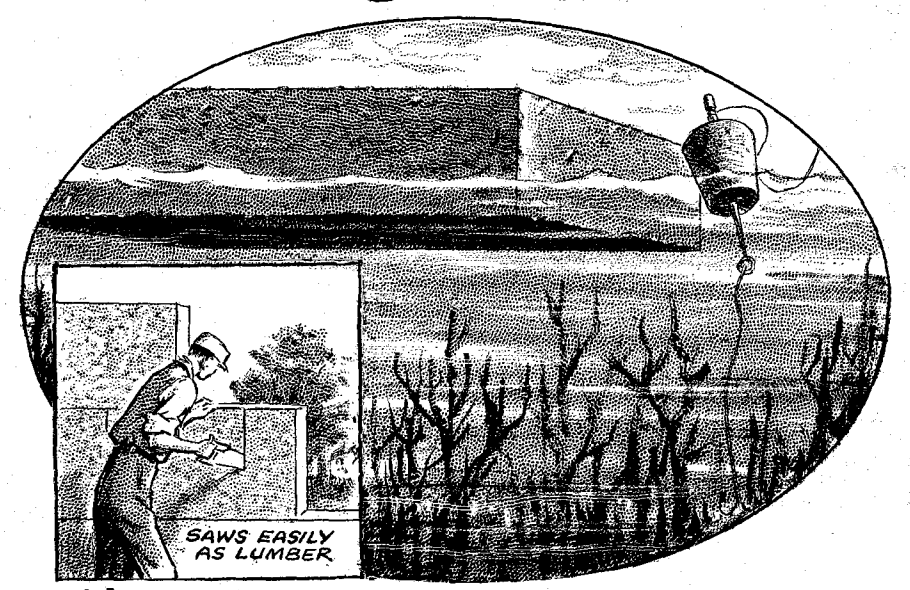
FOLDED-UP -- A TRUNK-SIZE BUNDLE OF RUBBERIZED FABRIC! INFLATED TO LESS PRESSURE THAN NEEDED BY AN AUTO TIRE, IT'S A STURDY AIRPLANE. TO STAY RIGID IN FLIGHT, IT DEPENDS ON A CONTINUOUSLY RUNNING AIR PUMP THAT MAKES SURE THE "SKIN" IS TIGHTLY INFLATED. THE PUMP USED IS ONE MADE BY **B-W'S PESCO**. WITHOUT FAIL, IT DELIVERS THE EXACT AIR VOLUME NEEDED AT ANY ALTITUDE ... MAINTAINS PRESSURE EVEN IF THE SKIN IS PUNCTURED BY BULLETS.



KEEPING AMERICA'S AIR WARNING SYSTEM ON THE BEAM! U.S. DEFENSE DEPENDS ON FAR-SEEING RADAR BEAMS OF COASTLINE GUARD STATIONS. THEY MUST SPOT INVADING AIRCRAFT ACCURATELY. SO RADAR BEAMS ARE REGULARLY TESTED FOR AIM BY COMPLEX ELECTRONIC ORIENTATION UNITS DEVELOPED BY **B-W'S BYRON JACKSON ELECTRONICS**. THE UNITS WORK LIKE TARGETS...TELL IF A RADAR BEAM HITS TRUE. TRUCK-MOUN-TED, EACH UNIT KEEPS SEVERAL STATIONS "ZEROED IN."



NEW CONCRETE--SO LIGHT IT FLOATS LIKE A CORK! USED FOR INSULATING, IT'S 87% LIGHTER IN WEIGHT THAN REGULAR CONCRETE--SO LIGHT IT FLOATS. TO MAKE IT, A SPECIAL CHEMICAL FROM **B-W'S REFLECTAL** IS ADDED TO SAND-CEMENT MIX. CALLED BETOCEL*, IT CREATES IN THE CONCRETE BILLIONS OF TINY AIR BUBBLES THAT GIVE HIGH INSULATING ABILITY. THE CONCRETE CAN BE POURED FOR ROOFS AND FLOORS OR CAST INTO STRONG BLOCKS AND SLABS.

**DESIGN IT BETTER...
MAKE IT BETTER**

BORG-WARNER®

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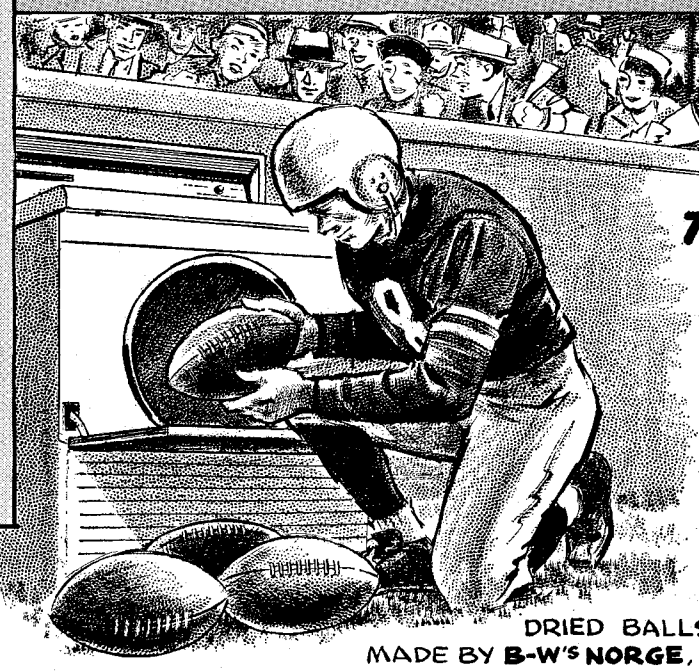
Believe It or Not!

ENGINEERING **B-W** PRODUCTION T.M.

BORG-WARNER SKILL AND INGENUITY BENEFIT ALMOST EVERY AMERICAN EVERY DAY THROUGH THE AUTOMOTIVE, AVIATION, MARINE, FARM MACHINERY AND HOME EQUIPMENT FIELDS!

*19 OUT OF THE 20 MAKES OF CARS CONTAIN ESSENTIAL **B-W** PARTS. EVERY COMMERCIAL PLANE AND MANY SHIPS HAVE VITAL **B-W** COMPONENTS. 9 OUT OF 10 FARMS USE **B-W** EQUIPPED MACHINES. EVERY OIL FIELD USES **B-W** EQUIPMENT. MILLIONS OF HOMES HAVE **B-W** BUILDING MATERIALS, EQUIPMENT AND APPLIANCES.*

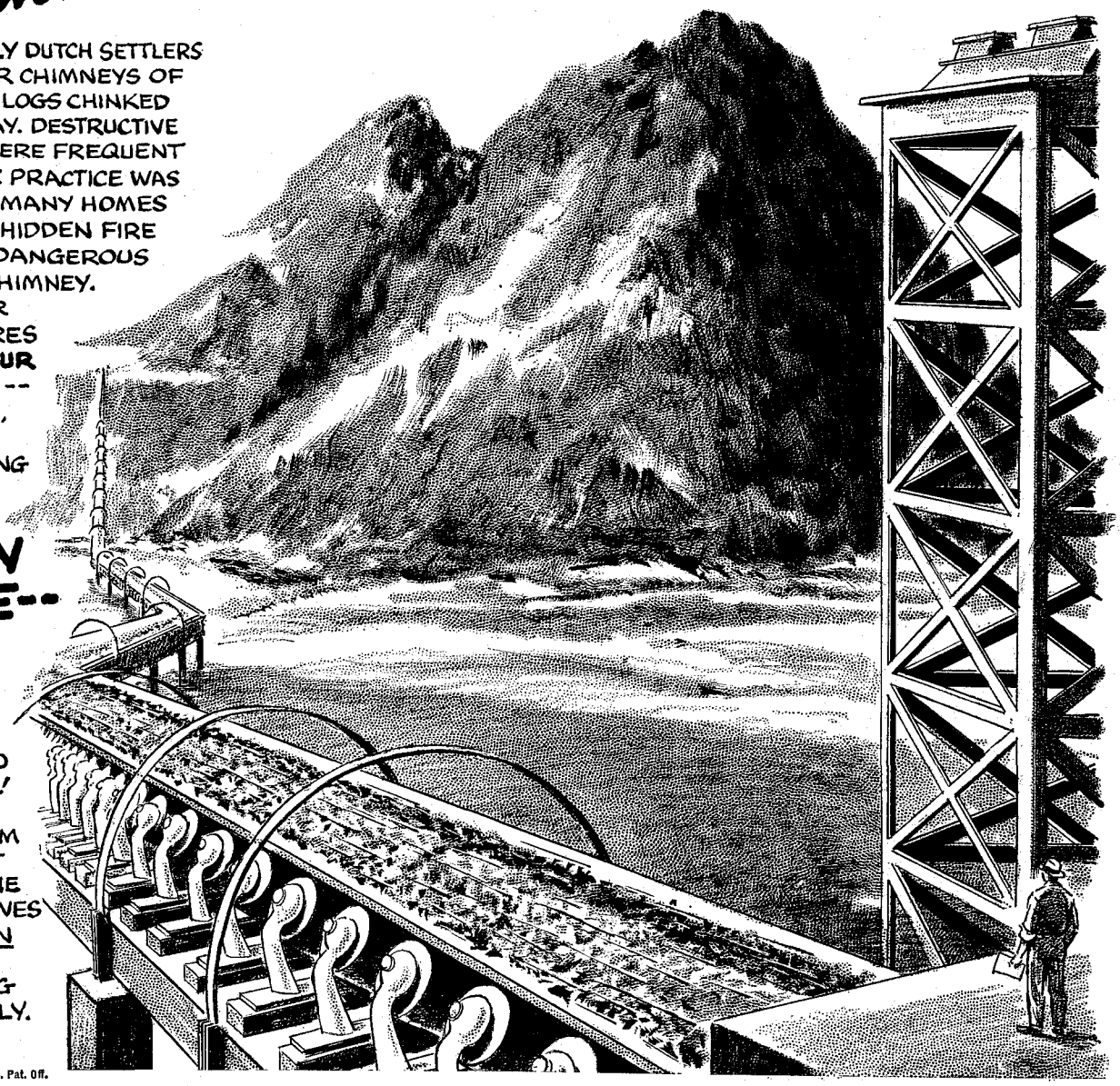


HOME DRYER TAKES FUMBLES OUT OF WET FOOTBALLS!

WATER-SOAKED, SLIPPERY FOOTBALLS CAUSE PLAYER ERRORS. FOOTBALLS CAN'T JUST BE WIPED DRY --LEATHER HOLDS MOISTURE. ONE FAMOUS PRO TEAM SOLVED THE PROBLEM INGENIOUSLY. THEY USED A TIMELINE* CLOTHES DRYER ON THE SIDELINES... DRIED BALLS PERFECTLY IN MINUTES. MADE BY **B-W'S NORGE**, THIS HOME DRYER COMBINES LOW HEAT WITH HIGH AIR VOLUME TO DRY ANYTHING SAFELY.

IN OLD NEW YORK CHIMNEYS WERE MADE OF WOOD!

EARLY DUTCH SETTLERS BUILT THEIR CHIMNEYS OF SMALL LOGS CHINKED WITH CLAY. DESTRUCTIVE FIRES WERE FREQUENT TILL THE PRACTICE WAS BANNED. MANY HOMES TODAY HAVE HIDDEN FIRE HAZARDS AS DANGEROUS AS A WOODEN CHIMNEY. THEY CAUSE OVER 491,000 HOME FIRES YEARLY. **MAKE YOUR HOME FIRE-SAFE** -- CLEAN UP RUBBISH, CHECK ELECTRICAL WIRING AND HEATING SYSTEM.



MOVING A MOUNTAIN INTO GREAT SALT LAKE-- 75,000 TONS A DAY!

A 13-MILE RAILWAY ROADBED RIGHT ACROSS GREAT SALT LAKE! TO SUPPLY NEEDED FILL, AN ENTIRE MOUNTAIN IS BEING TRANSPORTED FROM 2 MILES AWAY ON HUGE, CONTINUOUS BELT CONVEYORS. TREMENDOUS CAPACITY OF THE CONVEYORS DEMANDS EXTRA RUGGED DRIVES TO DELIVER ENGINE POWER TO THEM. CHAIN DRIVES FROM **B-W'S MORSE CHAIN** WERE CHOSEN. THESE KEEP THE BELTS WHIRLING OUT A 75,000-TON STREAM OF GRAVEL DAILY. THEY'LL MOVE OVER 30 MILLION TONS BEFORE THE JOB IS DONE!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

These units form BORG-WARNER, *Executive Offices, 310 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago • Research Center, Des Plaines, Ill.* **DIVISIONS:** ATKINS SAW • BORG & BECK • BUILDER SALES • BYRON JACKSON • CALUMET STEEL • DETECTOLAB • FRANKLIN STEEL • INGERSOLL CONDITIONED AIR • INGERSOLL HUMPHRYES • INGERSOLL KALAMAZOO • INGERSOLL PRODUCTS • INGERSOLL STEEL • LONG MANUFACTURING • MARBON CHEMICAL • MARVEL-SCHEBLER PRODUCTS • MECHANICS UNIVERSAL JOINT • NORGE PESCO PRODUCTS • PRIMOR PRODUCTS • ROCKFORD CLUTCH • SPRING DIVISION • WARNER AUTOMOTIVE PARTS • WARNER GEAR • WOOSTER DIVISION • YORK. **SUBSIDIARIES:** B-W ACCEPTANCE CORP. • BORG-WARNER INTERNATIONAL • BORG-WARNER, LTD. • BORG-WARNER SERVICE PARTS • BYRON JACKSON OF CANADA, LTD. • BJ SERVICE, INC. • BJ ELECTRONICS EBERHARDT-DENVER • LONG MFG., LTD. • MORSE CHAIN • MORSE CHAIN OF CANADA, LTD. • REFLECTAL • WARNER GEAR, LTD. • WESTON HYDRAULICS, LTD.

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He could be one of the men pictured here . . . or any one of the 10,000 independent insurance agents like these, selected by you to handle your insurance affairs through the nationally known Employers' Group of Insurance Companies. His interest in you, your home, your business is exemplified through the complete personalized "plan of protection" which he provides. Write us for the name of "The Man With The Plan" near you.

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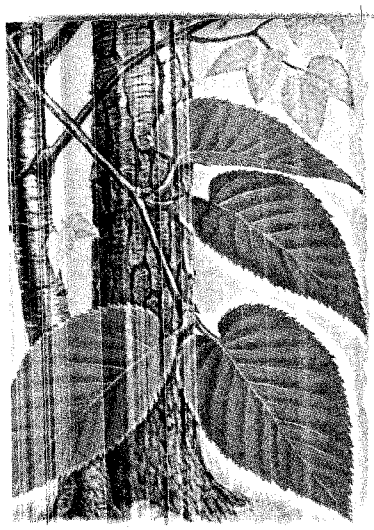
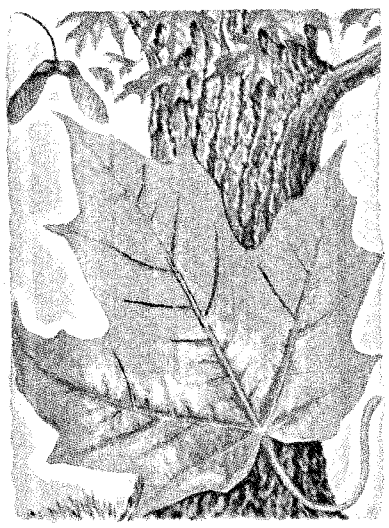


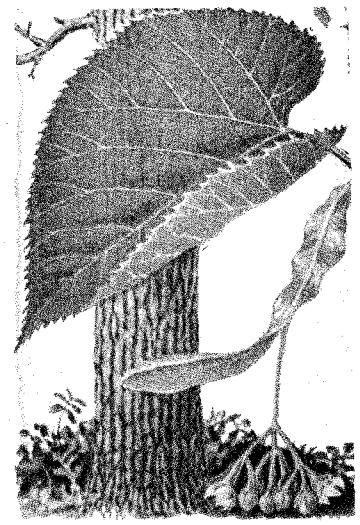
BLACK BIRCH
Betula lenta

AMERICAN ELM
Ulmus americana

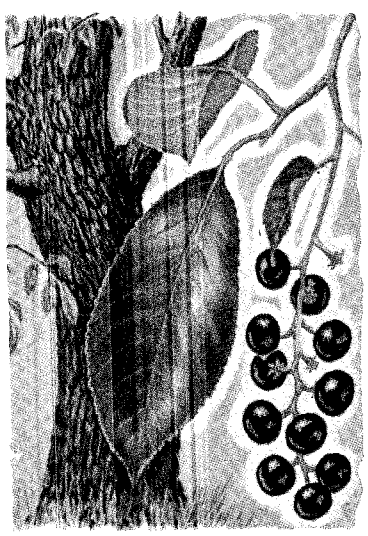
CUCUMBER TREE
Magnolia acuminata



SUGAR MAPLE
Acer saccharum



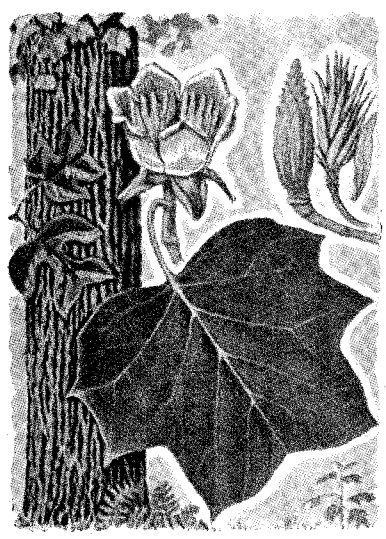
BASSWOOD
Tilia glabra



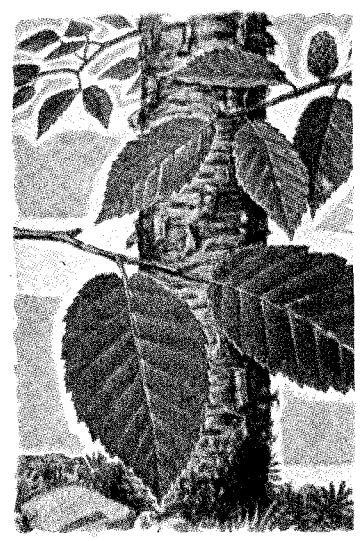
BLACK CHERRY
Prunus serotina

RED OAK
Quercus borealis

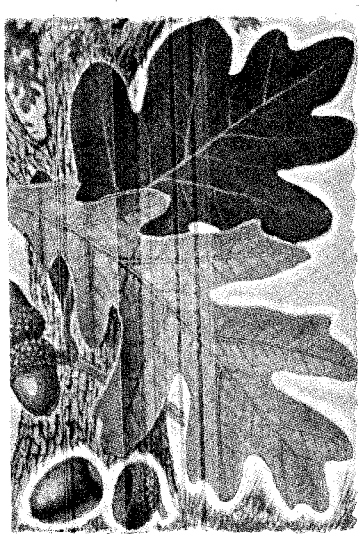
BEECH
Fagus grandifolia



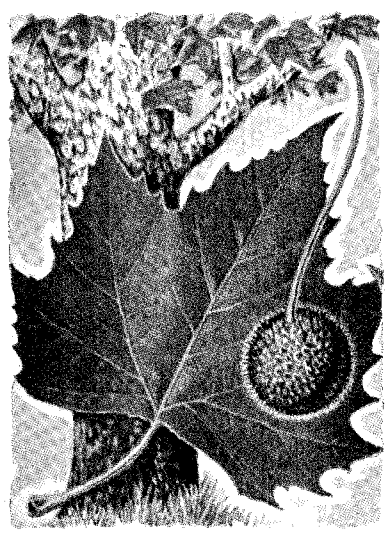
TULIP
Liriodendron tulipifera



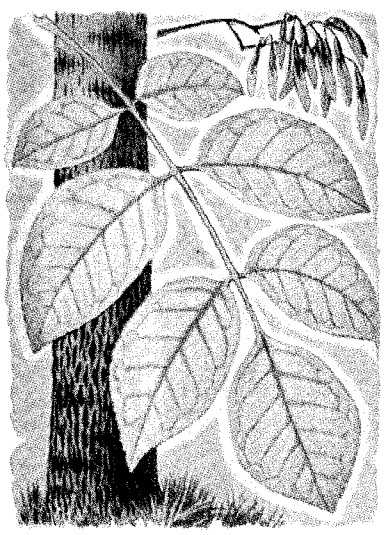
YELLOW BIRCH
Betula lutea



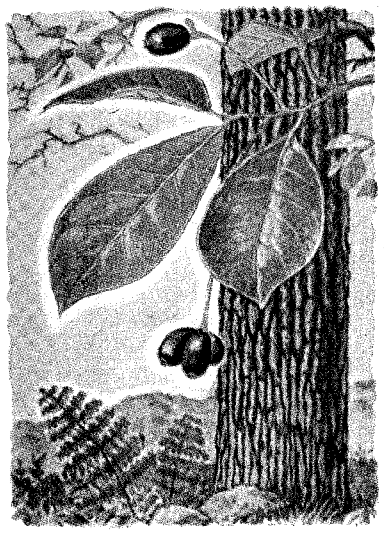
WHITE OAK
Quercus alba



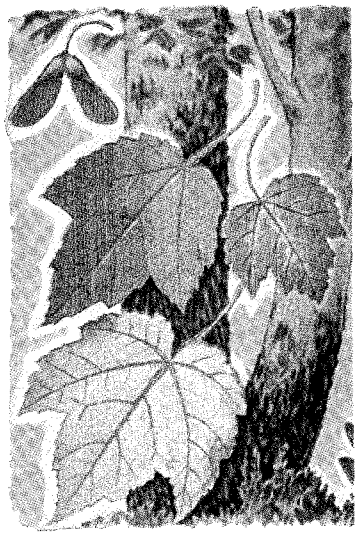
SYCAMORE
Platanus occidentalis



WHITE ASH
Fraxinus americana



SOUR GUM
Nyssa sylvatica



RED MAPLE
Acer rubrum

15 hardwood reasons why Hammermill papers are better

YOU'LL find all these hardwood trees on Hammermill tree farms. With an exclusive pulp called Neutracel®, Hammermill has unlocked the secrets of hardwoods for use in making fine paper.

With Neutracel, Hammermill makes finer paper than was possible with soft woods alone. Blending Neutracel pulp with other quality pulps knits all the fibers more closely to give today's Hammermill papers the balanced properties you need for better business printing. Higher opacity to make typing and writing more readable. Greater bulk to give your letterheads that important feel. A smoother, more uniform surface for bright, crisp printing.

Neutracel is the newest reason why Hammermill papers print better, type better, look better. Ask your printer about Hammermill Bond for better-looking letterheads. Tamper-proof Hammermill Safety for your checks. Hammermill Mimeo-Bond and Duplicator for multiple copies. Hammermill Ledger for long-lasting financial records. Hammermill Offset and Opaque for your advertising pieces. Hammermill Cover for booklets, folders, posters, menus. There's a Hammermill paper for nearly every business printing job. Hammermill Paper Company, Erie, Pennsylvania.

Printers everywhere use Hammermill papers. Many display this shield.

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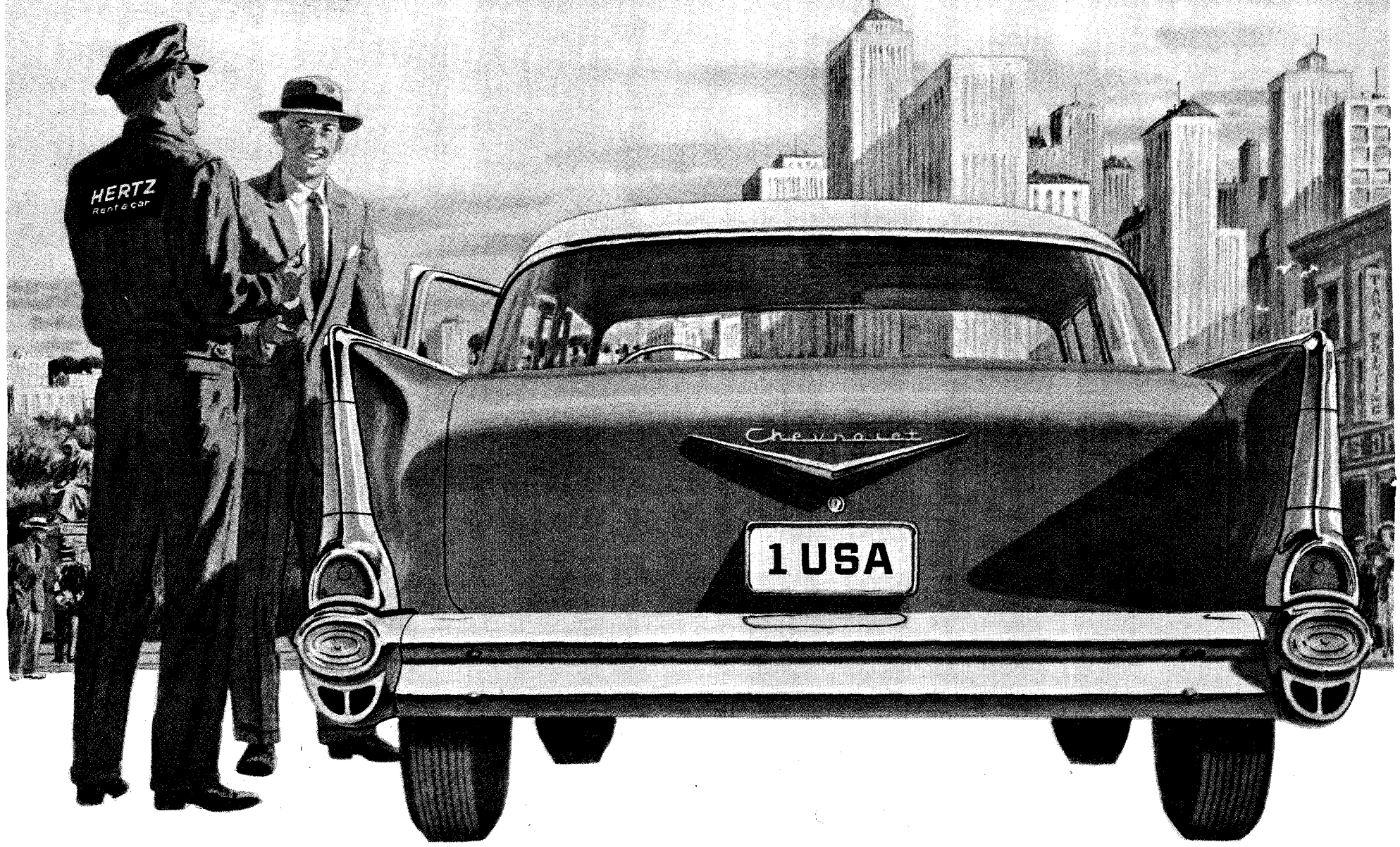
Hertz rent it here



Now...at no

News! Hertz Rent A Car—originator of "Rent it here...Leave it there" more than 30 years ago—now offers you this popular service nation-wide at no extra charge!

That's right! No longer must you pay an extra charge for the return of a car to the city where you rented it.* You pay *only* the regular rate (national average—$7.85 a day plus 8 cents a mile). And that includes the cost of *all* gasoline and oil you use en route . . . and proper insurance.

Go anywhere! Hertz has over 1,400 offices in more than 950 cities —world-wide. *More* offices by far where you can *rent* a car. *More* cities by far where you can *leave* a car. And *more* locations where you can make *reservations* for a car!

In any Hertz city you can rent a bright, new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine car. Drive the car to any other Hertz city and

Travel Tip: *Get to your destination faster by plane or train—then rent a Hertz car for use there. Or drive it to any Hertz office in any other city and leave it . . . then continue on your way by plane or train. That's The Hertz Idea!*

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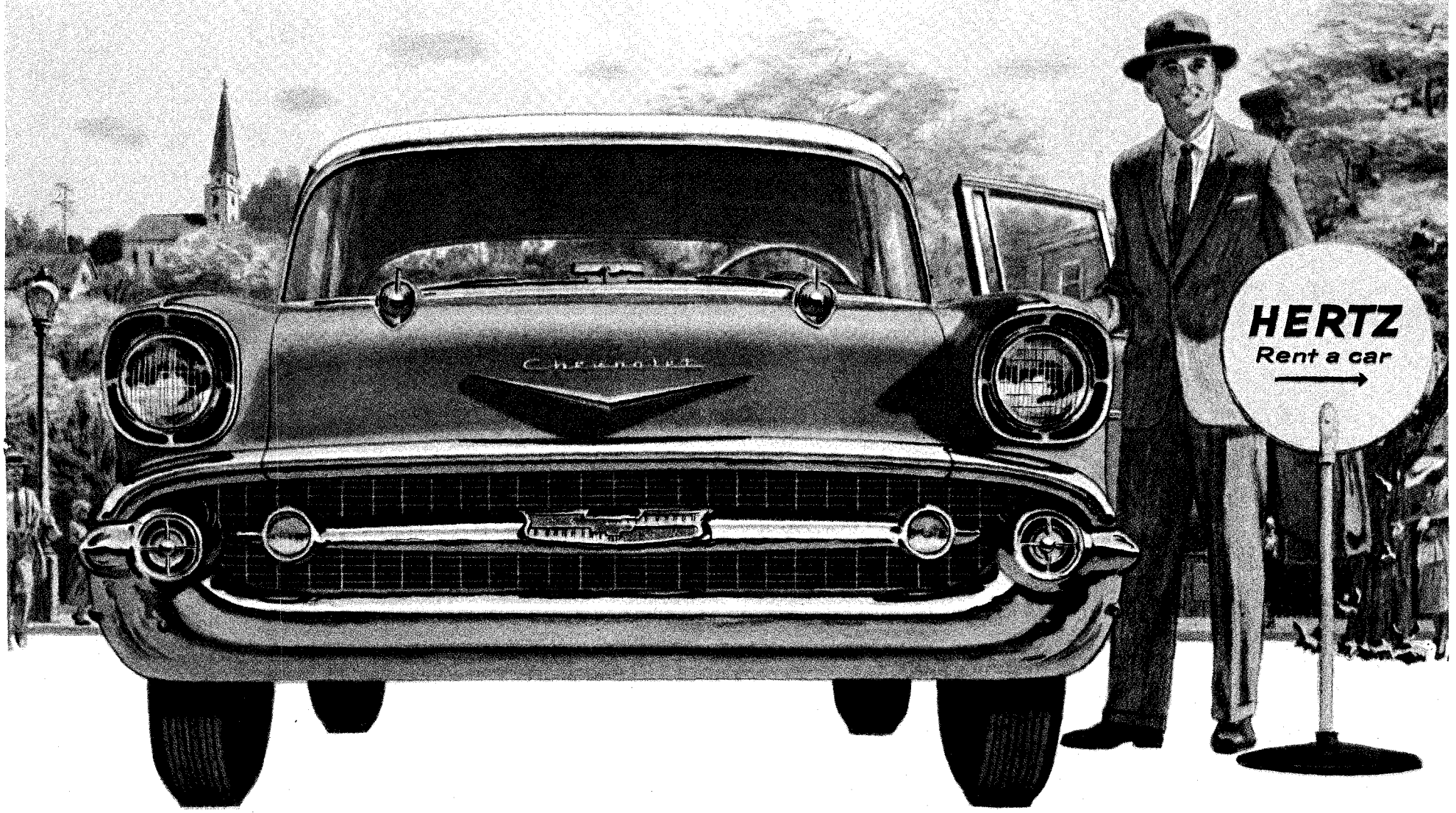

extra charge!*

leave it at the Hertz office there. And remember—Hertz rents the kind of cars you like to drive. They're all in top condition, expertly maintained, more dependable, cleaner cars. More with power steering, too! Just show your driver's license and proper identification. In addition to the Hertz charge card, we honor all air, rail, Diners' Club and hotel credit cards.

To be sure of a car at your destination—anywhere—use Hertz' more efficient reservation service. Call your local Hertz office for fast, courteous service. We're listed under "Hertz" in *alphabetical* phone books everywhere! Hertz Rent A Car, 218 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.

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***Between Hertz cities on rentals of $25.00 or more. For Chevrolet Sedans and comparable models only.**

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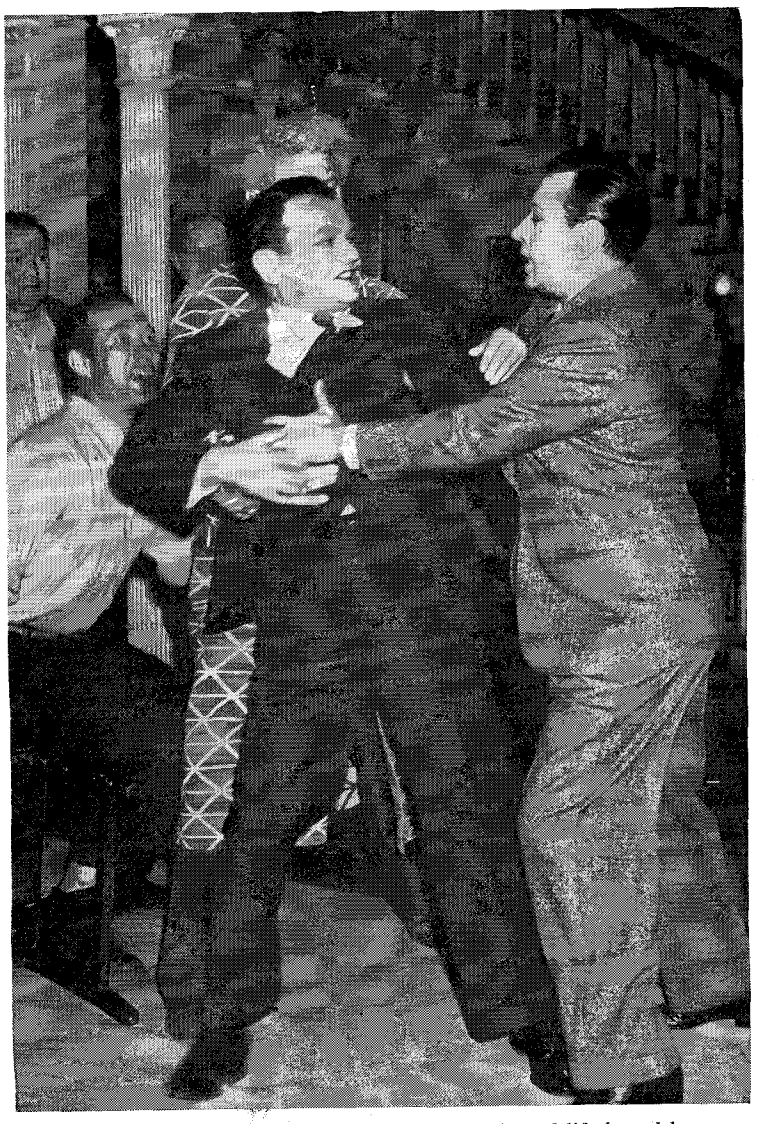
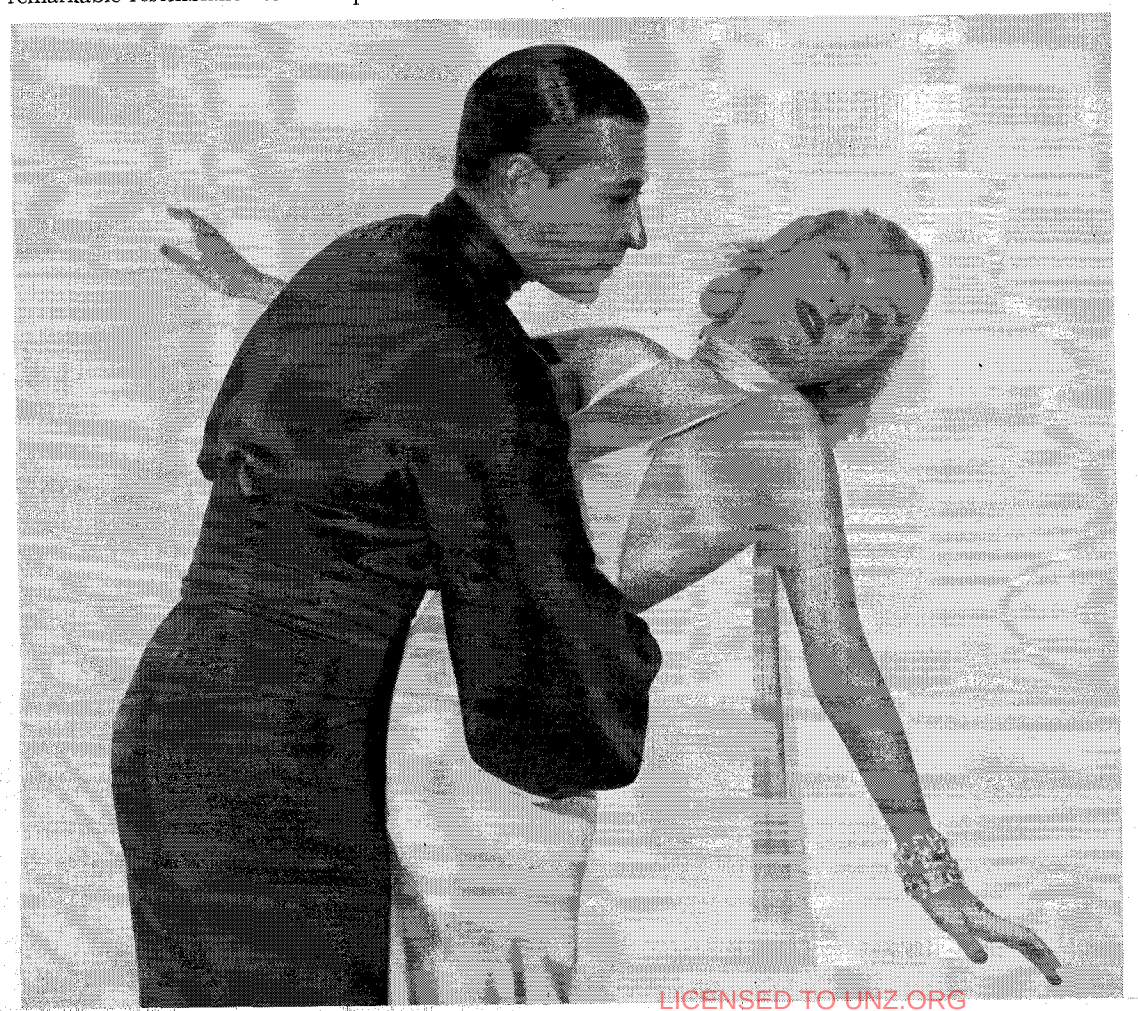


An alert photographer caught this real-life brawl between Raft and his costar, Edward G. Robinson, on the set of Manpower (1941). The two tough guys didn't make up for years.

A more amicable costar in Manpower was Marlene Dietrich, shown here with Raft today. Georgie's romances were often violent—one jealous female tried to kill him by stabbing him repeatedly with a hatpin.

In Bolero, a nongangster picture which he made in 1933 with the late Carole Lombard, Raft revealed his remarkable resemblance to Rudolph Valentino. He and Valentino once worked together as ballroom gigolos.



It was the first time in my life I had ever let go the wheel, and if Big Frenchie DeMange of the old Madden mob had been along he would have said sarcastically, "Georgie, you get careless like that in the old days and some guy comes alongside and puts a slug in you." For a moment I saw myself as I was thirty years before. Young, ambitious and tough, driving Owney Madden's big bullet-proof sedan or delivering a load of bootleg booze to Dutch Schultz. I had a gun in my pocket and I was cocky because I was working for the gang boss of New York. I was as good as any driver in the mob, and I could have steered Owney's car on the subway tracks without getting a scratch on the enameled armor plate.

But this was another day. Or was it?

I was in a black mood as I drove into Beverly Hills to have dinner at the home of my closest friend, producer Jack Dietz. I felt like a man standing naked in Grand Central Station, with no place to hide. I said as much to Dietz when I reached his home, and he said, "Forget it. Your lawyer can handle that Nevada deal. Meanwhile sit down and watch TV. You might see one of your old pictures and that ought to give you a laugh."

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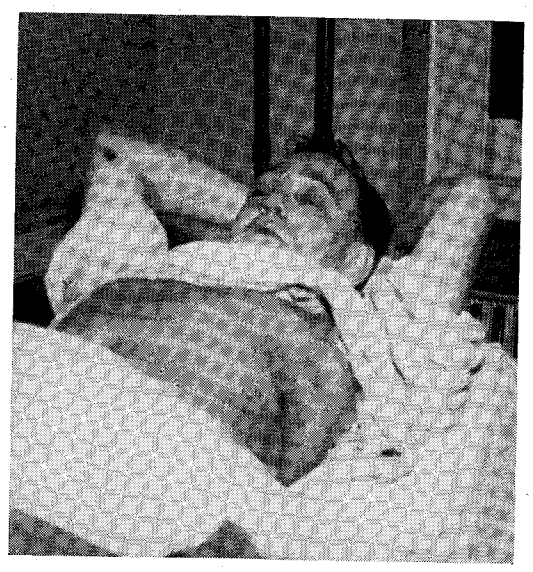
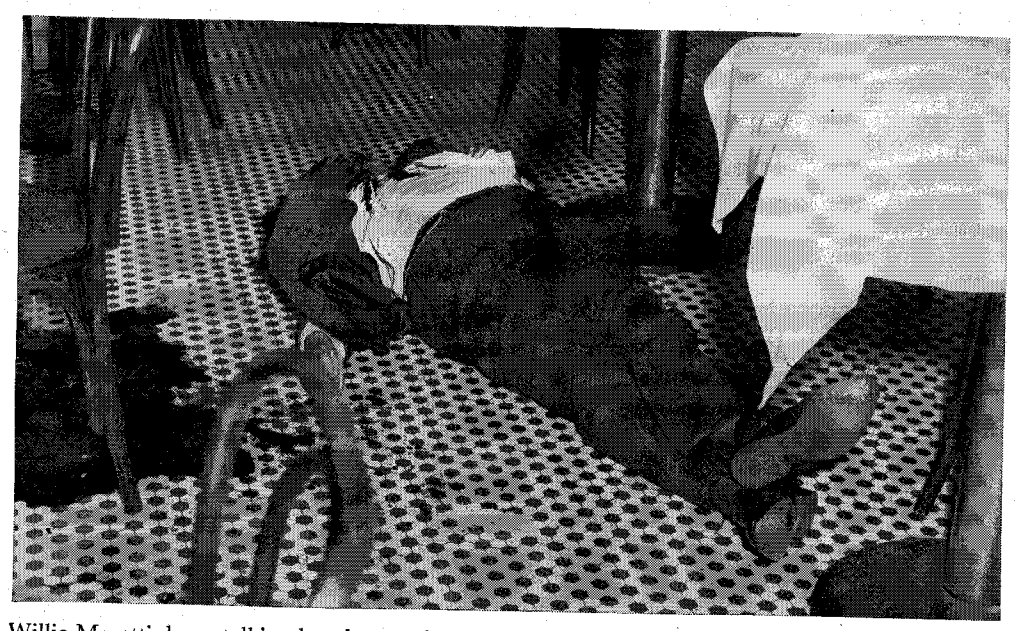
"I knew them. They were all friends of mine . . ."

Al Capone, the vicious, undisputed underworld ruler of the 1920's, smiled on his way to prison in 1932.

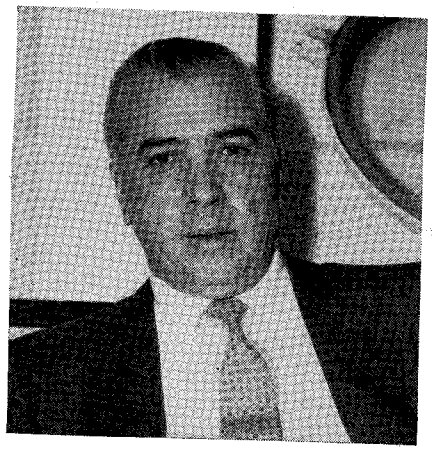


Dutch Schultz, prohibition-era mobster, lies dying after he was gunned in a Newark, N.J., bar in 1935.

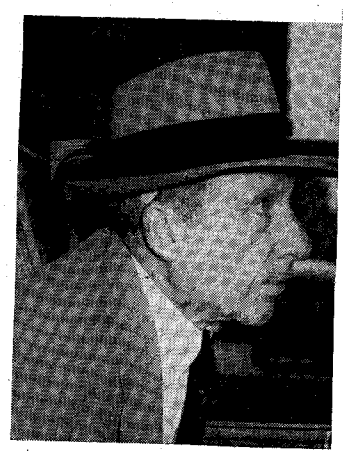
"Buggsy" Siegel, West Coast racketeer, had asked Raft to visit him the night he was murdered in 1947.



Willie Moretti, loose-talking henchman of gambling racketeers, was slain in broad daylight in 1951 by four killers. Like many of Raft's associates, he died violently at the hands of onetime friends.



Joe Adonis, deported gambler, dubbed "one of the 'big six' in American crime."



Frank Costello, underworld king of 1957.

I sprawled in a chair in front of the set, and little Jackie Dietz, my friend's ten-year-old son, was on my lap. I had known and loved this lad since he was a baby, and he always called me pal. We listened to the baseball scores on one station, and then I switched to another channel to hear George Putnam, the TV newsman. That was a mistake, because now it came again. Putnam had that grim look judges get when they're passing out the death sentence, and I felt that he was looking right at me. He told how I had applied for a permit to buy $65,000 worth of stock in the Flamingo Hotel at Las Vegas, and how the tax commission had turned me down. He mentioned my association with Luciano, Siegel, Madden and even Mickey Cohen, and said the commission evidently concluded I was a gangster off-screen too.

I angrily turned off the set and started to say something to Jackie. The boy was staring at me with obvious disgust, and he said, "You're nothing but a gangster, and I'm not your pal any more." He ran out of the room crying, and I knew this was (Continued on Page 92)

"Am I a gangster? I look like one . . ."

Raft became a star after his performance as "Al Capone's" bodyguard in Scarface. Paul Muni (striped suit) played the "Capone" role. Capone himself told Raft he liked the movie, and lent him a bodyguard in Chicago.

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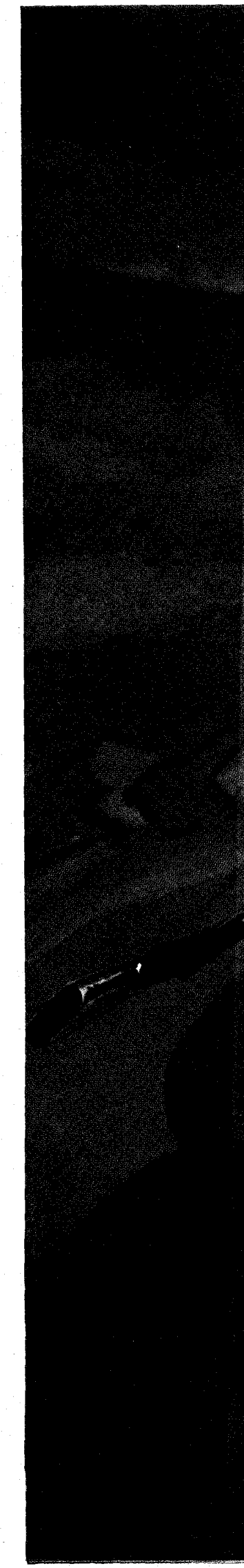
By DAVID WALKER

The Reluctant Hunter

He could prove his manliness and courage to this woman only by living in a way that he hated . . .



No one had brought a drum this year. The old man's drum was a frying pan. He danced and sang to a metal beat. He told an old tale of a caribou hunt. The old man's face was gray and wet and happy. Then coughing racked him. He spat into a can politely, and sat again and coughed. Grown people and children coughed, and wind was loud against the mission hut. There was much happiness for Easter.

Peter Nakoyak watched Mary Avakana across the room. Her face was brown from the sun of spring, and her cheeks were red as Dew-Line apples. He watched her, but she would not look at him. *Look at me*, he willed her. Then Mary's black eyes came to him and left him.

There was one white man here. His name was Canon Harper. Long ago the People called him Okpik because of his spectacles and his nose. Now, with old man's hair and beard, Okpik was truly like the great white owl. He came by dog team every Easter. He had brought Peter with him from the Dew Line.

An old woman danced and sang of battle with a polar bear. Okpik frowned at the fry-pan drum. Only the old people knew old dances still. The young people waited patiently for real dancing to begin, which would be after the feast was over.

Okpik said grace. They had pilot biscuits and raspberry jam and tea. Peter sat beside Mary on the bench. His knee touched hers. She glanced round at him and smiled. Okpik was watching them and smiling.

"After the feast," Peter murmured for her alone, "we will go to Okpik, and then tomorrow ——"

He looked at her. She wrinkled her nose in the way that means no.

She meant no to marriage with him. *She likes me*, Peter thought. *I know she likes me.* But he did not know; so he began to talk about feasts of meats and pies and eggs and cakes and tarts and fruits, rich feasts three times every day down on the Dew Line where Peter operated a tractor. "Pilot and jam," he said. "Nobody would eat such things."

"They are good-tasting things," said Mary. She crunched white teeth to meet through red raspberry jam and pilot. "Too many feasts," she said, "make no feasts."

He tried to explain about other things she did not know, like his mighty tractor. But Mary was so beautiful that his heart beat fast, and then she moved her knee from his. She was not clever about tractors, or perhaps he had not explained them well.

"Is it a *tigmiak-puk?*" A big bird, a flying machine, she meant, for Mary had seen airplanes often.

"No," he said with patience. "It does not fly. It pulls sleds—ten great ones all together. Also it pushes snow. It is strong, and I am the driver." Peter breathed deep to swell his chest. His tractor was strong, and he was strong.

Mary was looking round at him again, and her eyes were bright, perhaps admiring the bigness of him. "Push snow?" she said. "Why do such a foolish thing? Make a house with snow, and cook with snow. But push snow?" She was not admiring him. She was laughing at him, Peter Nakoyak, a better cat skinner now than any of the white men. "You're the best of the bunch, Pete," said the boss. "I'm giving you a raise right after Easter."

So Peter explained about roads and landing strips, about the great drifts that must be bulldozed after each new blow.

"Now do you understand?" he asked her.

Mary wrinkled her brow in the way that means yes. But also she shrugged, and he thought, *She is silly.* But he saw the lift of her shoulders and the soft tide of her bosom, and Peter trembled, and he thought, *She is silly about the new things because she lives far in the north with old grandparents, and she hunts and traps as well as a man. But she is my woman, and soon she will learn that the old things are stupid now for us. Everyone else knows that. Alice Aluyak knows it. I need only say to Alice ——*

So then Peter began to boast a little—which is not the way of the People—about making ten years of money in one single year, with a savings account and thousands in credit at the (Continued on Page 104)

Illustrated by Stanley Meltzoff

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l the bear was a dog, darting in and out

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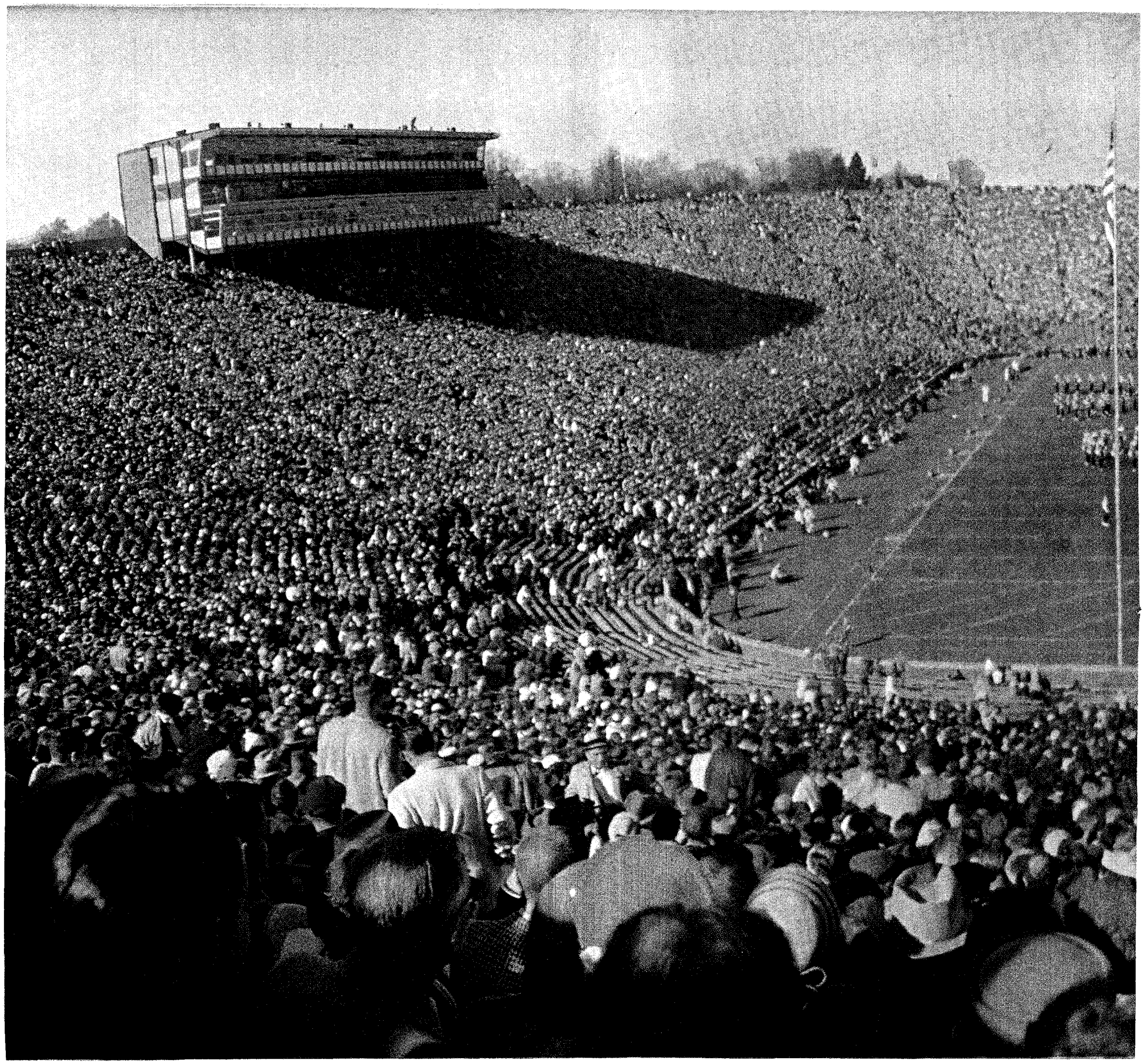

The Face of AMERICA

Rites of Autumn

Of the millions of small boys who take up the virile American sport of football, a few grow proficient enough to perform for those large colleges which stage the game as one of the greatest outdoor spectacles on earth. The swift and rugged competition on the field, the colorful supporting activity of bands and cheering sections, bring out multitudes of spectators each autumn. Nowhere are these gatherings larger than at the University of Michigan in Ann Arbor, national attendance leader for the past two years, where the turn-outs sometimes strain the 101,001-seat capac-

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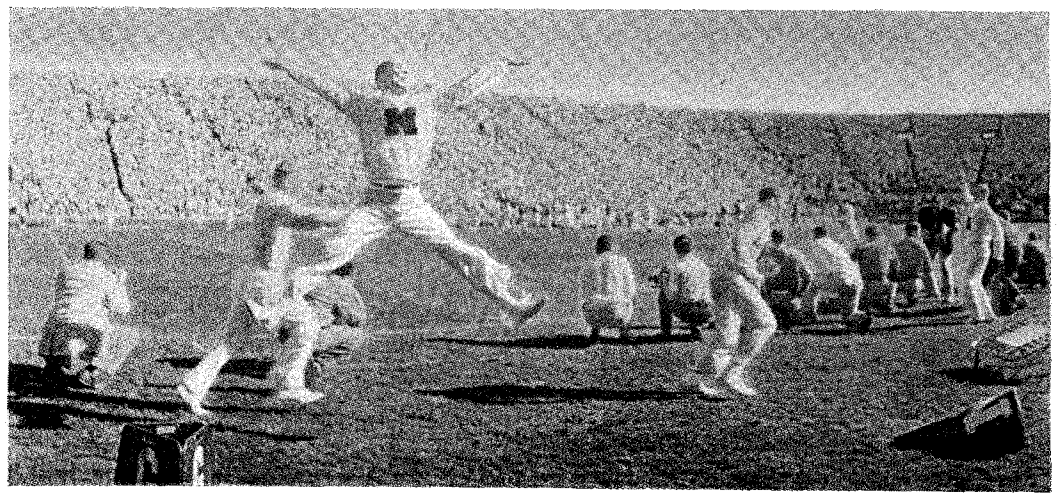
ity of the biggest college-owned stadium in the land. When this sweeping picture was taken last October twenty-seventh with a special wide-angle Japanese camera, 84,639 people were on hand to watch Michigan battle Minnesota for the traditional Little Brown Jug. At this point during a pleasant Saturday afternoon, home fans were enjoying the intermission band show and a 7–0 half-time lead. But Minnesota came back to carry off the Jug, 20–7—a defeat that was to cost Michigan the Big Ten championship and a trip to the Rose Bowl. Photographs by Mac Shaffer



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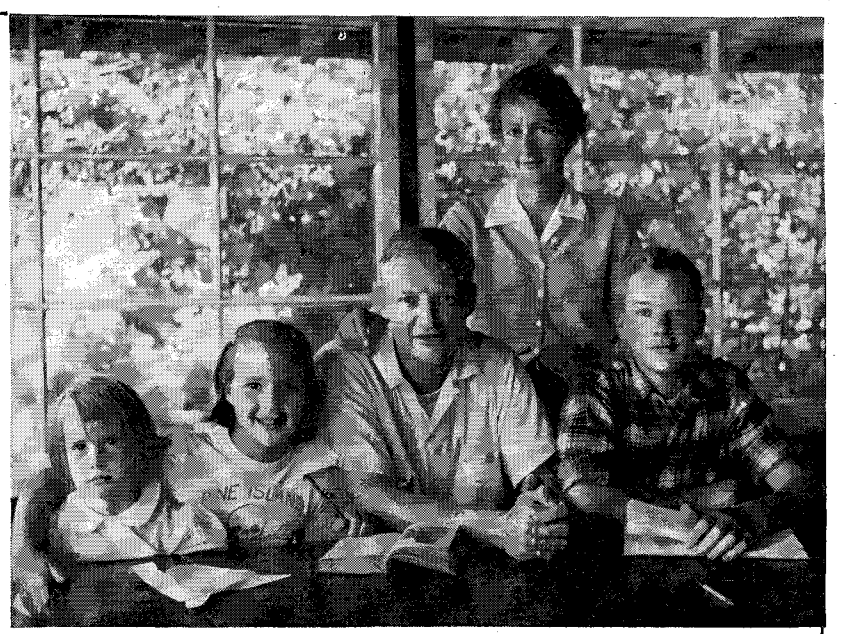
ARE THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS



John Keats, a free-lance writer descended from an uncle of the poet who bore the same name, is the author of *The Crack in the Picture Window*, a humorous book on housing developments. Here he is shown with his family at their island summer retreat on the St. Lawrence River, in Canada.

NO

By JOHN KEATS

The author asserts that public schools stunt young minds by feeding them insipid lessons in social conformity and "living skills"—instead of furnishing intellectual challenges to develop mature citizens.

The public high school in our suburban Washington, D.C., area is fully accredited by the Middle States Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. It is not plagued by split sessions; the classes are not particularly large by today's standards. The school is staffed by intelligent, hard-working men and women whose every thought is of the students' welfare. The teacher pay scale is relatively high and the teachers' morale is excellent. The million-dollar building is brand new. It is light, spacious and completely equipped with everything from a motion-picture theater to an auditorium, science rooms and library. Behind the tremendous gymnasium there are grassy playing fields and a football field encircled by a running track. The school offers sixty-three different courses of study, and professional public-school evaluators give it an excellent rating. There is no question in my mind that the public-school system of which our school is a part compares favorably with any other public-school system in the nation.

These facts might make it seem difficult to explain why we sold the pleasant house that served us so well, and have just moved to a smoky city to spend more than $2000 a year in order to send our three children to a private school this fall.

I do not know how we are going to afford it. I know that we must try, for our children's sake. My wife and I have come slowly and bitterly (Continued on Page 117)

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DOING THEIR JOB?

Herbert L. Brown, Jr., managing editor of Changing Times (The Kiplinger Magazine), is a former Rhodes Scholar. His concern about our schools and local government has prompted him to file as a candidate for his county board in the elections this fall. Here he is shown with his family at their Arlington, Va., home.

YES

By HERBERT L. BROWN, JR.

This parent declares that the American public-school system is demonstrating a notable superiority over private schools in equipping youngsters to meet the demands of the complex age in which we live.

My two children, a boy of thirteen and a girl of ten, go to public school. My wife and I intend to keep them there. We believe they are now getting the best possible total education. This conclusion is based solely on what we think is most desirable for them. We want the best and are lucky enough to be able to afford any school we might choose. We still choose public school.

Yes, I am familiar with all the horrendous charges against public-school education. I have heard them in my own community, in Arlington, Virginia, just across the Potomac from Washington, D.C. The public schools, it is said, have gone to the dogs. They don't teach the fundamentals any more; kids get out without having learned to read, write or do simple arithmetic. They are full of "life-adjustment" nonsense that turns them into well-adjusted morons. They don't really know anything. They can't think. They are unprepared for college, for jobs, for citizenship. They have learned to strive for an easy conformity. The devil responsible for all this is something called "progressive education."

These charges, played on various strings, come from a scattering of parents, (Continued on Page 120)

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"But isn't 'pre-shrunk' the same as 'Sanforized'?"

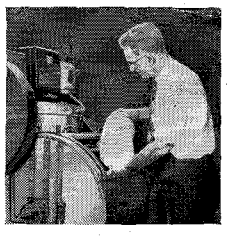
"Oh no, Ma'am—there's a difference!"

"The word 'pre-shrunk' does not always mean the same. The meaning can vary, because the amount of shrinkage left in the fabric can vary.

"'Sanforized', on the other hand, is a trade-mark. It *always* means the same thing: *this garment will never shrink out of fit.* The fabric has passed rigid testing and inspection to make sure it lives up to the strict 'Sanforized' standard.

"So no matter where you buy or how much you pay, the 'Sanforized' label is a sure sign of maximum protection against shrinkage.

"But remember, Ma'am, every cotton isn't a 'Sanforized' cotton—you have to *see* the word. And don't take any other word for it!"



There is a difference! Every "Sanforized" fabric must pass this rugged shrinkage test—boiled... washed for an hour—checked by the "Sanforized" inspector.

Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc. permits the use of its trade-mark "Sanforized", adopted in 1930, only on fabrics which meet this company's rigid shrinkage requirements. Fabrics bearing the trade-mark "Sanforized" will not shrink more than 1% by the Government's standard test.

•SANFORIZED•
TRADE ® MARK

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The Case of the DEAD MAN'S DAUGHTER

By ERLE STANLEY GARDNER

The enraged witness bore down on Perry Mason. "I'll kill you for this," he threatened.

Stephanie Falkner, Perry Mason's beautiful client, was indicted on a first-degree murder charge for the death of George Casselman, believed to be her father's murderer. Homer Garvin, Sr., another client of Mason's, was charged with being an accessory after the fact.

When Garvin called on Casselman to discuss a business deal, he found the body; he also saw a woman's footprint in Casselman's blood. On a later visit to Stephanie, Garvin discovered that her shoe's heel pattern matched the footprint and that one shot had been fired from the gun he had given to her. Garvin, who was in love with the girl, then returned to Casselman's apartment to cover up the incriminating evidence.

While following Garvin's orders to protect Stephanie, Mason deliberately fired a shot from Homer, Jr.'s, gun into Homer's office wall, and then got Homer to take the gun to Stephanie's apartment. Homer's gun, not his father's, was found by the police and turned out to be the murder weapon. This drew Homer and his bride, once a friend of Casselman's into the circle of suspicion. But the police believed Mason substituted the murder weapon for Homer's gun.

VII

Hendrie resumed the examination. "You have testified that the second print—the one made with the man's shoe, and which covers the first print—was made some two hours later?"

"I would say approximately two or three or perhaps four hours later."

"How can you determine?"

"Blood coagulates in some three minutes or less. After it has coagulated or clotted, it can be restored to liquid form by pressure or by certain types of agitation. In this case, it is my opinion that the person wearing the man's shoes stepped in the pool of blood after it had coagulated and that the track which was made thereafter shows distinctly certain characteristics which indicate an interval of some time, probably two or three hours."

"Have you examined a man's shoe which could have made the covering track shown in this photograph?"

"I have."

"Do you have that shoe with you?"

The witness delved into his bag and produced a shoe. "Is there something distinctive about this shoe?" he was asked.

"There is a relatively new rubber heel on the shoe and there is a little defect in that rubber heel which can be noticed here, and the same defect in exactly the same place can be seen in this photograph of the track."

"Have you tested this shoe for blood?"

"Yes, sir. My chemical tests showed the presence of blood."

"Those tests are responsible for the discoloration of the shoe?"

"That is right."

"Where did you get this shoe?"

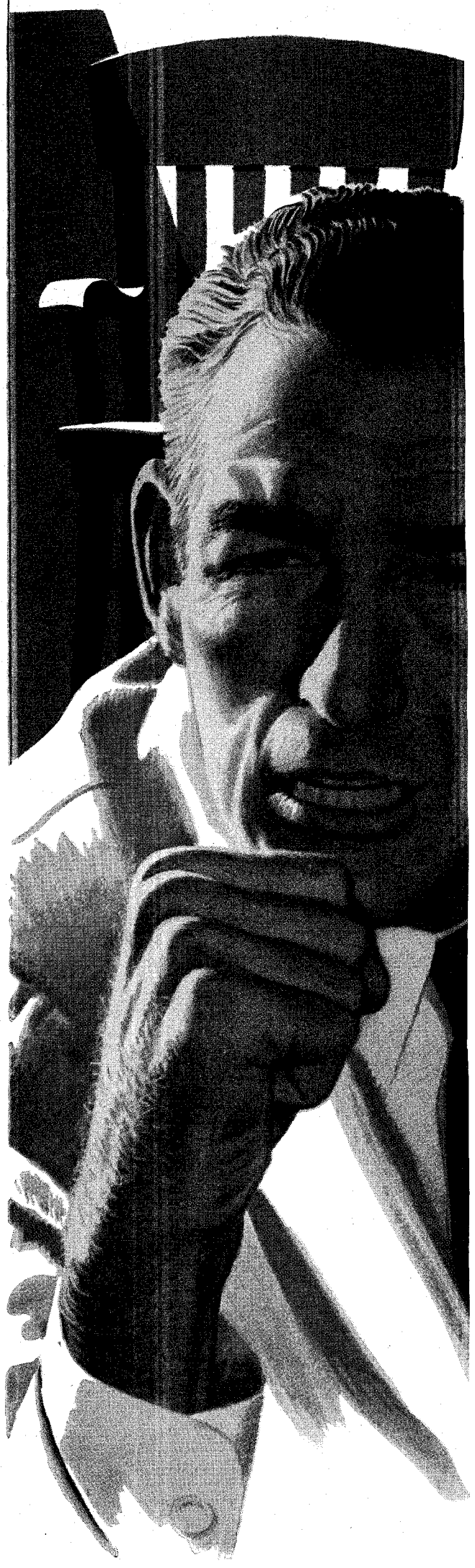
"From a suitcase, the property of Homer Garvin, Senior."

Hendrie said, "May we have this shoe marked People's Exhibit Number Thirty-three for identification? . . . Now, Mr. Clinton, did you examine the Casselman apartment for latent fingerprints?"

"The doorknobs of all doors had been carefully wiped by someone, so that there were no latent fingerprints on any of the knobs, with one exception."

"And that exception?"

"The back door. There was a left thumbprint on that (Continued on Page 110)



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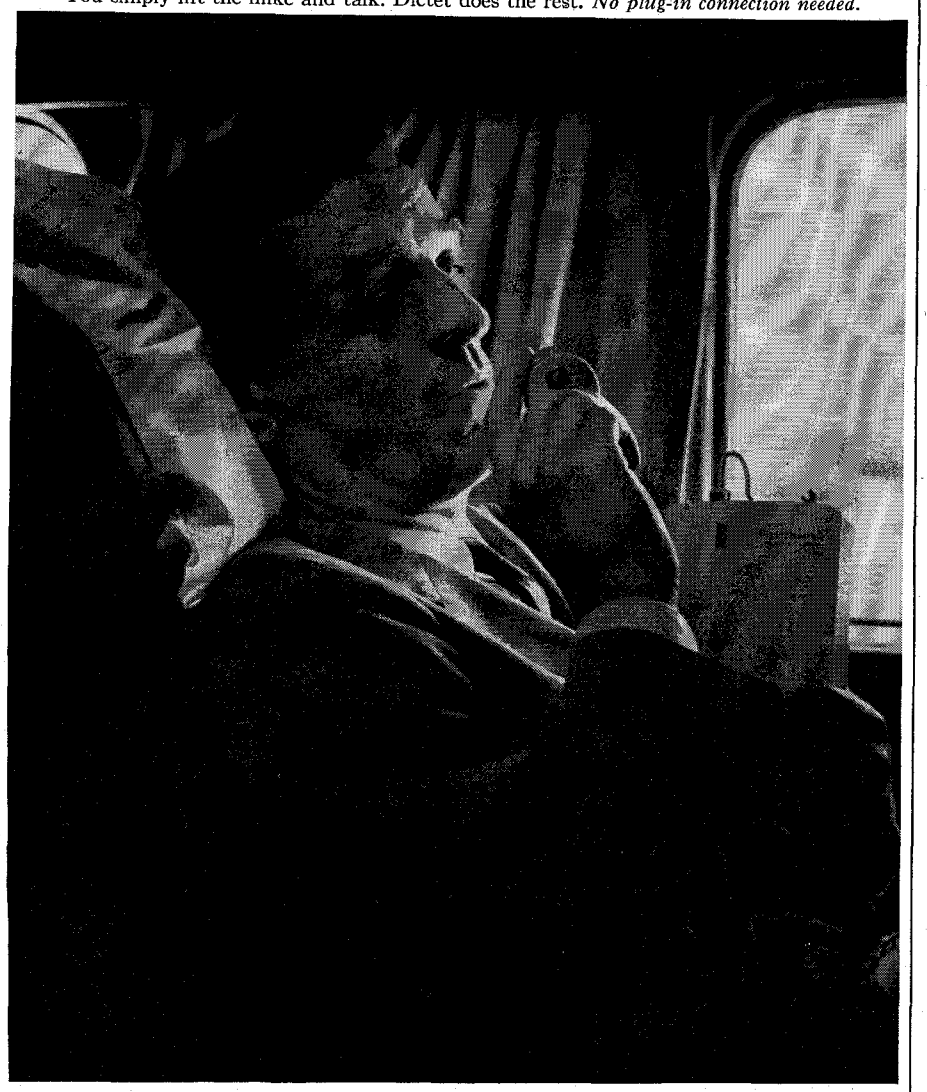

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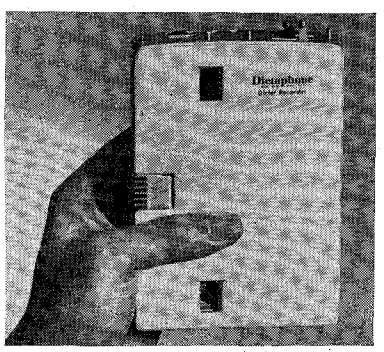

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Raw Deal (Continued from Page 30)

She knew it would be no use to question him further, so she put the casserole on the table and made the coffee. *That Chadwick,* she thought. *I could murder him. I wish somebody would.* Her nature was gentle, but when she thought of Chadwick, her body trembled with indignation and her eyes reflected a hard, uncharacteristic light.

Harold Chadwick was president of the Chadwick Manufacturing Company. A young man, still in his thirties, he had succeeded to the presidency two years before, upon the death of his father, John Chadwick, the founder of the company.

While they were eating, she tried not to show her anxiety. She gave her husband a summary of letters that had come that morning from their daughters, one across the country in San Diego and the other in Tokyo. Both were married to officers, one in the Navy and the other in the Army. Lucy Hapworth also reported on Diana, their daughter-in-law, and David II and June, their grandchildren.

"Did you see Bert today?" she asked.

"Just for a minute," her husband said, and went on eating.

Bert was their son, Diana's husband; he was an engineer at Chadwick Manufacturing Company.

After supper, she did the dishes, to give him time to get his pipe going, then went into the living room. Her husband continued to smoke, not looking at her, until she said, "Now, Dave. Tell me."

"Not much to tell," he said. "Chadwick laid it on the line finally. Told me he wanted me to resign."

"Oh!" she angrily exclaimed. "The—the ——"

"What you so upset about? We've seen it coming for a year."

"I suppose you're not upset."

"Sure I am. But I'm not going to bust any blood vessels about it."

"His father would turn over in his grave."

"He might and he might not. Blood's thicker'n water. He might approve of it."

"John Chadwick thought the world of you, and you know it. He'd never have done anything like this, or let his son do it either."

"No, I suppose not. But the boy's doing what he thinks is best for the company. I'm sixty, remember."

"Sixty! The old man worked till he was seventy-five! Even then, they had to pry him out."

"So now they're prying me out. It happens all over. No use to get all het up."

Nevertheless, he was pleased by his wife's indignation; nor was he himself so calm as he tried to appear, and presently he had to acknowledge it.

"When you work in a place forty-four years, and go up from a stockroom boy to superintendent, it's not easy to be pushed out five years early. But what you going to do? They've made it so mean for me the past year I was ready to chuck it a dozen times. If I wasn't so ornery a fellow, I would've."

She was almost crying. "When I think how you slaved for his father," she said. "The company wouldn't be half what it is today without you, and you know it. The whole business is rotten, that's what it is!"

"Maybe it is. But what you going to do?"

"I'd like to go and tell him to his face what I think of him."

"Why, so would I. I felt like telling him to go plumb to hell, and the Chadwick Manufacturing Company with him. But I didn't."

"Why didn't you? I wish you had."

"The game isn't played that way, my dear. Besides ——"

"Besides what?"

"Don't forget Bert. He's still working there. Don't forget Diana and the kids. It wouldn't help him much to have his old man tell the president to go to hell."

"Just the same ——"

"There, there," he said. "The world won't end. We'll still have the pension. That's set up so they couldn't take it away from me even if they wanted to. Half pay is better than none."

"Did you resign, Dave? Did you tell him you would?"

"No. I said I'd think it over."

"And what if you won't?"

"Why, then they'll just fire me."

"They wouldn't dare!"

He laughed and said, "Why not? They don't have to have a reason. They'd just say it was for the good of the company or something like that. Not even give a reason, maybe."

"But suppose you resign. What would you tell everybody?"

"Poor health. That's what he suggested." Again his feelings forced their way through the jesting manner. "Poor health!" he exclaimed. "I could break him in two at my age!" He puffed on the pipe. "But maybe it wouldn't be so bad, after all. You always wanted to go to Florida. They offer to send us to Florida for six months at company expense, to make it look good about my health. We might get to like it."

"Like it," she said. "I'd like it all right, but you'd be miserable. You never spent a week away yet but you were itching to go back, afraid the place couldn't run without you."

He dryly remarked, "Now we'll have a chance to find out. Hey?"

Before they could discuss their situation further, the doorbell rang. Lucy Hapworth went to the door. Her husband could hear her open it; then say, in an equivocal tone, "Why, yes, he's here. I guess you can see him if you want to."

Ed Hart, a Chadwick company vice president, came in. He was about forty-five, a short, robust, well-dressed man with a confident air.

"Hello, Ed," Hapworth said, getting up and holding out his hand. "Glad to see you." They shook hands. "Sit down," Hapworth went on, "and take off your coat, or the other way around."

"I'll just stay a minute," Hart said, sitting down without removing his coat. He took a chair, Hapworth noticed, where he could not be seen from the street.

"You can come in, mother," Hapworth called, and his wife came in and sat down.

"To get to the point," Hart said, "I know you were asked to resign today. I sat in on the meeting when it was decided, and I voted for it, just like the rest. I guess that makes me a heel." He looked at Hapworth (*Continued on Page 54*)

TV Tree

Its metal boughs of leaves
are bare,
A roof is all the earth it
knows;
Yet varied, vast, upon it
grows
The harvest of the air.

A. D. Freeman

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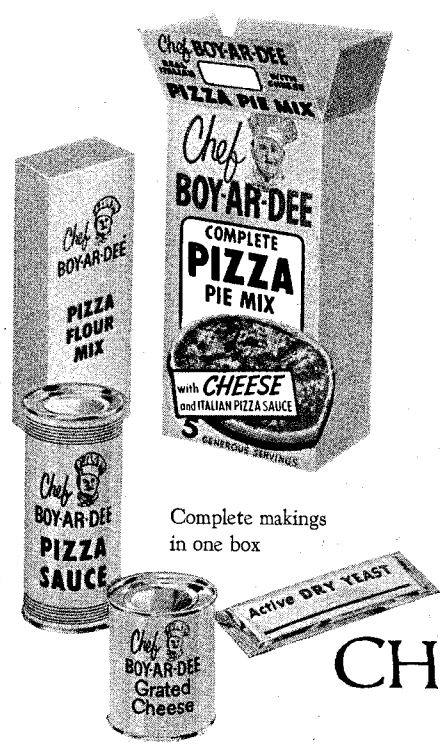

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(*Continued from Page 50*) with direct brown eyes, and his plump cheeks flushed.

"Now, Ed ——"

"No, no. I just didn't have the guts. I wouldn't be a vice president today if it hadn't been for you. You've helped me ever since I went in there as a kid. I ——"

"Well, when I was a kid others helped me, Ed."

"Yes, but I just sat there and voted to boot you out without a word. But I'm up to my neck. You know I've just built a big house, and it's mostly mortgage. I've got two kids in college. A new car. Color television." He shook his head and looked at the floor.

Hapworth nodded. He liked Hart and had always liked him. The extravagance wasn't his doing; it was his wife's. She was determined to climb, and for every dollar Hart earned, she spent a dollar and a quarter.

"All those things," said Hart, "are reasons, but they aren't excuses. There's no excuse. But I hope you'll understand. I hope you won't hold it against me."

"Well, I hold it against you," Lucy Hapworth said. "After all Dave's done for you. You ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"I am, Mrs. Hapworth."

"Now, mother," Hapworth said, "don't get after Ed. He can't help it. Even if he voted against it, they'd still kick me out, and him, too, probably."

"Nobody knows who's going to be kicked out," Hart said, "the way things've been the past couple years. Sometimes I wish I was back at a lathe again. I didn't even dare drive here tonight. I walked. Afraid somebody might see my car parked." He grunted in disgust. "I wish the Old Man was still around." He took out a cigarette and lighted it.

"Do you want a cup of coffee, Ed?" Mrs. Hapworth asked, sorry to have so severely reproached him.

"No, thanks, Mrs. Hapworth. Just had dinner." He looked at his wrist watch. "I'll go along," he said. "Mabel's dragging me off to the symphony. No hard feelings, Dave?"

"None at all, son."

They shook hands again and Hart left.

"If he got kicked out," Hapworth said to his wife, "he wouldn't have a dime to his name. We're better off than that, anyway. I don't know but I'll sort of like it. Lying around on the beach. Looking at the cuties in bathing suits. Hey, mother?"

She gazed at him affectionately, not deceived by his banter.

About nine o'clock they drove over to Bert's new home in the suburbs. Hapworth related what had happened. He could feel that the young people, though they were shocked and distressed at his plight, were more concerned about themselves. What would it mean to Bert's chances with the company if his father were discharged? They, too, had a mortgage, and children to educate, though they were not extravagant in the sense that the Harts were. A glance passed between them, and Hapworth noticed it. But he was not hurt. He himself was thinking more of them than of his own trouble.

"That's pretty low of them," Bert said, and Diana said, "It certainly is. The way you've worked for that company."

"Well," Hapworth said, in his quiet way, "I've worked hard, but I've enjoyed my work and I've been paid well. Had a good home for my family. Never had any trouble with anybody, to speak of, till the young fellow got in there. All in all, a pretty good life, when you put it up against a lot of others."

"Yes, but they might've had the decency to let you work till you were sixty-five," his son said. "I bet you could still do more work and better work at eighty than some of them that're forty."

"That's what gripes you," Hapworth said, with a touch of contempt. "These young fellows don't know what work is. Why —— Well, no use complaining."

As he lay in bed that night, hearing the mantel clock downstairs strike a faint, dull two o'clock and three o'clock, his mind unreeled a thousand pictures. Forty-four years! Going and coming, going and coming, so many thousands of miles without going anywhere but to the shop. All the work he had turned out. The Old Man speaking to him for the first time, taking an interest in him, encouraging him to go to night school and to take correspondence courses in mathematics, in design. A tough turkey, the Old Man had been, but fair, intelligent, energetic; and Hapworth, who had had no father after the age of fourteen, had come to look upon the Old Man as a father. The talks they had had, the fascinating talks about new processes, new schemes germinating in the Old Man's mind, the bitter talks about unions in the later days, though Hapworth himself had belonged to a union at first, and knew the value of them before—as he felt—they had got out of hand. Now they were as arbitrary as management had been in the old days.

But, he thought, *that's not going to bother me any more.*

The rhythmic slapping of leather belts, the whir of wheels, the bright metal shavings falling to the oily floor, the thump of presses, were like remembered music to him. Never a day had he gone unwillingly to work, though often tired and sometimes sick, but the thought of getting the work out was stronger than anything else. He had felt, all his life, the joy of accomplishment. And the Old Man had felt it, the two of them together.

The new fellow, Harold, the son, was different. *What chance would he ever have had of being president of Chadwick or any place else*, Hapworth reflected, *if his father hadn't owned the place?*

He remembered how Harold had always come to him for advice and information, ashamed to confess his ignorance to the Old Man.

And now, Hapworth thought, *when he's got everything under his thumb, his own men in most of the key positions, he's ready to bring in somebody else from outside and throw me out.*

But did he want to work there anyway, the way things had changed? Maybe it was time he did get out. They thought of him as a fossil, too old to change, inflexible, holding up progress; and he thought of them as inexperienced whippersnappers. Maybe there was some right on both sides. Maybe it was best to go, for him and the company too.

He heard his wife mutter a little in her sleep, and he listened. She'd be glad, in her heart, if he did stop working. Six months in Florida would be like heaven to her, and she deserved it.

Transforming their bed into a smooth beach and the darkness into tropical sunlight, Hapworth smiled.

But, he thought then, you lay there an hour, two hours, three hours. Then what? What kind of a life was that? Idling, doing nothing. It was all right for some people, but it was not for a fellow that had worked sixteen, twenty hours a day many a time, and two and three days on end more than once, without even a nap.

Forty-four years. Sixty years. Where had the time gone? He was overcome by weariness, and soon after the clock had struck three, he fell asleep.

While he was eating breakfast he said to his wife, "I've made up my mind. I'm going to resign. But it's going to be done quietly. I'm not going to have any of those testimonial dinners or any of that stuff, the way they do. Just put on my hat and leave."

"Whatever you say, Dave," his wife agreed. "Do it any way you want."

He absently stirred his coffee. "Seem funny, won't it?" he said. "Not to have to get up? Not to have to go to work? Not to have any work even if you want it?"

"You've worked enough," she said. "Enough for two men. They won't get another man like you. It'll be good enough for them."

He laughed in deprecation of her partisanship, but he was pleased.

That afternoon, on his lunch hour, he wrote out his resignation, to take effect in one month, as young Chadwick had suggested.

"Say, this is a bit of luck! Southern exposure!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In the evening, he told his wife, "It's done."

He said no more about it, and she, tuned to his feelings over many a year, said nothing either.

Though she had accepted his desire to leave without any formal acknowledgment of his service, she began, after a day or two, to resent this idea. It seemed to her unfair. Nobody who had been with the company even five years left without some small gathering, if only of members of his department, to wish him well and present him with a remembrance.

So when, a week later, Ed Hart came to her privately and informed her that he was arranging a farewell dinner, she was delighted, and she entered with fervor into a conspiracy that, she knew, would have been condemned by her husband. What began as a dinner for twenty or thirty persons developed quickly into a banquet for more than four hundred, for everybody respected Dave Hapworth, and almost everybody liked him. The general guess was that his resignation had been forced, which increased the desire to demonstrate in his behalf.

It became necessary to inform Hapworth as the time for the banquet approached. He had already picked up an inkling, but he had no thought of the size of the event. His wife, who was selected to notify him, took care not to frighten him unduly.

"Dave," she said one night, "I know you want to leave without any hullabaloo, but I don't think that's quite right. Even if you don't want a party, I do. I'd like to go to a hotel and eat. I'd like to hear a speech about you. And I think you ought to put up with it, just for my sake, after all these years."

He was incensed. "Nothing of the sort," he said. "I told you I didn't want anything like that. You're going to Florida, aren't you? What more do you want?"

"I want you to get your due, that's what I want. The Old Man would never've let you go without a word."

"The Old Man! He hated things like that. He ——"

"Maybe he said he did. Just like you. But he'd've liked it, never fear. And so will you. You've got friends. Do you suppose they want you to go off like a criminal, sneaking away? For goodness' sake. You'd think we were going to hang you."

"I'd rather. A speech! Get all dressed up! I don't want any part of it!"

"Well, I do. And we're going."

He was astonished. She seldom talked like that. He began to laugh, and after a time, thinking it would be only a small party, he said he would go.

"I guess I do owe it to you," he said. "I'll go. I'll go if it kills me. And it probably will." Yet, in his heart, he was not displeased.

He refused to go to a store to buy evening clothes, so they were sent to the house and fitted to him. His wife brought home a pink evening gown and a blue one and asked which he liked better. He chose the blue one.

When he saw her getting into it, with Diana helping her, on the night of the dinner, he was pierced with a painful delight, divining her childlike pleasure and, at the same time, reproaching himself that, though he loved her, he had never in all their married life thought of doing anything like this for her.

Bert came over presently, at ease in his evening clothes, and bringing an orchid for his mother. Bert and Diana were going to sit at the same table with them, which would help.

Bert drove them to the hotel. Instead of going into one of the small dining rooms, as (*Continued on Page 56*)

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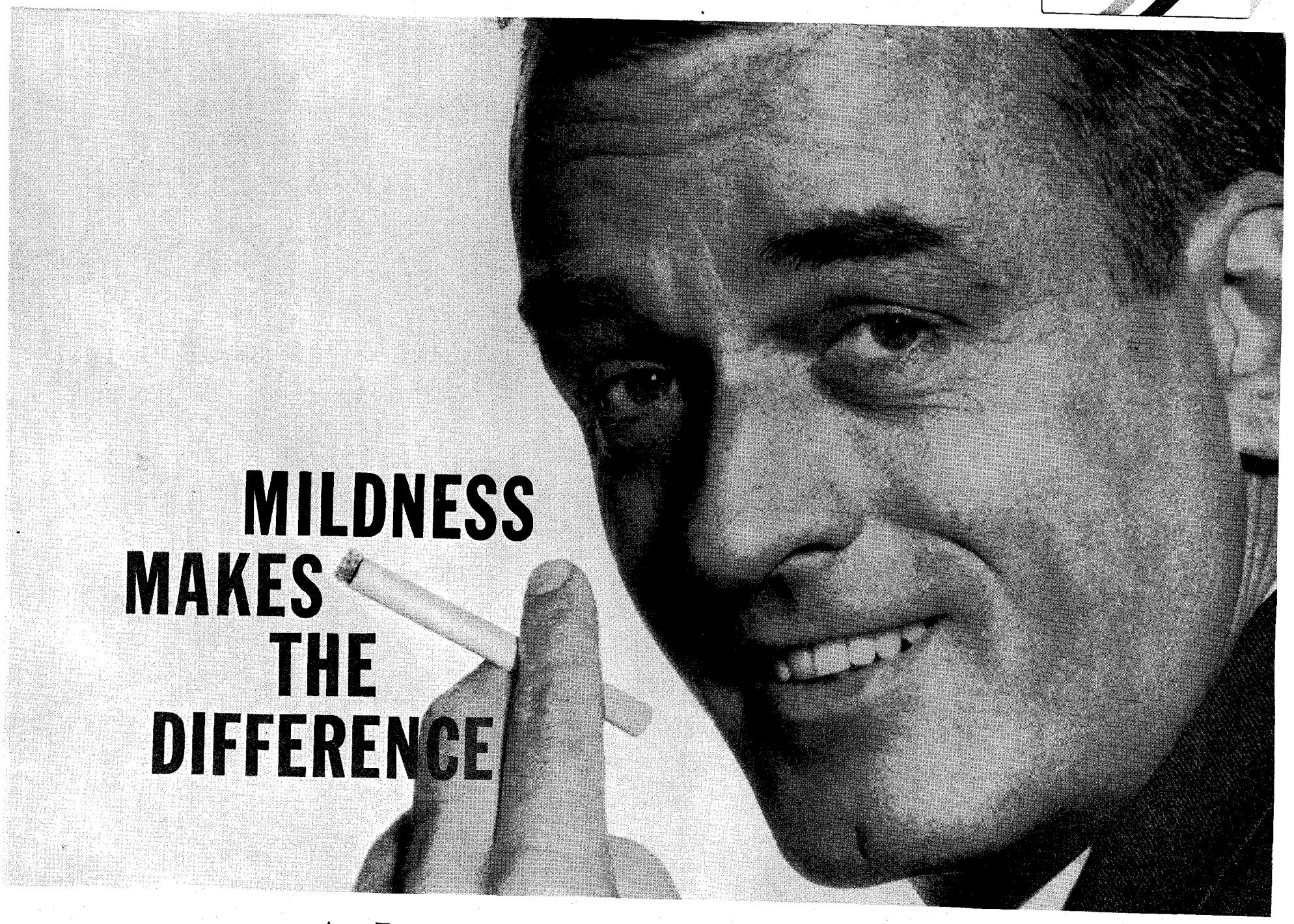

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(*Continued from Page 54*) Hapworth had expected, they got into an elevator.

"Where're we going?" he whispered to Bert. "Private dining room?"

"We're going up," was all Bert would say.

They got out at the eighteenth floor, where the ballroom was. Even then, Hapworth did not suspect. They handed in their hats and coats, and while they were doing so, three men came out of the ballroom and greeted Hapworth, and he saw that they were all from the plating room at Chadwick's. They led him in.

Stumbling over his own feet, Hapworth was led toward the head table, where Harold Chadwick and Ed Hart and the other executives were sitting with their wives. An orchestra began to play Hail, Hail, The Gang's All Here, and everybody sang it; then For He's a Jolly Good Fellow. Hapworth looked at his wife. She was smiling, squeezing his arm.

He leaned down to her. "Darn you," he whispered. "So this is the little dinner."

She nodded, laughing, looking like a girl again, he thought, and he smiled. Well, what the devil, he was in for it.

He was too upset to eat much. Mr. and Mrs. Chadwick sat on one side of him and Lucy; and Ed Hart and his wife—she in the most brazen evening gown Hapworth had ever seen, even in a movie—sat on the other side.

The speeches were the worst. He did not see how he could endure them to the end. Harold Chadwick, the president, was introduced. He was self-possessed, smiling. Hapworth saw, once Chadwick began, that no matter how brief the speech, it would take all his strength to listen to it with a show of equanimity.

"To lose Dave Hapworth," Chadwick said, "is one of the hardest blows the Chadwick Manufacturing Company has ever had to bear. I don't know any man that we can less afford to lose. My father depended on him, and I've depended on him, and I know he's helped many and many a man of you out there."

There was a murmur of assent from the listeners.

"But when a man's health is in question," Chadwick proceeded, "the company must give way, however great its reluctance. Dave Hapworth has given of his devotion and energy to the plant for forty-four years. We'd like to have him with us a long time yet ——"

The words as words did not exist in Hapworth's mind, but the meaning of them coursed through him like acid in his veins, burning, eating into his heart. He felt himself quivering, and his head sank lower, so that nobody could see his face. In his lap, he clenched his hands. If it only weren't for Bert and his family, if it only weren't for Lucy —— He clenched his jaws, lest any word break through.

"... a small mark of appreciation from the company," Chadwick was saying, "we are sending Dave and his wife to Florida for six months."

Applause and cheers broke out, overwhelming everything else. Hapworth felt Lucy nudging him, and he looked up. Chadwick, who only a month ago had given the ultimatum to him, was smiling down and holding out his hand.

"Stand up," Lucy whispered.

He did. He shook Chadwick's hand. He sat down. He saw everybody smiling and laughing at him, amused by his awkwardness, happy for him that he was going to have six months in Florida at company expense. He felt a loathing, not so much for Chadwick as for himself.

Ed Hart was next. In a way, he wasn't so bad. He spoke with feeling, with a genuineness that everybody felt, telling of all the ways Dave Hapworth had helped him, overdrawing it, as a matter of fact, but with such honesty of purpose that there was nobody who heard him who wasn't affected.

Hart spoke only a few minutes, and at the end he held out a check for two thousand dollars.

"This is from your friends all over the plant," he said. "They hope it will add a little something to the life that has added so much to theirs."

Hapworth could not speak. He could hardly stand. Feeling Hart's hand touch his, he clasped it with both hands. Hart's face was but a blur to him, and he did not see the check at all, did not even think of it. Hart handed it to Lucy. She folded it and put it in her bodice, and somebody close by said, "That's right, Lucy. Don't lose it." There was laughter.

Hapworth sat down.

Two other men spoke, but he hardly heard what they were saying.

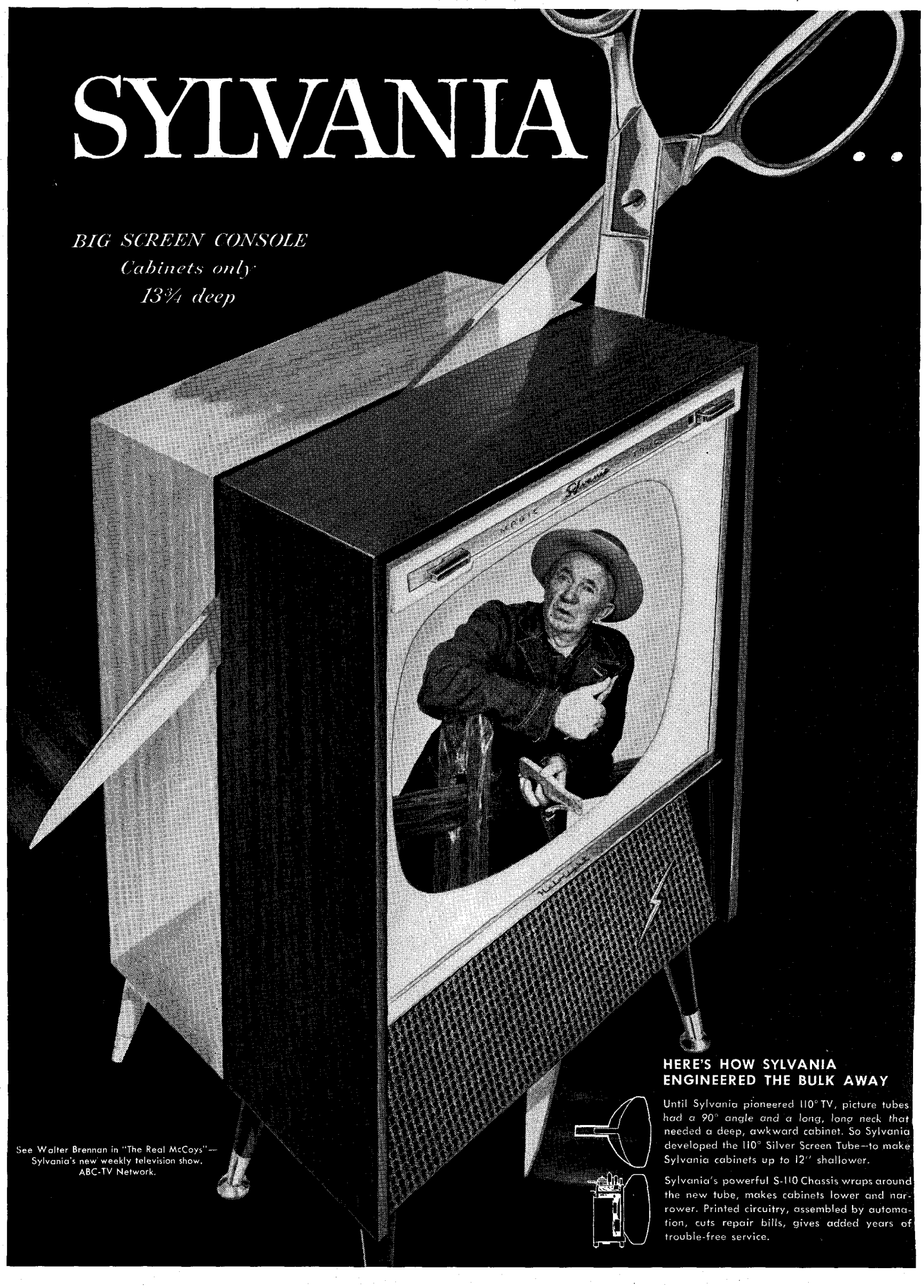
To his surprise, Bert was introduced as the final speaker, to give the sentiments of the employees.

"Why," Hapworth whispered to his wife, "the boy never made a speech in his life, did he?"

He looked at Bert, and felt uncomfortable for him. He determined, however, to listen with decorum, because, no matter how painful it was to him, this would be the pinnacle of Lucy's life. That was the way women were.

Bert began well enough. He said that not many sons had such a privilege as he had that evening, that he was naturally a little prejudiced in favor of his subject and he hoped they'd all make allowances for him.

Hapworth thought, *He's real cool about it. All those people in front of him*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and he handles himself pretty good, darn if he don't. If he just don't go overboard.

". . . what I remember best, and always will remember best, about working at Chadwick's," Bert was saying, "is how, when I first got a job there, so many people came around and shook hands with me and said, 'So you're Dave Hapworth's boy. Well, if you're half the man your father is, you won't have any trouble.'

"I often think of that. And I know that in many ways I am not half the man dad is. I had a better education, because he saw to it that I had one. I try to do my work faithfully and earn my pay. But Chadwick's isn't to me what it has been to dad. It's a place that I've been loyal to, but it hasn't been my whole life, the way it was dad's. Sometimes, during the war, he worked two and three days at a stretch without rest, not because he got more pay for it, but because something had to be produced and he was there to see that it was produced, that Chadwick's reputation was upheld."

Bert paused for a sip of water, and Hapworth thought, *He don't need to go into all that. He don't need to say any of it, for that matter.* But he was pleased in spite of himself. Lucy looked at him and furtively smiled, as though to say, "Now, aren't you glad? Aren't you glad that all this has happened?"

And he would have been glad, and humbly grateful, had he not been conscious, under it all, of the worm of hypocrisy, gnawing, gnawing, gnawing. He knew that that was what he would remember for the rest of his life, not the speeches and the smiles. He wished it would end.

So he was relieved when he heard Bert saying, "There's only one more point I want to make, and it has to do with dad's devotion to the company, which I just mentioned. Mr. Chadwick has told you that dad is retiring because of poor health. That's not true. He's as sound as a rock. If he's sick at all, it's because of the way he's been treated in the past year. His orders have been countermanded, materials he needed have been withheld, in a hundred ways he's been harassed and bedeviled. And by whom? By some of the very men sitting here at this table and telling him and the rest of us that they hate to see him go."

The ballroom had become as silent as though everybody in it had looked upon the Gorgon's face. In Hapworth's mind, a frightening sensation arose, as though, by some madness, his most hidden thoughts had found a means of delivering themselves from silence into sound.

"If Chadwick's wanted to get rid of my father, even after he'd given his life to the plant, they had a right to do it, I guess," Bert went on. "But they should have done it a different way, come out with it, not tried to beat him down with secret blows and drive him to resign.

"Why did he come to a banquet like this, you might wonder, to listen to praise from men who have done all they could to embitter his last days at the plant where he did his lifework, and did it well? In the first place, dad didn't know just what he was getting into tonight, and it was partly my fault that he didn't. In the second place, I think he wouldn't say what was in his heart, for fear of the effect it might have on my position at the plant.

"So, as probably the best thing I'll ever be able to do for my father, I'll say it for him. I say, 'Thanks to all of you who have been his sincere friends, some for many years, and to hell with the rest of you.'" He sat down.

The silence was, if possible, more trenchant than before. It cut through blood and bone like a white-hot blade. Nobody moved. Nobody spoke.

Then Dave Hapworth stood up, and his mouth opened as though in speech, but nothing could be heard. He took his wife by the arm. She arose. Together, they passed behind the backs of those at the head table. When they came to where Bert and Diana were sitting, Hapworth stopped and put his hand for a moment on his son's shoulder. Again the father tried to speak, but no words came. He and his wife went on, and those at the tables nearest the ballroom door, as though at some secret signal in their hearts, stood up. All over the ballroom there was a confused sound of people pushing back their chairs and standing up. Hapworth walked carefully, like a man feeling his way in darkness, his wife at his side. Those who could see his face observed a bemused smile on it.

Hapworth and his wife did not think to get their wraps, but went on to the elevators. A car had just discharged its passengers. They stepped into it, the mechanic awkward in evening clothes, holding by the hand the gray-haired woman in a blue evening gown embellished with an orchid. The elevator car went up instead of down, but Hapworth scarcely knew the difference. He stood there without purpose, content to go either up or down, the smile still on his face. THE END

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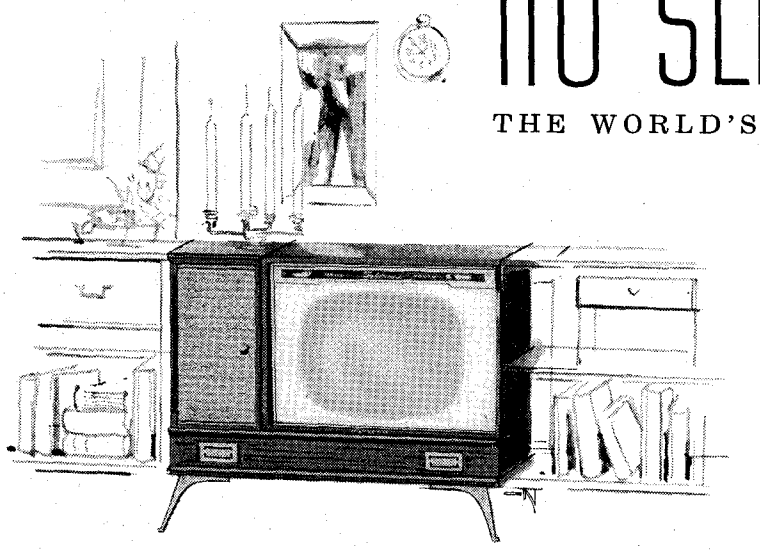

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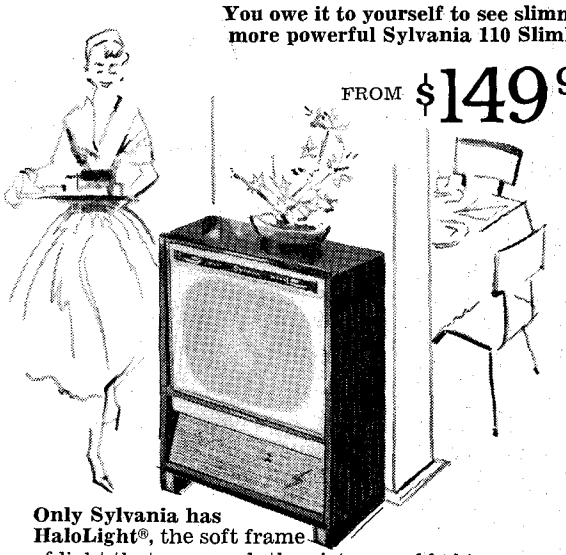

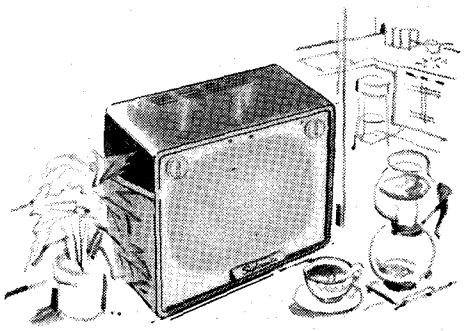

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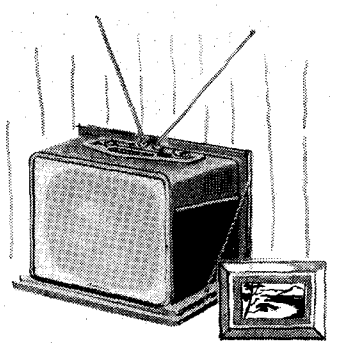

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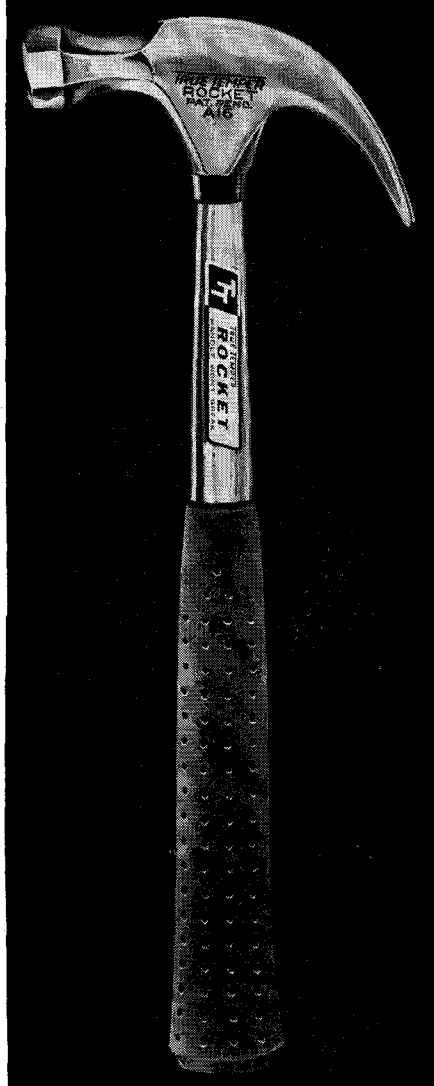
Head won't loosen



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Violent City (Continued from Page 43)

"When he was a kid. What about now?"

"The quality of the mind never changes. What has he accomplished since high school? He's a cop, nothing more."

"He's chief of police."

"Only because I wanted him to be. Only because I made it possible. And now that he has the job, I'll direct him. And he'll never know I'm pulling the strings that make him dance."

"He's your key to the mint," Tanner said. "You better think again, pal. You're nuttier than a fruitcake."

"I'm nutty?" George Kell smiled. "What would you call a man who attacked and killed a girl, and then went to a lawyer with all the details before he was even suspected of the crime?"

"A moron—do I ever deny it? If I'd gone to the police, I'd be dead and out of it. You dangle me on a rope, but I don't die." He played out the rest of his cards. "But let's talk about you and this deal. You're as smart as a whip factory, you've got a head like a library—I still say you're not man enough to swing it."

"With Morgan, I can swing it. He's perfect for the job. Stupid, furious about the murder of his father, lusting for revenge—all I've got to do is aim him and he'll blow Gus Helm apart."

"Just like that," Tanner said—"in a pig's eye." He leaned back in his chair. "Don't get me wrong. If you can take over Gus' operation, I'll be glad to run it for you—quiet and high-class, the way you want it; or wide open, the way he's running it. It's a gold mine, either way. You've got the backing of the boys on the coast, the syndicate, if you can deliver the town wrapped in pink ribbon—protection guaranteed and no competition. That was a nice selling job."

"Thanks," George Kell said.

"Wait till you hear it all," Tanner said. "I don't think you're man enough to fill Gus' shoes. Gus is a rough customer, lots of guts, lots of muscle, and ugly clear to the bone. You're smart, but you've got lily fingers. It's just not your line of work, pal. I say leave it alone."

"I don't need big biceps," Kell said. "All I need is Morgan. And you."

"You've got me," Tanner said. "Morgan? I don't know. Let's talk sense. Gus likes things the way they are. The old boar'll give you a battle, just for kicks. For keeps, he'll eat you alive. If Morgan grabs one slot, smashes one game, closes one bar, he'll be dead or out of a job before the sun comes up. With half the town fathers owing him, what's Gus got to worry about?"

"Me," George Kell said.

"When did the cats start worrying about the mice?"

George Kell smiled again. "All right, my witty friend. You've had your say. Now listen to me. Gus is all you say he is. Even if I weren't a coward, which I am, I'd be the last to match muscle, guns or guts with him. And I don't think Morgan could beat him, man to man, but he's got the law on his side, and a small army of cops. They can handle Gus."

"In Westbury? This I've got to see!"

"This you will see."

Tanner snorted impatiently. "Gus has got after-hour joints, he's got gambling, he's got girls and maybe he peddles junk—all in all, he's as illegal as they come. But a pinch for any of those will hurt him no more than a shot from a cap gun. He'll walk free in ten minutes. You've got to put him away for a long time or for keeps. What can do it?"

"A conviction of first-degree murder."

"Gus is going to kill somebody? Just to be helpful?"

"You were a graduate student in electrical engineering when you came to me to tell me you were the Monster of Echo Glen," Kell said. "I assume you still know some electrical theory."

Tanner's eyes became wary. "Some. I could wire a chair to fry Gus, if that's what you mean."

"That's about what I mean," George Kell said. "You'll wire a bomb to a car. The explosion will kill a prominent citizen. The motive will point to Gus Helm. The evidence will point to Gus. Morgan will make the case, and the state will supply the chair."

Tanner stared. "You rotten slob," he whispered.

Westbury's Main Street did not sleep. The airfield-construction job out on the flats was a roaring, floodlighted, three-shift operation, and the doors along Main Street stood open around the clock.

At midnight the street was decked with garish neon. There were no parking spaces to be had, the sidewalks were crowded. The open doors gave out the blare of juke-box music, the metallic clank and whir of slot machines.

"A honky-tonk," Morgan said, "ten blocks long."

"You're so right," Sam Dente agreed. "Y'know, I sometimes think I get a hangover just from walkin' on the sidewalk."

Pete Groth said, "And it's all the time hot."

They were sitting in the big, chrome-laden police car, parked a half block from Gus Helm's Pastime. It was just past midnight, the beginning of Morgan's fourth day as chief of police. Pete Groth, nervous and grumbling, was behind the wheel. Morgan and Sam Dente, a lean lath of a man in police blue, were in the back seat. Pete Groth mopped his face and his cap brim with a handkerchief, replaced his cap and grumbled at the windshield.

"All right, I'll admit it—I'm about half sore. I think I got a right to be. Here's every cop on the force staked out around town, all the cars, even the paddy wagon. Something big's gonna happen and I don't even know what it is. I'm a cop. I figure I got a right to know what's gonna happen. How am I gonna do my job, if I don't know?"

Morgan smiled at the back of Pete Groth's artfully crushed cap. Groth was in a sweat, and it was not the kind of sweat that had stained this, his third beautifully tailored uniform for the day.

"You'll know when the time comes," Morgan said.

"Does all this got to be so hush-hush?"

"Sure. We're working under sealed orders."

"Sealed orders! Who wrote 'em? Who sealed 'em? You're the chief—you did, didn't you?"

"I did," Morgan said. "But I wrote them and sealed them with my eyes closed. This operation tonight is so big I don't even trust myself."

Groth uttered a single profane word.

Sam Dente's thin body shook with silent laughter. Dente was a man of forty-five with dark, gray-streaked hair and light, smoke-blue eyes. "No, I'm not on the take,"

(Continued on Page 60)

The Perfect Squelch

Jim prided himself on knowing all the short cuts and easy ways through life. His favorite line began, "Why kill yourself working when ——" Called into a conference with other salesmen, he heard the sales manager announce a new plan: With his monthly quota, each salesman would be given a wrist watch engraved with his name and the date. Thus, whenever he looked at the time, he would be reminded to strive to sell his quota.

The minute the meeting broke up, Jim let it be known that he wasn't going to respond to this spur. Thinking the sales manager was out of earshot, he announced with a broad grin, "After all, what can they do with a watch that already has a guy's name engraved on it?"

"Well," said the sales manager, who overheard the remark, "it would make him a nice going-away present."

Francis O. Walsh

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60

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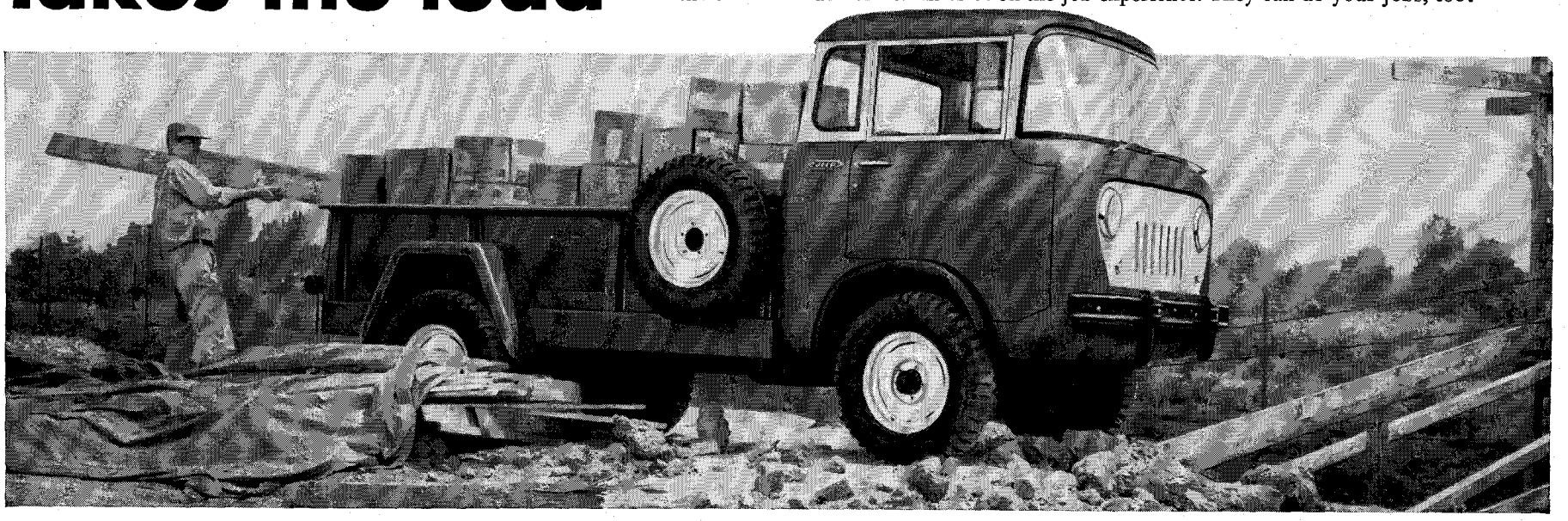

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Offer good only while supply lasts! Get the Rybutol Tower-Pak now, at your drug store.

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(*Continued from Page 58*) Dente had said to Morgan. "I won't ask you to believe me. All I ask is that you come home with me. Meet the wife, meet the kids. Go to church with us, talk to Father Brannigan. Then make up your own mind."

The elbows of Dente's uniform shirt were patched; Morgan had followed those patches into a small cottage where the rug was threadbare, the furniture chipped and child-battered. He'd shaken hands with Mrs. Sam Dente, feeling the calloused roughness of her palm and fingers. He'd tousled the heads of four boys who wore ragged tennis shoes. He hadn't talked to Father Brannigan; there'd been no need to.

"Lieutenant Dente," he'd said. "Congratulations."

"Great snakes!" Dente hadn't believed it, and then he had. "Mom, y'hear that?... Kids, he just said your old man's going to get a raise in pay! But wait a minute!" He'd shown Morgan a sober face. "What about Earnshaw?"

Lieutenant Earnshaw had taken an indefinite leave of absence, at Morgan's suggestion: "You don't need a job; the money you've grafted up to now would start a bank."

Morgan's first three days as Westbury's chief of police had been a hard grind, not made easier by a certain heartache. His father had been an honest, well-intentioned man, but he had not been capable. Morgan found Westbury's police force in a sorry state. It was understaffed—only sixteen men and two women in all, with six of the men needed for radio dispatching and jail duty—and largely dishonest.

Morgan had made few changes besides the one involving Dente and Earnshaw. Herb Yount, night jailer, mustached, irascible and half drunk, had been fired. Clem Usher, twenty-six, built like a Sherman tank, had been taken off radio and given charge of the second night relief—the sight of him would be enough to quell a riot. Dave Trucks, an old hand and a good one, had been relieved of active duty and given the task of beginning a police academy and recruiting new men. "Go at it as if you were scouting for a ball club," Morgan had told Trucks. "I mean hunt for good men, and when you find them, sell them. Tell them we've gone big league—good pay, soon's I can bite it out of the city; quick advancement, security, retirement; the works. Bonus? Sure. Every man gets a bonus—a decent place to raise his kids." He felt these changes were enough for the moment. Given a second chance, most of the men would live honestly, and those who did not could be useful.

Away from police headquarters there'd been other tasks. He'd gone to Wayne Prescott, city attorney, and he'd memorized every city ordinance, new and old, and some of the old ones had been most interesting. Prescott, a stocky man with a fringe of gray hair, determinedly cheerful, had been eager to help, but eager only because he liked being city attorney. Prescott's private practice had been singularly unsuccessful.

Municipal Judge J. C. Harshberger had promised full co-operation, "Within the limits of my limited powers." He was a slow-moving man, slow of speech. His heavy jaw and direct eye spoke of strength, and a frayed shirt collar spoke of integrity. "I've lived in this town for fifty years," he'd said. "It's my home, son. And no man likes to see his home turned into a hogpen."

A seventy-five-mile drive to the county seat had gained Morgan a similar promise from the county prosecutor. The state authorities were with him; he knew that without asking.

He'd spent long hours after dark on the prowl alone. Every honky-tonk and gambling house in Westbury had seen him at least once, and some of them had seen him many times. He had been welcomed always, the treatment varying in different places. He was an unknown quantity. He had been pawed by men and women in clumsy attempts at friendship; he had been treated politely, but with a nervous wariness; he had been offered money, directly and indirectly. To all he'd shown the same cold face. His purpose had been to gather information and the information he'd gathered had prepared him for this night. On this night the battle would be joined.

The police radio came to life: "All cars . . . the time is now exactly one A.M."

Pete Groth jumped and swore. "Now what's that about?" He looked at his expensive wrist watch. "So it's one o'clock. Are we goin' to get time checks from now on?"

"Right," Morgan said. "But tonight it means something more. Tonight it's zero hour, and now we hit the beach. Come on, let's go."

Dente and Groth followed him out of the police car. On the sidewalk, the two in uniform stood a head taller than Morgan. He wore a (*Continued on Page 62*)

"Sometimes it takes him a minute or so to warm up to people."

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(*Continued from Page 60*) gray suit of tropical weight, a light hat, a white shirt and a dark tie. His brown eyes were purposeful, sharply alive. He led Dente and Groth to the entrance of Gus Helm's place and stationed Groth just inside the door.

"We'll make the arrests," he said. "You hold them here, inside, against that wall. The wagon will be around to pick them up." He tipped his face to look at Groth. "We want them all, do you understand? No one gets loose."

Groth's face was flushed, shining with nervous sweat. He looked across the crowded room to the door that led to Gus Helm's offices on the floor above; then scrubbed his mouth with the back of his hand.

"What're you goin' to do? Can't you tell me? Is it a raid? You gonna try to close Gus up?"

"You'll see," Morgan said. "Just do your job."

He turned away and moved into the crowd. Dente, who had been thoroughly briefed, moved into the crowd in a different direction. Of the hundred-odd in the room, the majority were construction workers, patrons. The others, easily distinguished, were a class apart. They sold liquor, dealt cards, sat in on the games, free-lanced, sold tired flesh, steered for houses, picked pockets, waited for drunks to stagger out with heavy wallets. Morgan and Dente were concerned with these. They worked quietly, so quietly that their work was almost done before the crowd knew something different was afoot.

Morgan's crooked finger was enough to make a bartender remove his apron and take his place against the wall under Groth's uneasy eye. He knew his record was known to Morgan; he'd been half expecting this. A dealer and a free-lance card player were equally docile. A young man with long, glossy-black hair and a loud blue suit made a dash for the door and was tripped by an almost languid movement from Sam Dente, was pulled erect and turkey-trotted into place. A hard-faced, tired-eyed woman of thirty saved Morgan a fight with a deluded, overalled Galahad. She said, "Stay out of it, Jack. The law and I are old friends," and took her place against the wall.

Word of all this soon reached Gus Helm on the floor above. He came down to find thirteen men and three women in the group held by Pete Groth. Helm's thin gray hair was awry. He wore no coat, his red suspenders were bright against a white shirt. He bulled a path through the quiet crowd that ringed the people being held. He was as tall as Pete Groth and heavier; there was fury in his bulging blue eyes.

"So help me, Gus," Pete Groth said, "I don't know what this's all about. I'm follow in' Morgan's orders."

Helm said, "Where's Morgan?"

Morgan came through the crowd.

Gus Helm said, "What d'you think you're doin?"

"Cleaning your house, Gus." Morgan's eyes held Helm's. "You let the trash pile up, we haul it away."

"What do you mean, trash? You got my head bartender, a dealer and my floor man. They ain't trash. They work for me!"

"They did work for you. But not any more."

"Listen, you ——"

A siren moaned softly in the street. Gus Helm looked past Morgan to find a patrol wagon double-parked at the curb. The rear doors swung open; an officer climbed down and came in. His name was Herb Flannery; he was having trouble hiding a grin.

"Your load ready, sir?" he asked Morgan.

"All set," Morgan said. He jerked his head at Pete Groth. "Outside with these. Go along and see them locked up."

He was turning away when Helm's big hand caught his arm and swung him back. Helm's anger had thickened his voice. "Hold on, now! You don't jail my people—not like this, you don't! I got to see some kind of proof!"

"Let go of my arm," Morgan said.

"Don't get smart!"

Quietly, Morgan said, "We're going to be crowded tonight, Gus, but I can still find room for you. Let go of my arm."

Helm released Morgan's arm. He used the hand to make a fist, but he didn't use the fist. He held it in front of him, knuckles white.

"You can't get away with this," he said. "Hatfield put you in, but he should've got a bigger boy. You better tell him that. If it's a fight you two're hunting, you came to the right place. You'll get a fight. You'll get more bloody hell than you ever dreamed about."

"Is that a threat?" Morgan asked.

"I got a right to take care of myself," Gus Helm said. "Leave me alone and I'll leave you alone. Get rough with me, an' you an' Hatfield'll both find out. Tell him I said so. An' that ain't a threat, that's a promise!"

"I'll remember it," Morgan said.

Gus Helm's Pastime was only one of many places visited by the police that night. Other large establishments, two of them belonging to Gus, had been hit by other teams at the zero hour, and the smaller places were hit as quickly thereafter as possible. In each case, the method was the same and the purpose was the same. The gambling houses, the bars dispensing drinks after hours, the established houses of prostitution, the slot machines, all operating in direct violation of city ordinances, but condoned by the open-city group of city fathers, were left alone. But the human trash was swept up—the hustlers, the sharpies, the streetwalkers, the thugs, the known criminals.

And the haul was good. Sunup found every jail cell full to capacity and more. Joe Van Auken, head jailer, a powerful, round-faced, big-bellied man, added up the total for Morgan with some pride.

"Fifty-seven men and fourteen women," he said.

Morgan, ear cocked to the steady roar from the cell blocks, said, "Sounds like a couple of hundred." He worked his fingers against the lids of tired eyes. "We'll hold the women for a medical; there's a city ordinance that says we can. Sam and I will go right to work on the men."

A voice at Morgan's shoulder said, "You'll book the men and set bail now."

Morgan turned slowly. The man before him was fifty-odd. He had well-brushed gray hair, deeply tanned cheeks and stone-gray eyes. He carried a brief case; he extended a card. Morgan read, "J. W. Jameison. Attorney-at-Law," turned the card in his fingers and gave it back.

"Out early, aren't you, counselor?"

"I come when my clients need me."

"Would your clients be Gus Helm's boys?"

Jameison consulted a list. "My clients are Earl Glick, Victor Jacobs, Maurice Roach and Louis Perretti, among others."

"Gus Helm's boys," Morgan said.

Jameison looked at him coldly. "Well?"

"Well, I'll tell you, counselor. We're going to do our best to help you. But your ears will tell you we've got a full house here and every last one of them wants out first. If you'll sit down and make yourself comfortable, we'll get to your clients as soon as we can."

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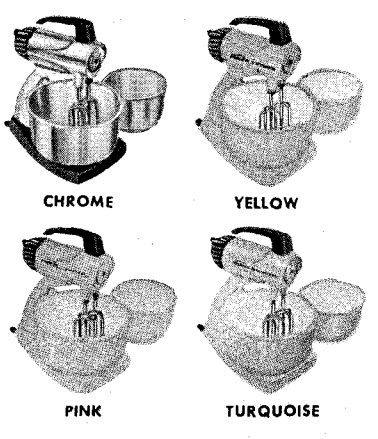

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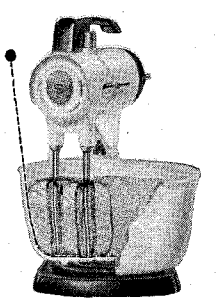

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"Sorry, they've got to wait their turn." The cold anger in Jameison's eyes brought an amused light to Morgan's. "If that isn't good enough, you might talk to Judge Harshberger."

"I can't believe you are unaware of the fact that Judge Harshberger has gone on a fishing trip, leaving no word as to how he may be reached, and will be gone until Monday morning."

"Nobody tells me anything," Morgan said. "Gone until Monday, and this is only Saturday morning—a tough break for your clients. But I guess even a judge has a right to a day off once in a while." He shrugged his shoulders. "Make yourself comfortable. We'll get on with the work."

No man was booked, no bail was set, until each man had been interrogated and his identity and record thoroughly checked. And Morgan had prepared well for the task in the past three days. After each night's prowl he'd made a list of the men he'd seen, and he'd spent hours on the telephone talking about them to the police of major cities. More, he'd had sent to him every available circular and bulletin on wanted men and every open and confidential police file on known criminals and their activities that could be of help.

A final check showed he had made eleven important arrests: three men wanted for armed robbery, four for burglary with explosives, one escaped felon, two wanted for violation of the Dyer Act, and one wanted for questioning in connection with the murder of a middle-aged woman. Westbury's open-city policy had provided shelter for these, as well as easy money. There were twenty-six who could be brought to trial in Westbury on a variety of minor charges, seventeen who agreed that a change of scene and climate would be beneficial, and three who promised to be helpful, if permitted to remain.

There was disappointment in the fact that no one admitted knowledge of the whereabouts of Si Broom, the safe burglar who had escaped Pete Groth's custody on the day of the chief's funeral, but the disappointment was offset by their ability to hold all but one of Gus Helm's men for extradition. Two of these were listed among the armed robbers, one was the escaped felon, and two were wanted car thieves. Their bail, set by magistrates in other cities, was high enough to discourage Jameison and Gus Helm. Jameison went away all but empty-handed. Morgan and Sam Dente left the police station exhausted but content.

"You set out to twist the bear's tail," Dente said. "I'd say you twisted it hard and you twisted it good. Gus will come back at you real soon with something big."

"I hope so," Morgan said.

Morgan awakened at noon the next day. A vacuum cleaner droned in the hall outside the bedroom door. Molly Patrick did not believe in house-cleaning on the Sabbath unless there was great need, and to her way of thinking, a grown man still asleep at noon was a need great enough. She was a white-haired, brown-faced woman, stout and durable and tart of tongue. She'd looked after the chief and the chief's house for many years; she'd stayed on to look after the son. The vacuum cleaner bumped hard against the bedroom door and bumped again.

"I hear you, old girl," Morgan said. "I'm coming."

Molly said, "High time too."

Breakfast was on the table when Morgan walked into the kitchen—melon, scrambled eggs, toast, a pot of black coffee. Molly hovered near. As soon as a dish was used, she popped it into a dishpan, washed and dried it. And she had many things to say—small talk, one might think, but a close listener could find her chattering salted with her orders for the day.

"You'll see the back yard is the coolest place in town in the evenings. Nice for sitting out and eating out. The lawn's getting shaggy, but if the hose ain't fixed so I can sprinkle, there won't be any need to mow it. I hope you'll be inviting your friends. I won't mind the extra work. But they shouldn't plan on a weekend unless that bedroom screen gets a couple of nails in it. Bugs are awful this time of the year. Especially moths. If your father's things aren't sorted through and given to the welfare people, I guess I'd better get them out and air them and spray them."

Morgan tackled the last order first. He got an empty trunk and some boxes from the attic. He packed the chief's clothes in the trunk. Then he opened the old man's desk. There were letters here, bundles of letters. Morgan's mouth was suddenly dry. The old man had saved every letter Morgan had written. He had saved newspaper clippings and photographs—the sum of them was an unfinished biography of a man named Edward Morgan. Yellowing clippings told of Morgan's part in forgotten football games. Others, from Seattle papers, told of his appointment as a rookie, his promotions, his wedding. Ann's picture was there—Ann O'Hara, who had been Mrs. Edward Morgan for one brief year.

"Well," Morgan said. "Hello, there."

He looked at the picture, smiling. There was no rancor in him. This was a good girl. A practical girl, who could accept a brief heartache, if that was the price she had to pay for the things she wanted. She'd wanted a big house on a hill, a swimming pool, social position and unlimited opportunities for the children she might have. In a year she'd come to know Morgan well enough to know there would be none of these for her as a wife of his. "You're a nice guy, I think I love you, but let's face it, Eddie. You're no ball of fire; you're going nowhere much." She'd married again. Now she had what she'd wanted—the house on the hill, the swimming pool and all the rest.

"A good wife," Morgan said, "taking fine care of your kids—on that I'd bet my last dollar." He put her picture carefully in a box that would go into the attic. He smiled down at her again. "So O.K.," he said.

She'd been right about Edward Morgan. He'd made sergeant with the Seattle police, in time he might make lieutenant, and with luck he might retire as a captain. No big score, but for an average thickhead, good enough. He grinned at himself. "At least you earn a living."

He finished collecting all the chief's things, putting them away. He closed the book on the life of a good man, and then, because he knew it was best, he went on to other things without looking back. The

... ...

Fall's Alarm

In summertime I love our
tree,
For all the shade it spreads;
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bothers me:
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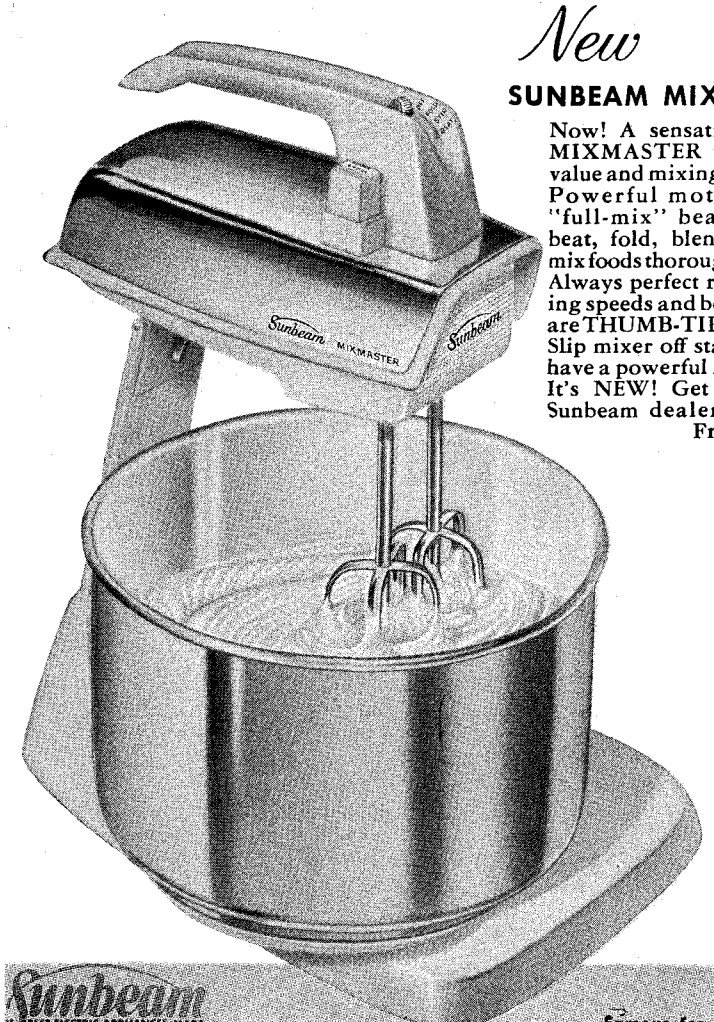

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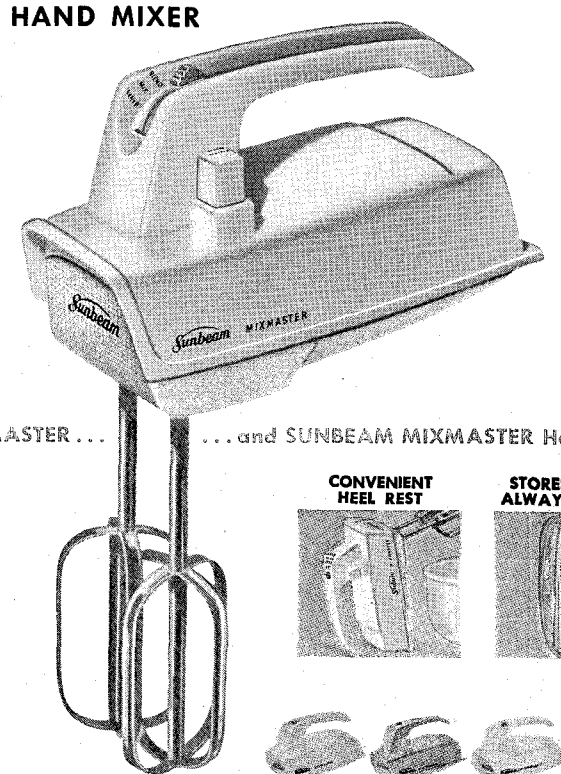

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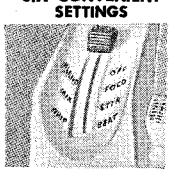

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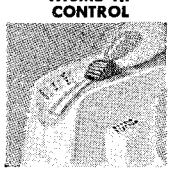

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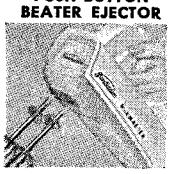

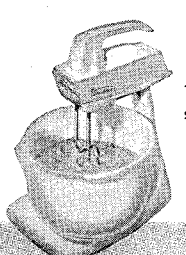

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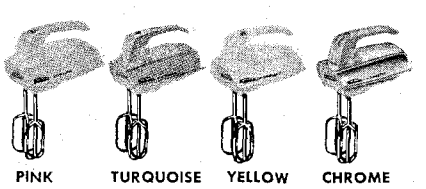

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screen in the guest bedroom got the needed nails, the garden hose was repaired. He was in the back yard, stripped to the waist and sweating heavily behind a lawn mower, when Sandy Hatfield came calling with her son.

"Mr. Morgan," she said, "meet James Hatfield."

She was wearing shorts of white sharkskin, a white blouse and open sandals. Cool, tanned and comfortable. The boy with her was six, a slender lad with sober blue eyes and a lock of blond hair that fell across his forehead. He, too, was wearing shorts, and, incongruously, a coonskin cap.

"Jimmy," Morgan said, and knelt to the boy's level. "I'd know you anywhere; you're a dead-ringer for your dad." He shook hands with the boy. Then, quite without willing it, his hands went to the boy's upper arms, his shoulders. "Your dad was my best friend," he said. "We played football and baseball together, and fished. Do you like to fish?"

"Sure. But I never did."

"How about us going sometime?"

"Sure," Jimmy said.

Morgan's eyes lifted to find Sandy's dark eyes regarding him soberly. "How about this?" Morgan asked.

"Any man," she said. "They get lonesome."

"Maybe we don't?"

She turned her face away, her tone changed. "Jimmy and I," she said lightly, "came on orders of Big Chief Fred Hatfield. We would like you to come to our wigwam for barbecued pioneer and a powwow at, say, six-thirty or seven. Wear anything you like, but take a bath. You smell like a horse."

Morgan grinned. "Try pushing that lawn mower."

Her chin lifted. "We wild frontier types smell dainty, no matter how hard we work. It's the raw-meat diet. Will you come?"

"Ugh," Morgan said. "That's Indian talk for 'Heck, yes!' "

He roughed the coonskin cap down over the boy's blue eyes and remained kneeling as the mother and son went away. His face turned thoughtful. ". . . on orders from Big Chief Fred Hatfield," she'd said. The invitation was not—repeat, not—from her. Being a fine person, she would maintain an outward air of easy friendship, but being an honest person, she could not have him believe she had lost her feeling of deep resentment.

"And that's a no-good thing," he said.

Morgan bathed when the work was done, changed into a sport shirt, slacks and rope-soled shoes. He found an inexpensive spinning outfit among the chief's fishing gear, and took it along for Jimmy. The wigwam was a patio back of Fred Hatfield's comfortable, old-fashioned home; the barbecued pioneer was a rack of charcoal-broiled steaks. The powwow, after Jimmy, exhausted by an hour of practice casting, had gone to bed, surprised Morgan a little. He had expected it to deal with police affairs and the arrests made early Saturday morning. Fred was enthusiastic about these but he was more concerned with other things.

"How does it happen you aren't married?" he asked.

Morgan smiled. "Tried it once and couldn't make the grade."

"What do you mean by that?"

They were sitting in warm moonlight, the shadows of cherry trees lay all about them. Sandy had come back from putting Jimmy to bed, wearing a dress.

"I didn't have enough on the ball to get her the things she felt she had to have," Morgan said. "I'm a cop, and that's all I'll ever be. After the divorce she married a doctor—a surgeon, and a fine one. Now she's got the things she wanted."

"I don't think I like her," Fred said.

"You would, if you knew her. She's hardheaded, yes, but in a very honest way. She didn't want the big time so much for herself as for the children that would come along. For them, only the best would do. That tapes her, doesn't it?"

"If you say so. You don't mind the split-up?"

"You don't hold them back," Morgan said. "If you can't climb with them, let them go alone. I'm not unhappy."

Fred Hatfield leaned forward to knock the ash from his pipe. He said, "Do you plan to marry again someday? Do you want a wife and children of your own?"

"Someday."

"Good," Fred said. He sat back in his chair and made a temple of his fingers. "Now I'd like to commend to your attention my Sandy, here. She's just what you need, and you're just what she needs. She's lonely and I think you are; teamed up, you two would be a solid pair. She can be stubborn, as you're finding out, but she's a loyal, patient woman."

Softly, her voice strained, Sandy said, "Sound in wind and limb. Has own car and is willing to travel. And the price of this secondhand bride, in case you're interested, is two cows, three pigs and five chickens."

"Very reasonable," Morgan said.

And he found his throat was dry. Fred Hatfield was a most considerate man, especially so with people he loved. If the things he'd said had been keyed to a mood of lightness, of gentle spoofing,

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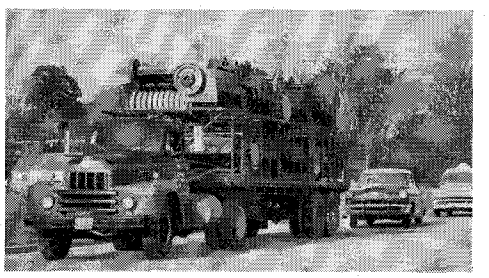

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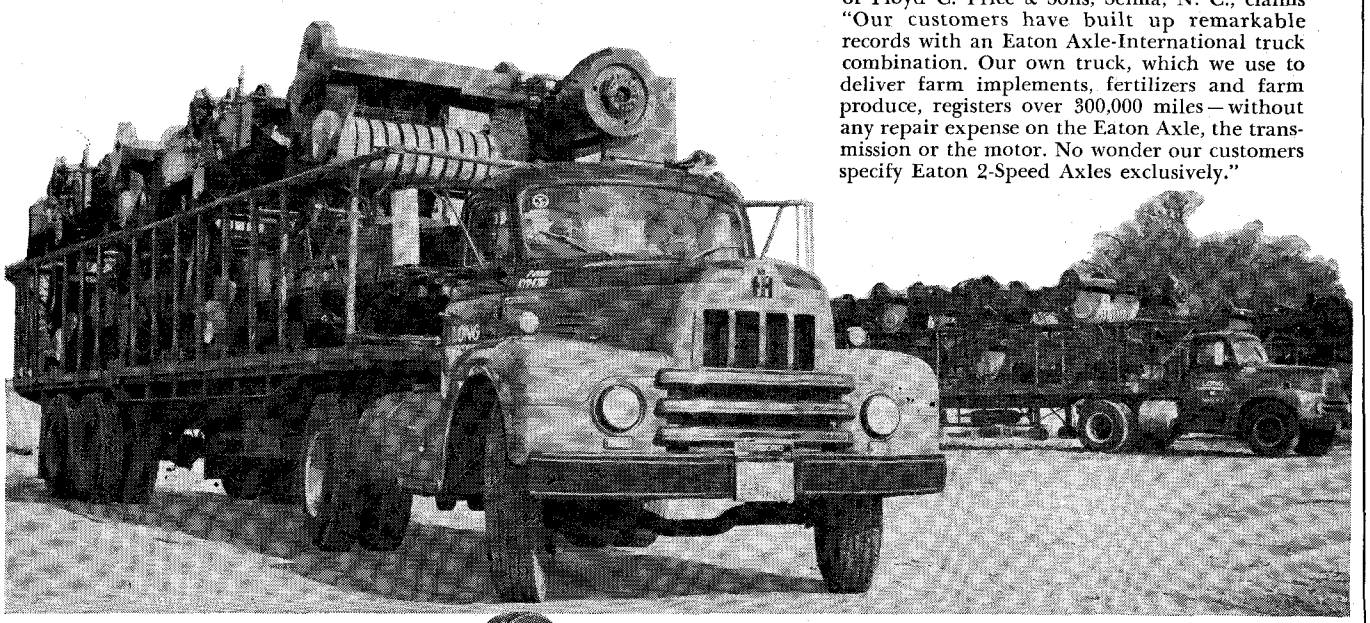

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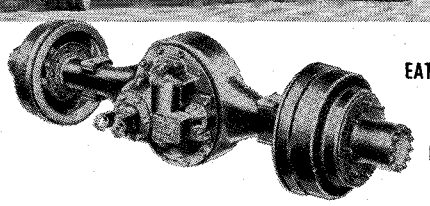

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Morgan could have understood. But Fred Hatfield was completely serious.

"And that's a demonstration of something else," Fred said. "She can control her temper. Right now she'd like to bean me with a ball bat, and tomorrow, when you're not here, she might. But she'll be a lady as long as there's company."

"Don't be too sure of that."

Fred got to his feet. "I've got the morning edition to put to bed. . . . Walk with me to the car, Ed. . . . Sandy, don't go into the house. Ed will be back and sit with you. I want you two to learn to get along."

"Is that an order?"

"That's an order. . . . Come on, Ed."

Fred's car was parked in front of the house. Standing beside it, face sober in the moonlight, Fred tipped his head to [redacted]ook at Morgan. "Well, say something."

"I don't know what to say."

[redacted]I was serious just now."

[redacted]es. I gathered that."

[redacted]y objections?"

[redacted]d, I ——" Morgan shook his head. "I wa[redacted]going to say it isn't done that way, but you know it as well as I do. That's what upsets me. And it upset her. A thing so personal works out or it doesn't. This isn't dark Africa."

Fred put a hand on Morgan's shoulder, held it there a moment to hold Morgan silent. Then: "I love that girl. I couldn't love a daughter more. I've been worried about her. She holds up a brave face, but she's lonely, lost. It isn't good, Ed. I miss Jim too. But there's lots of life to live, lots of happiness left for her with the right man. But where do you find the right man? Until you came along, I hadn't seen a man I'd welcome in the house."

"But, Fred ——"

"Just a minute," Fred said. "It takes more than a clean face and a clean heart—sure, I know that. But it takes them too. As for the other, two people so exactly suited have a fine chance of finding it. But there's a big block in the road right now—that's why I put my oar in tonight. She resents you, resents you being here, resents your appointment. That could blind her; it could blind you both."

"You can't push two people together."

"No," Fred said. "But I can make them think. Like what I did tonight or not—it was a clumsy, heavy-handed piece of work, I will admit—you two can't meet again without the idea coming into your minds: 'Could I love this woman?' 'Could I love this man?' You won't want to hurt each other while the chance is there. You'll keep the way open and time will do the rest. My eyes are clear. I can see it."

"All right, Fred. I won't argue."

"Good lad." Fred put on his hat. "Good night."

Sandy was still in the patio. Morgan took a chair near her. They were silent for a time, and then Sandy, her voice so taut it creaked, said, "What else did he have to say?"

Morgan looked down at his hands. "He said he loves you, Sandy. And he does. Can you be angry with a man like that? I can't."

"*Touché*," she said.

After a moment, Morgan said, "I'm glad it upset you."

"Why?"

"How would I feel if you'd laughed?"

"I see what you mean." Now she was silent for a long moment. "All right," she said then. "The possibility may exist—let's leave it at that. There's still a very long way to go, and a road has many turnings. Don't hurry."

Quietly, he said, "Depend on it, I won't."

"Fair enough." Her voice turned cool. "Now let's talk about something else, something far more important to me. I'd like to know what you're doing with the police force, and what you plan to do?"

"This is official business? You're asking as a member of the citizens' committee?"

"Yes, but not alone that. I don't think you're aware of it, but to the people of this town, both good and bad, you're no more than an extension of Fred's good right arm. You're chief of police because he wanted you and they gave him what he wanted. They presume you're acting on his orders. They'll hold him responsible. He'll get the credit; he'll get the blame."

> Nowadays God helps those who help themselves, and the Government helps those who don't.
>
> DAN BENNETT

"That shouldn't be true."

"But it is."

"So?"

"He doesn't direct you, doesn't give you orders; he trusts you implicitly. I don't. I know you're honest; I know your intentions are good. But I doubt your ability. I'd like some assurance that what you're doing and what you're about to do is not going to harm Fred or the committee."

Morgan's voice was crisp, but not angry. "I feel pretty much the same about you—I doubt that you're qualified to judge whether I'm doing right or wrong. But I'll go along; I'll give you the scoop. You've got a rotten town here. Why? A lot of little reasons and one big reason. The big reason is Gus Helm. He grew up with this mess. He runs it, and the reason he can run it is that he's got a good chunk of the town-father set in his pocket. They vote him what he wants. And they tell the rest of the folks they're voting for what's best for the town. Look at Las Vegas, look at Reno.

"I've been told the town can live with the slots, the games, the girls and the rest of the rotten grifts, if the town has a big-league police department. Here's my pitch: the two don't go together. A rotten town, a rotten force—every time. I'm going to give you a clean town. And the beginning of a good force. Somebody else can take over from there."

"How will you give us a clean town? You said yourself the people in control—Gus and his crowd—want it the way it is. What can you do? And keep your job, that is."

"Friday night and Saturday morning was a sample," Morgan said. "I didn't close a game, shut down a bar or raid a house. I skimmed the scum off the top. What town father can be caught arguing the right of that? But I got to Gus like a kick in the stomach. A guy in his position has to take care of his people. If he can't, he won't last. I took eight of his people and held five. Every hooligan in town knows it; every hooligan in town is waiting to see what Gus will do. And I'm waiting. He'll move; he'll hit back somehow. If he doesn't do something I can nail him for, I'll make him try again."

"You make it sound like a war."

"It is—a private war between Gus and me."

"I can't believe it will stay private. War has a way of spreading out. And when it spreads, I hope you won't find you've raised more hell than you can handle."

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Don't Tell Them the Circus is Dead

(Continued from Page 41)

no programs. The top price of admission ranges between one dollar and one dollar and a quarter, depending on local entertainment taxes (children under twelve, fifty cents). Its "windjammers" (musicians)—five brassy virtuosos under the direction of a trumpeter named Phil Doto—play in shirt sleeves.

But no circus sheds a brighter, cleaner sparkle. Its fireproof, waterproof tent—with the American flag and four red-and-blue burgees fluttering from the peak—which seats 3000, is usually replaced every year at a cost of $16,000. The tent poles are all-aluminum, the tall ones telescoping for handy stowage. The seats, the combined sideshow-menagerie and the "candy stands" (concessions) are kept spick-and-span as a Dutch kitchen.

Masters of circus logistics, the Cristianis calculate their overhead to a shaved penny. They move their equipment in thirty-three trucks and haul trailers to sleep their 175 performers and roustabouts at 40 per cent less than the cost of rail transportation. Many circuses have come a cropper by routing themselves through the same territory too often, or tarrying overlong in the same spot. The Cristianis seldom visit a small town two seasons running, and almost never for more than twenty-four hours. They push on as far as 100 miles a day, every day, to cover, between spring and fall, a score of states and parts of Canada. They require barely two hours to raise their tent, ninety minutes to dismantle it. Sundays only they rest. They are devout Catholics and before undertaking their perilous stunts commend themselves to the Virgin.

As for labor problems, the Cristianis enjoy a distinct edge over most circuses. So huge is the family that they could—and have—put on a complete program without hiring a single outsider. As it is, of the sixty performers, thirty-six are Cristianis. (In Europe a lateral branch of the family, the Carolis, numbers about fifty performers.) The youngest is Ernesto's granddaughter, Gloria, born last year. Clad in a blue tutu, she adorns the opening "specs," perched beside her mother atop an elephant. During the show, her mother, Jane Cristiani, cuts capers on a tightwire. Her father, Mogador, is an acrobat and juggler as well as general agent of the troupe. Gloria's Aunt Norma trains the elephants. The oldest performer is Papa Ernesto, who wields the whip for the equestrian acts. Once one of the world's foremost tumblers, he can still execute a creditable back flip without racing his pulse.

Seventy-two-year-old Mama Cristiani—"the dainty Signorina Vittoria," as she was known in her heyday as an aerialist—supervises the cookhouse. Daughter Marion, aerialist and artist, designs the costumes; the rest of the women sew them, reducing by half a costume bill that would otherwise average $60,000 a year.

The supply of family talent is not likely to diminish in the measurable future. The Cristiani birth rate is high and as soon as the children can toddle, they clamor to imitate their tumbling, juggling, riding, high-flying elders. Serious training begins at four under Papa Ernesto's wing. By thirteen or fourteen, they are full-fledged "spangles" (performers). Youngsters who take to the road before the end of the school term are not allowed to fall behind in their classes. Tom Kelly, a grade-school teacher, joins the show every summer as a "joey" (clown), and tutors them on the side.

Cristianis rarely marry outside the profession, and the line is being continually enriched through alliances with other notable circus families. Men who marry the Cristiani girls usually adopt the lustrous name. An exception is the husband of equestrienne Corcaita—"Corky" for short—an abstract painter with a low sawdust count in his blood named David Budd. He did not circumvent the tradition altogether, however. For the last three seasons he has run the cotton-candy concession at a profit, each season, of around $15,000.

Every Cristiani strives to develop a show-stopping specialty of his or her own. But Papa Ernesto tolerates no prima donnas. All stand ready to turn their hands to any chore on the lot, from hawking popcorn to replacing an injured top mounter. Lucio, primarily an equestrian, also tumbles and clowns. On Prince Edward Island, Canada, last year, the regular bear trainer, "Lucky" Friscia, belied his sobriquet. A bear clawed him and bit him to the bone. Though Lucio had never been inside a cage full of wild animals, he had observed the techniques. He picked up Lucky's fallen stick and finished the act.

What keeps the customers flocking to the Cristiani tent is a bravura not to be seen elsewhere. For example, Ernesto's daughter, Ortans, a short, lissome blonde performs a stunt which no woman acrobat and few men have ever duplicated. She begins it from the down end of a teeterboard, her back to brother Daviso, who balances a seven-foot pole in a socketed belt. The pole supports a padded metal chair. On a table behind the up end of the board, brother Belmonte awaits the signal. Ortans slaps her leg. Belmonte jumps, hitting the board with both feet. Up and over the lady soars, turning one, two, three and a half somersaults, to land sitting in the chair.

The hazards are formidable. More often than not, the impact of landing slams Ortans' head against the chair back, stunning her. Since her last pregnancy, in 1952—she is married to Freddy Canestrelli, scion of another prolific Sarasota circus family, and a peerless performer on the rolla-rolla—thirty-three-year-old Ortans has limited her specialty to gala occasions. In its stead she substitutes a stunt which, to the uninitiated spectator, appears almost as reckless. Three of her brothers form a human totem pole. Ortans catapults some twenty feet high off the teeterboard, somersaults two and a half times and alights on the topmost brother's shoulders. "The shoulder," she says, "it's a little softer than the chair." She has been known, in excessively exuberant moods, to repeat the feat blindfolded, through a hoop. Blindfolded or with eyes uncovered, no woman has matched that one either.

Lucio Cristiani, at the age of forty-seven, is considered by many circus connoisseurs to be the most sensational equestrian alive. His *pièce de résistance*, which he originated, is so difficult that only two or three riders have attempted it without injury, and no one but Lucio has done it successfully. Before Papa Ernesto would let Lucio try the stunt, he spent days drawing diagrams to prove it was feasible. "A good bareback rider," says Lucio, "should be a little bit a mathematician." He stands on the rump of a Percheron gelding, circling the ring at a brisk canter, with two horses following hard behind. He somersaults backwards, clears the second horse, and winds up standing on the third.

The slightest misjudgment of timing or distance can be calamitous. The riding ring measures only forty-two feet in diameter, so that Lucio's line of flight transects a sharp curve. As he somersaults, he must therefore twist sideways and inward against a centrifugal pull at a precisely calculated angle. He must also synchronize his landing with the downward motion of the horse lest the powerful upward thrust knock him off. Cousin Enrico Caroli tried the stunt in Berlin's Winter Garden and, though a brilliant horseman, slipped, struck the ring curb, and smashed both kneecaps. Lucio himself once dropped short of the third horse, and landed on his head. The jar snapped his jaw against his (*Continued on Page 70*)

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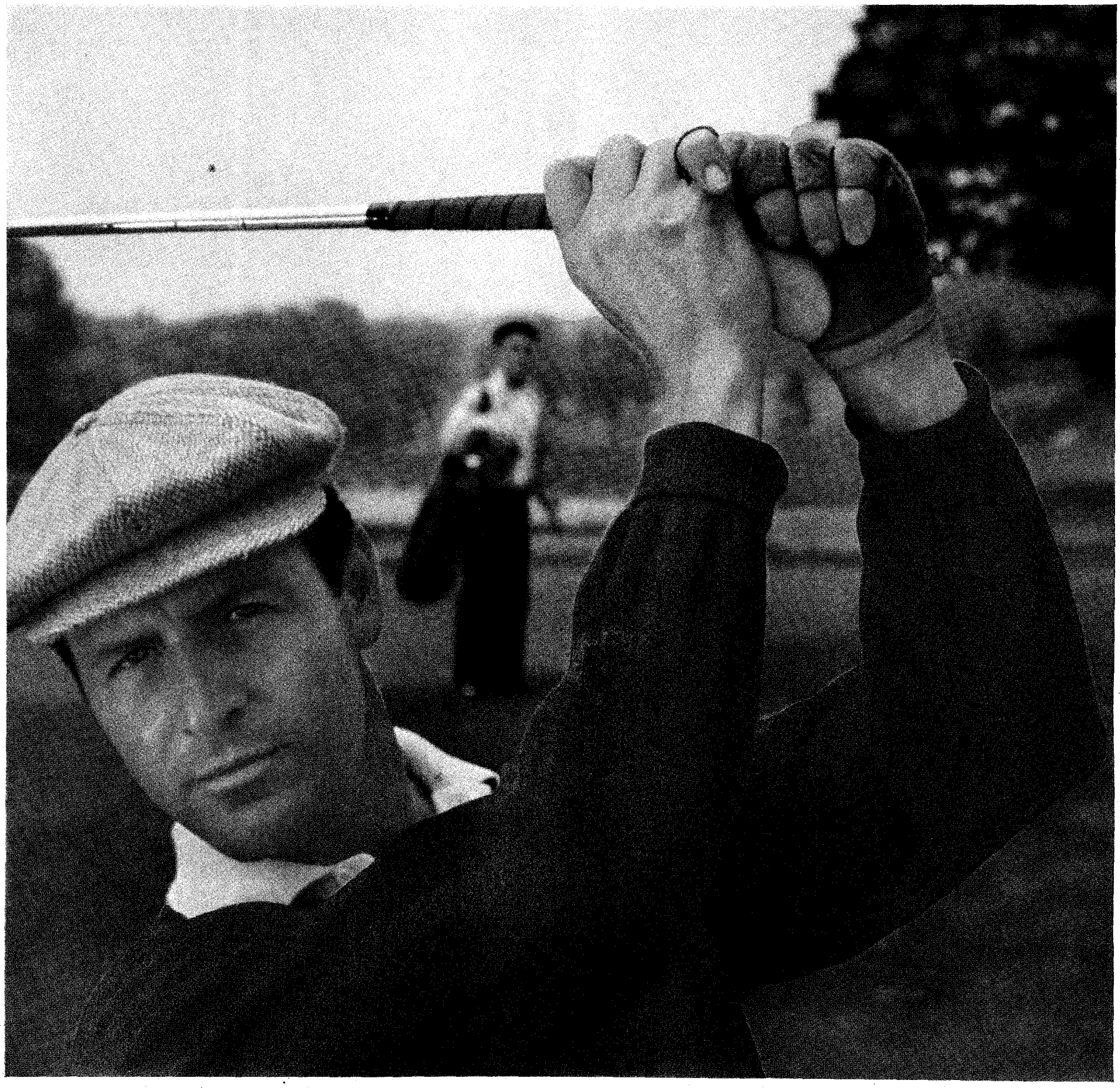

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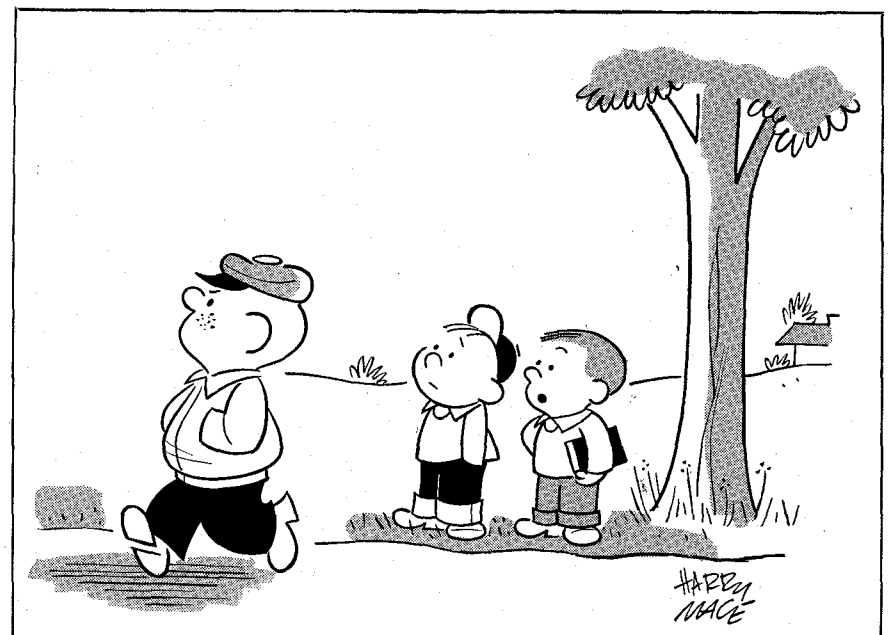
(*Continued from Page 68*) chest with such violence that it fractured the breastbone.

In a unique variant of the backward full-twister somersault, Mogador and Lucio ride the end horses, Belmonte the middle. Holding hoops above their heads, they somersault simultaneously, Mogador to the ground, Lucio and Belmonte to each other's mounts. Next, brothers Oscar, fifty-one, and Daviso, forty-eight, get into the act. As one man, all five dash head-on at the same galloping steed, leap and, still in perfect unison, alight straddling his back.

Lucio goes on to ride the ring at a full gallop, bearing Belmonte on his shoulders. Later, for a shock finish, he takes a running mount at his horse, misses, and shoots clear out of the ring. The crowd screams. But Lucio lands on his feet, bowing and smiling.

Among innumerable other spine tinglers that have made up a Cristiani Brothers program is the aerial-break-away routine. Corky is currently practicing it. She scorns the use of a net. "With a net," she says, "where's the thrill?" From a high perch she leaps to a trapeze. The bar breaks. She falls free past a lower trapeze and at the last possible instant catches the bar by her hands. Her sister-in-law, Louise, braved the same peril for twenty-five years until in 1951, in Reading, Pennsylvania, she missed the second trapeze. With almost every bone broken, she spent almost a year in the hospital. She now confines herself to wardrobe duties.

Cousin Adolfo, better known as "Tripoli," after his birthplace, has no equal at the Arab pirouette. "You can't teach it," says Papa Ernesto. "It's a crazy timing you gotta be born with." In a headlong leap from a running start, Adolfo spins twice over and sideways before



"You can't help but like the guy . . . if you don't, he beats you up."
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

touching the sawdust, and then pinwheels around the arena. He also dives through a flaming hoop over the backs of five elephants.

But if laurels were to crown the brow of the show's doughtiest star, it would probably be that of Hugo Zacchini, one of eight Zacchinis who allow themselves to be fired from a cannon. (Hugo is no longer an "outsider" in the Cristiani circus, since his daughter, Delia, recently married Belmonte Cristiani.) The mechanism, a steel spring at the base of the barrel, hurls Hugo 220 feet into a net. The trick is not to bash his head against the cannon rim as he zooms out, or flay himself against the edge of the net. There have been numerous imitations of the human cannon balls. Most were killed. Among the Zacchinis themselves only Hugo has thus far escaped serious injury. His Uncle Edmondo, who originated the act and designed the cannon, hobbles about on a maimed leg.

In Alaska, where the Cristianis ventured during their 1954 season, they are regarded as heroes. No circus had ever before penetrated that territory. The Anchorage Times, which reported each of the thirty-six performances on its front page at a length normally reserved for news of international moment, compared the expedition to Hannibal's crossing of the Alps.

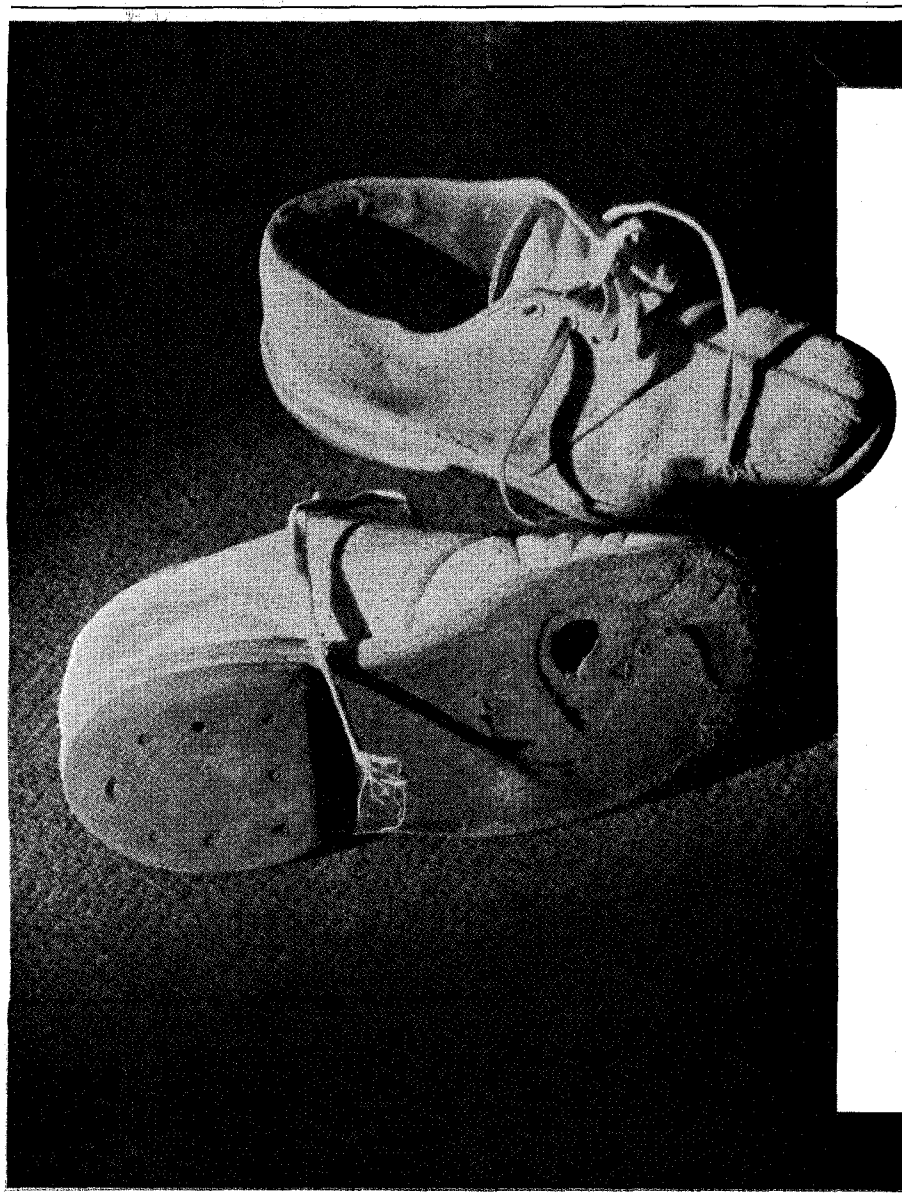
What sparked the venture, profits aside, was Lucio's curiosity. "I like to go to strange places," he says.

The immensity of the journey precluded the Cristianis' usual mode of transport. So they garaged most of their vehicles at the point of departure, Sweetgrass, Montana, and equipment, personnel and menagerie proceeded by railroad, plane and ship. The nine elephants had to be hauled all the way in vans behind tractors. Lucio brought up the rear in his car. Papa Ernesto, with mama at his side, undaunted by the rigors of the 3000-mile drive, which included the Alaska Highway, headed the motorcade.

Near Whitehorse, in the Yukon, the lead tractor broke down. While Lucio was repairing it, a roustabout unlocked the van to water the inmates. As if by prearranged signal, three elephants bolted and charged, trumpeting, into a dense thicket. For twelve hours, over a ten-mile area, a platoon of mounties, reinforced by delighted, hallooing hordes of volunteer Indian bushbeaters, tracked the errant creatures. Toward nightfall the fugitives finally wearied of the chase, and docilely permitted themselves to be herded back into the van.

Meanwhile, posters mailed ahead and word-of-mouth advertising by admiring airline pilots had sown a fever of anticipation throughout the territory and for leagues beyond. Daily news bulletins reported the Cristianis' progress. In arctic hut and igloo, at ice-girt military outposts and on remote Bering Sea islands, children and grownups alike fretted. Would the intrepid trekkers reach Anchorage in time for their scheduled July tenth opening?

Shopkeepers vied with one another for the privilege of displaying the posters. Customers bid up to ten dollars for them as souvenirs. On the Aleutian Islands, far



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out in the Pacific, planes were chartered to airlift whole communities. From their polar fastnesses Eskimos set out by sled and kayak.

The Cristianis made it, but with only hours to spare. July tenth dawned clear and warm in Anchorage. Every shop and the four movie houses closed. Summer schools declared a holiday. And in Mulcahy Park, under the ecstatic gaze of the town dignitaries, the entire population and thousands of outlanders, the tent rose without a hitch. On the dot of two-thirty Phil Doto's windjammers exploded into the Stars and Stripes.

For the next eighteen days, matinee and evening, in Anchorage and then in Fairbanks, every seat was sold. "The Cristianis," proclaimed the editor of the Anchorage Times, "wrote history. They have won the admiration of all Alaskans for their courage in such a gigantic undertaking. From now on, they will be full-fledged members of the exclusive, somewhat mysterious fraternity of Alaskans."

The trip had cost the Cristianis $75,000. But they left, Papa Ernesto wearing a bronze medal struck in his honor by the Shriners of Anchorage, with a net profit of $100,000. They are now weighing an offer from another circus-starved region. The mayor of St. John's, Newfoundland, has guaranteed them a minimum of $50,000 for a week's stand.

The Cristiani dynasty got its start almost a century ago under lofty auspices. The heir apparent to the Italian throne, Prince Humbert, a merry, circus-struck young sport, donated the nucleus of their first menagerie. Great-great-grandfather Emilio Cristiani, a native of Modena, in the north of Italy, was originally a blacksmith, famed for his intricate, exquisitely scrolled locks, his spurs and snaffles and numerous gadgets of his own invention. His masterpiece was a steel safe that fired a gun at the touch of unlawful hands. In recognition of his craftsmanship, Prince Humbert's father, King Victor Emmanuel II, appointed him blacksmith to the court, and authorized him to register a coat of arms. He chose a yellow-and-red shield, enclosing a scimitar and a plumed helmet, surmounted by a six-pointed diadem. His descendants still emblazon their posters with it.

By avocation Emilio was a gymnast; he taught tumbling to his children, his employees and various fellow residents of Modena in the local palaestra, or gymnasium. His son, Pilade, a skilled blacksmith, too, acquired such a passion for acrobatics that when a small Hungarian circus played Modena he could no longer keep his mind on his forge. Like almost every Cristiani since, he fell in love with a spangle, and they were married before the show moved on. The newlyweds proposed to move with it, but Emilio had a happier idea: why not, father, son and daughter-in-law together, launch their own family circus? With a leg-up from Prince Humbert (who succeeded to the throne in 1878), *Il Circo Cristiani* became Italy's biggest and best, maintaining two shows on the road the year round and a permanent arena in Modena.

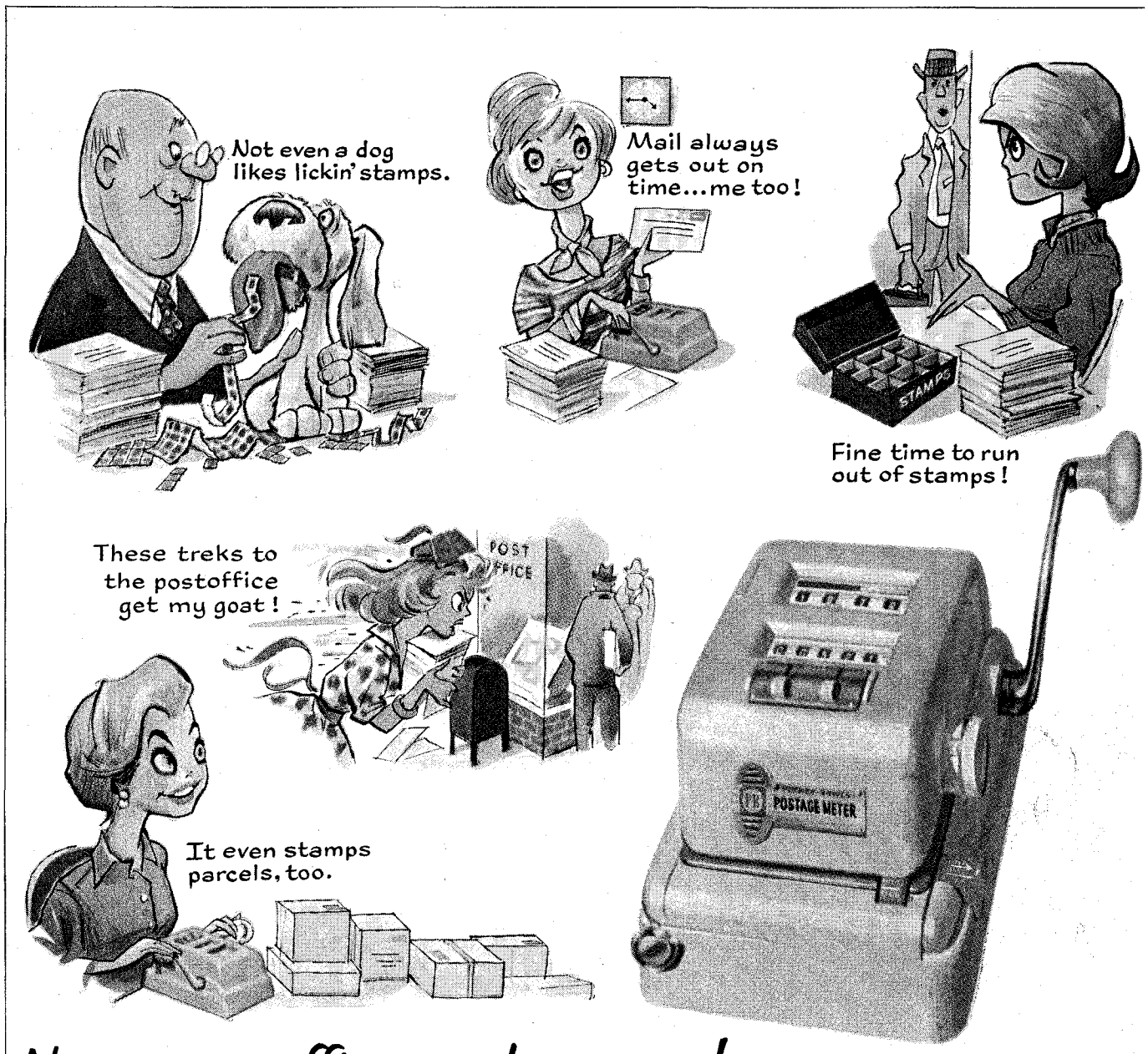
It was the third of Pilade's twenty-four offspring, Ernesto, who carried the family escutcheon far beyond the confines of Italy. Under his command, droves of Cristianis toured Europe, Africa and South America, sometimes with their own circus, sometimes as stars in other shows. By the early twentieth century scarcely a major circus anywhere had failed to feature one or more Cristianis.

During their early peregrinations around Italy the Cristianis entered a competition for popular acclaim against old and bitter rivals of equally distinguished lineage, the Novale family circus. They won the competition, but Ernesto lost his heart to the enemy's high-flying daughter, Emma—"the dainty Vittoria." After they married, in the face of furious parental opposition, Emma had little time to pursue her art. She bore sixteen children.

If the benevolence of a king favored the Cristianis in their early struggles, the vindictiveness of a dictator threatened to ruin them at the peak of their prestige. Among their warmest well-wishers, a circus buff who had occasionally tided Ernesto over a poor season with a loan, was Giacomo Matteotti, the Italian Socialist leader and avowed foe of Mussolini. In 1924 Mussolini's bully boys murdered him. Ernesto cried shame the length and breadth of Italy. As Il Duce's power grew, a friend of the tumbler's, close to political circles, warned him that he was proscribed. Ernesto telephoned his Paris booking agent, learned that he could count on a contract from the Cirque Medrano, and departed by the next train with his family, not to return until after Mussolini's downfall.

In 1934 a batch of Cristianis made their debut with "the Greatest Show on Earth." They remained as Ringling regulars until six years after John Ringling died. His successor, nephew John Ringling North, accorded Lucio and his bareback-riding brothers the ultimate accolade by giving them the center ring for ten minutes with no other acts to distract the audience's attention. They were the first to be so honored.

Not long after Ernesto's family crossed the Atlantic, Uncle Pietro, his oldest brother, followed with five sons and a daughter. By 1945, the year they all became American citizens, marriages and births had swollen their numbers to such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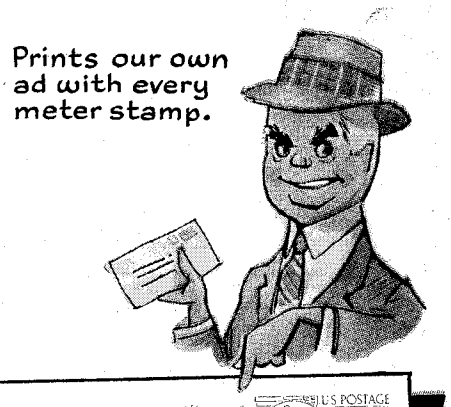

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staggering proportions that no single show could absorb them all. So they sorted themselves out into two units, one to play the East Coast on a percentage basis with the Russell Brothers Circus, the other the West Coast on salary with the Cole Brothers Circus. There were still enough Cristianis left to fill state-fair, theater and night-club bookings. A whirlwind acrobatic act by Adolfo and Chita Cristiani was, for three consecutive winters, a headline attraction of Broadway's Latin Quarter cabaret. The family's combined earnings averaged $10,000 a week.

On a thirty-acre field, within a calliope's toot of the Ringlings' Sarasota stronghold, they established winter quarters, erected trim, gay, palm-shaded little homes nearby, and acquired a fleet of sporty convertibles. Today their Palm Circus Equipment Corporation, a holding company for both this land and a booking agency, produces enough income to keep them all in comfort should they never tread tanbark again—an unimaginable prospect.

Four years ago the bulk of the clan reassembled under Papa Ernesto's roof and amid volcanic disputation, invigorated by gallons of Chianti, organized the present Cristiani Brothers Circus. Of the seven directors, Lucio was chosen both president and gaffer; Oscar, vice president and ringmaster; Daviso, assistant vice president in charge of "kinkers" (acrobats); Pietro, chairman and boss of candy stands. Papa Ernesto contented himself with running the red wagon. Despite a tornado in upstate New York that wrecked the sideshow tent and occasioned almost $500,000 worth of personal-injury claims (settled for a few thousand), and bone-breaking falls that eliminated three star performers for weeks, the show has yet to roll back to Sarasota with a deficit.

A gathering of Cristianis, such as enlivens Papa Ernesto's hearth on birthdays and holidays, produces a farrago of sights and sounds as vivid as the circus itself. They are a dazzlingly handsome crew, upon whom age sits lightly, moving with swift, easy grace, their coloring tending to extremes of the scale—hair midnight black and flame yellow, teeth pearly, skins sun-burnished as Moorish nomads'. In competition with TV and radio sets, blasting away full volume, they all chatter at once, in Italian.

The small fry turn cartwheels, narrowly missing the bric-a-brac accumulated from the far corners of the world. Around the dining-room table a group of elders plays a tumultuous session of penny-ante draw poker, at which Mama Cristiani fancies herself a shark. Daviso bellows snatches of opera. Musicians all, commanding among them practically every instrument in the orchestra, they may strike up an impromptu Neapolitan ballad that shakes the rafters. Daviso, Oscar and Lucio like to recall the day, thirty-four years ago, when they were in Busseto, near Verdi's birthplace, during a festival commemorating the composer; they gave a street concert to advertise the circus. "And there," Oscar recounts, "at a café table was Toscanini. He stayed through the whole concert, too, and afterwards he applauded."

"Maybe," Lucio adds, "he was too comfortable to move."

Amid the happy chaos of the family gathering, diminutive Papa Ernesto sits sipping milk laced with brandy, while Mama, a massive woman twice his size, quick to laugh at herself, bustles about the kitchen confecting hearty Italian delicacies—"little caps" of dough stuffed with meat; veal smothered in tomatoes; macaroni and cabbage. Having practiced stunts all day and, to keep trim, skipped lunch, the crowd is ravenous. By five o'clock the feast has started. Mama's work done, she sinks, winded, into a chair at the head of the table. The girls serve, and wash up afterward. Between mouthfuls Papa gazes fondly at a tinted daguerreotype standing on the TV set. Made abroad, tons of dough caps and sixteen children ago, it shows the dainty Vittoria wasp-waisted and slender of limb in red tights. "Always the Cristianis marry beautiful ladies," says Papa. Mama grins. "Big chicken," she says, pointing to herself; and to Papa, "little rooster."

The charm of the Cristianis, their ebullience and humility, has inspired a number of gifted pens. Paul Gallico, who once courted Chita and is the godfather of her son, Livio, based several short stories on their adventures. Robert Lax, a poetic circus buff, recently completed an entire book of verse about the Cristianis. They are proudest perhaps of a poem called Praise Him, Praise Her, composed by Mark Van Doren after he watched them perform and met them behind the scenes.

Last March the Cristianis once again turned the keys in the locks of their Sarasota homes, loaded new costumes and new props into their trucks, and, spirits soaring, headed for their first stand, in Key West. (The Ringling show hoped to recover its losses by playing indoors only, in a few big cities.) Before they returned in the fall they skirted the Canadian border and Texas.

"The people," said Papa Ernesto, as he plumped down behind the wheel next to Mama, "no abandon the circus, and the Cristianis no abandon the people."

THE END

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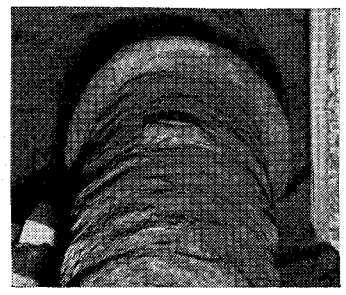

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The General's Trump (Continued from Page 37)

gone days the Laughing Boy had straightened Mr. Yates out somewhat. He had taught Mr. Yates how to pour from a boot when the directions were plainly printed on the heel. Mr. Yates, as the corps commander a quarter century on almost, was now in a position to teach the Laughing Boy how to pour, and Charlie Atwater always felt he ought to be there to back his Boy, in case anything came unstuck up at Corps or somebody lost a stirrup. To be sure, let us say, that there was mud on the saddle cloth.

The day the finance officer got wounded was the third very bad day in a row, and the second straight week of rain. Infantry divisions committed to combat have three kinds of days. Bad days, very bad days and worse days. Anybody but the finance officer. For three nights before the finance officer got wounded, the Laughing Boy had prowled his map at his forward-echelon headquarters (Finagle Forward), when he wasn't up the line making a personal visit to Fandango, which was Col. Danforth Jones' Regimental Combat Team; or to Filthy, which was Col. Alonzo Stephenson's—both of which were doing some very sharp fighting at the time and showing a very respectable profit—or to Finally, which was Col. Bill Smollett's and, as the code name might suggest, usually held in

---

The awkward age for a boy in his teens is when his dad permits him to drive the car only during daylight.

HAL CHADWICK

---

division reserve—as it was being held now.

Every time the general came back to Charlie Atwater and the forward-echelon map, he'd look at the map as if it were a corporal off whom he was going to wipe the stripes, and he'd beat on his field table with his stick, and the stick would break and he'd start to whittle up another one and whistle La Paloma. Maj. Ted Hooper, the general's aide, kept sticks handy. Because Ted was no fool. He'd been shot out of his company with a Distinguished Service Cross a spell back, and by handing the general a new stick each time he broke the old one, he was getting his wounded arm back in condition to take over command of the first available battalion that the general would give him because when you've been shot out of a unit and promoted one grade while you are out, you're about as welcome back in a higher echelon of command as a by-blow is at a family reunion—unless the general says, "This is my son." Units like to promote in the working family. It's better for morale.

Still whittling furiously and whistling La Paloma and snarling like a sore-pawed bobcat at the map, the Laughing Boy didn't have to tell Charlie Atwater what the matter was.

The matter was that the way the attack was going the division boundaries were getting a shade too narrow. Don't get the idea that anyone at Corps had made a mistake. That's what the matter was. From the initial question sent back for clarification when the attack order came down from Corps, it was becoming increasingly apparent to the Laughing Boy and to Colonel Atwater that Corps wanted it just that way, and because Corps did, the way of it was going to be like this: Short of Bercy-Noyon, the Laughing Boy was going to get the word that Swede Hollenbeck's division on his right-south was going to throw the hook while Pee Wee Winton's division on his left-north would deliver frontally. That his own division wasn't going to take Bercy. That when Swede got the word to cock the punch, the Laughing Boy would be told to pass his own division to Corps reserve, and out of the fight.

You couldn't read it any other way in Sanskrit, Parsi or Braille, and the Laughing Boy knew it. He went up to the map again, timed and spaced it futilely once more, and broke his eighth stick since the attack jumped off, beating it on the field table. The aide gave him a new stick to whittle, but the Laughing Boy broke that one across his knee and threw the pieces in the corner and didn't start to whistle.

"You get out of here, son," he said to Major Hooper. "I don't want to smash your dreams of glory." When the aide, Ted Hooper, went out, the general looked at his chief of staff and said, "You know why I'm not to be let to take Bercy, don't you, Charlie?"

"Well, sir, I ——"

"Now don't give me that guff, Charlie. You were born in the Army to know a man never gets let off his friend's hook!" the Laughing Boy warned him. "You've heard the story, and don't lie to me that you haven't. The next thing you'll try to tell me is that the men of this division don't call me 'the Laughing Boy.'"

"I know that you were wounded in Bercy in the 1917 war, sir. I heard that spoken of up at Corps."

"You did, did you?" The Laughing Boy's voice was hard and even. "And did you hear it spoken of as to just where I was wounded in Bercy in the old war, the last time we went up to Corps?" And now there was an edge of downright nastiness in the Old Man's voice.

Charlie Atwater wanted command of a regiment as badly as Ted Hooper wanted a battalion. He looked into his general's eyes, however, and decided to risk it a little further.

"The old-war battle star for Bercy-Noyon is a thirty-six-hour battle star, as I remember, sir. A classic. I read it once at the War College. The attack of your old regiment was in and out of Bercy six times in thirty-six hours. They kept coming and they kept getting thrown back out. As I remember the account, the railroad station was always the high-water mark. No farther."

For a moment, the Laughing Boy's eyes saw right on through Charlie Atwater's well-shaped skull, through the wall and up the night-bound line eleven kilometers ahead to Bercy.

"I never," he said softly, "went to a railroad station the hard way so many times in my life—only to miss the boat, if you'll excuse a mixed metaphor or something, Colonel Atwater." Then his eyes flashed back sharply to Charlie. "And that's not what I asked you!" The general was dog-tired and it began to fray through.

"What did you ask me, sir?"

"I asked if you knew where I was wounded in Bercy."

"At the railroad station, I suppose, sir?"

"You mean to say you don't know where I was wounded?"

"You've got to remember, sir, that I was only six or seven years old when you fought that war."

"Damn you, Charlie, you'll end up a military attaché or a presidential aide, and I hope you do! You've got a coffee-

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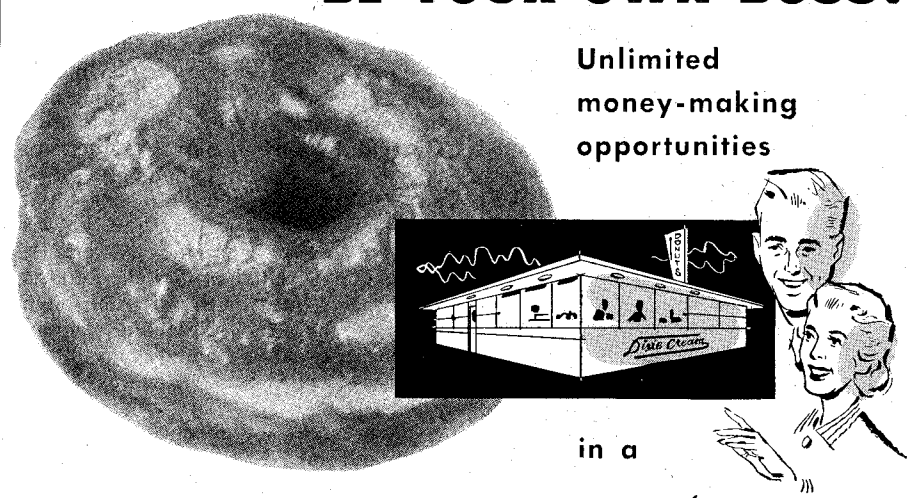

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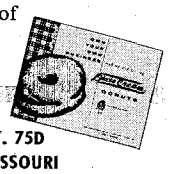

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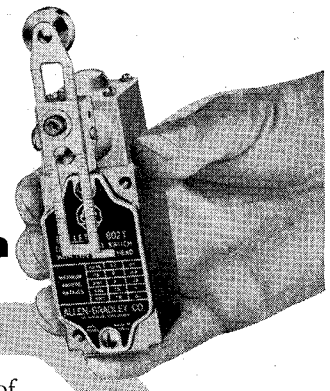

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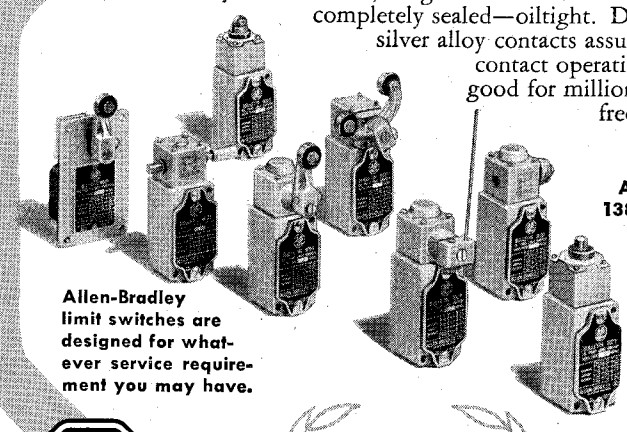

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cooler's double-talking tongue!" The Laughing Boy ripped open his jacket, unflipped his belt, took down his pants and drawers and turned his royal bare behind to Charlie Atwater. "I was wounded," he said, "in the prat in Bercy, and you have now seen the evidence," and he flicked his hands across the scars. "I was appointed from the field as a kid sergeant. I had to wear that Purple Heart as a plebe at West Point. 'Mister, what's that medal for?'" The general pulled up his pants. "'That medal is given for a wound in action, sir.'" The general fastened his belt viciously. "'Mister, where were you wounded in action?'" The general buttoned his jacket. "'I was wounded in the prat in action, sir.' Well," he grunted, "some people paid for that Purple Heart the next year, when I was a yearling. Charlie, I hate a Purple Heart!"

At once, Charlie Atwater knew that it was no time to tell the Laughing Boy that his finance officer had been wounded. In stifling the thought, he burst into a spasm of coughing. Because everybody more or less had a cold after fifteen days of rain, the general began to cough too. Then he went over and picked up the latest Periodic Reports of his four general-staff sections—Personnel, Intelligence, Operations and Supply.

"I've got to be honest with you, general." Colonel Atwater flicked his eyes to the map. "With this terrain setup, deployed as we are, if I were the corps commander I'd do just what he's going to do. Pull us out and let a fresh division take Bercy."

"So would I! I'd do exactly what he's going to do," the Laughing Boy said. "You don't think I think for one moment that Tommy Yates set it up this way on purpose to frustrate me, do you? He's too fine a soldier to let personalities ——"

The Laughing Boy had one of the Periodic Reports in hand—which one Colonel Atwater could not see—running his dirty finger down it competently. The finger stopped suddenly, as if the general had heard a close-in shot fired. He looked up at Charlie Atwater as if he had been hit by it and the pain hadn't burned through him yet. He threw the report back, his hand struck the box and all four reports slithered to the dirt floor.

"Only he's not going to get away with it," the Laughing Boy said softly. "Because I think—I'm finally—going to take Bercy-Noyon! For the seventh time," and the Laughing Boy grinned. That is, his face sliced sideways from the mouth corners to under the gaunt cheekbones and his eyes held a strange bright fire of dedicated light just for a second. Charlie was never quite sure it was really a grin and not a reflex nerve spasm, so he is always very guarded when he speaks about it. It was gone in an instant, and the Laughing Boy said, "I'm going to take Bercy—and now I'm going to tell the corps commander so!" He opened the door and shouted, "Major Hooper, wind up the jeep! We're hot-tailing it back to Corps!"

Charlie Atwater reached quickly for his tin hat.

"Not you, Charlie. You stay here with your finger on the hassle. You're just too diplomatic for this job! I don't want Finally thrown into the fight unless the whole lid pops before I return!"

Now the chief of staff knew very well that the Laughing Boy had an angle, and his mind began to prowl frantically for what that angle might be. The Laughing Boy was no man to tell people up. He would tell them down in words of one syllable. But never up. From up, he took. To down, he gave. But what the angle could be this time, escaped the colonel, and that worried him mightily, for Charlie was paid not to have the Laughing Boy's angles escape him.

The Laughing Boy could see through hills better than an artilleryman, and smell around street corners two blocks ahead of his best I and R platoon, and he wasn't afraid of hell, high water or Georgie Patton—in reverse order, of course. But when the Laughing Boy had an angle, he was a cute little cooky, and whatever the angle was this time, he was too cute a cooky for Charlie Atwater. It was in that last batch of Periodic Reports somewhere, but Charlie went through them carefully and he couldn't trip it.

Charlie owed himself sleep, but he couldn't sleep. About 0700 he was getting a little bit frantic. The only way he could ever get a regiment and combat command on his record—as a trade-school boy has to do—was to get it from the Laughing Boy, and if they chopped the Laughing Boy's head off down to his navel at corps headquarters, he could kiss a regiment good-by. Then Charlie began to play games with himself. *I'll go over every Periodic and every facet of this situation once more, slowly, and I'll give myself two minutes. If I don't find the angle in two minutes, I'll admit I'm slipping, and slip. All right, Charlie, you've slipped. Turn in your suit.*

When the jeep came thundering back from Corps, the Laughing Boy vaulted out of it, and the first thing he did was stalk up to the shivering, drip-nosed little M.P. and say, "Stop that coughing, son!" Then, with Charlie Atwater behind him and Maj. Ted Hooper bringing up the rear, he went high-tailing through where Operations and Intelligence Forward had skeleton shop set up, and he shouted, "Stop that coughing, gentlemen! And that's an order!" and everybody stopped coughing. What else?

Colonel Atwater flashed an agonized look at Ted Hooper, the aide, with a question in it that clicked as sharply as the knife going on. What it said was: *Come on, Hooper; you'd never have got through conic sections without my instructorial charity. Give me this thing before it hits me where I live. What did my boy do to Corps this time?*

The aide raised a fast-clenched fist to his mouth, flobbered his throat muscles in a horrible spasm of crimson-faced control, repressed his cough silently and looked briefly toward heaven.

Then he whispered frantically, "Just don't cough, colonel."

And again Charlie Atwater said it with his fervent eyes: *You want a battalion, don't you, Hooper? Well, your score against Navy won't give it to you unless you find some way to tell me what happened.*

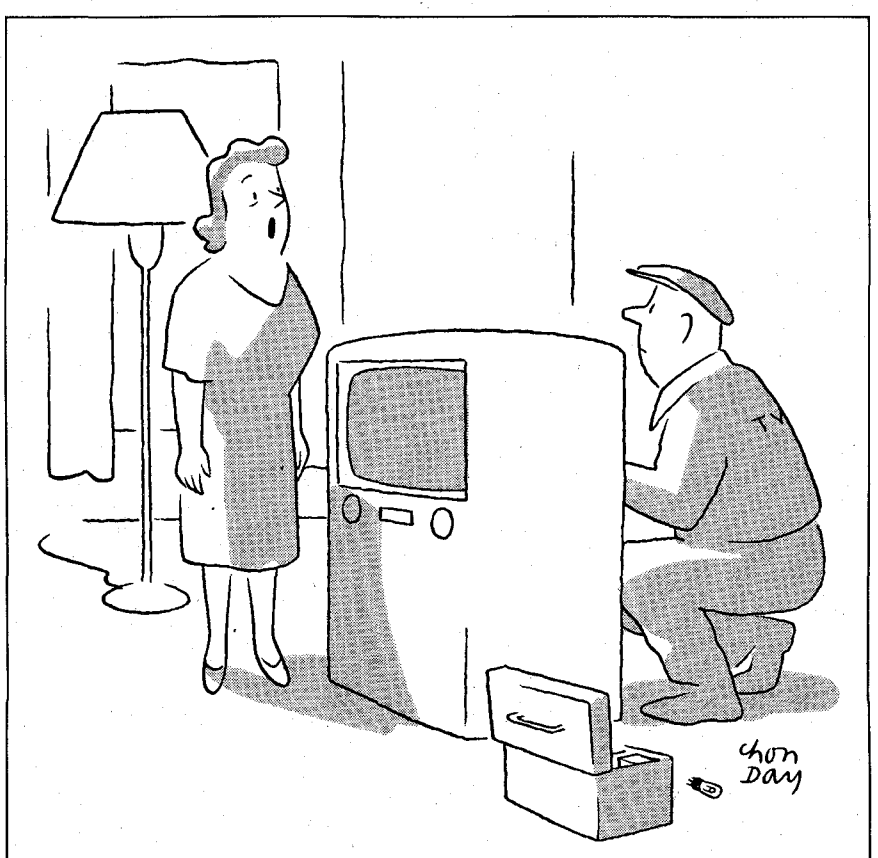
But two staff officers can't both faint dead away so they can be carried off to chitchat, and no aide ever lived long who pulled the trap on his general before his general was ready.

The general went through to his musty lair, banged off his tin hat and liner, loosened his scarf and jacket top, and beamed at the map. Ted Hooper handed him a stick and the Laughing Boy handed it right back, almost politely. He went red in the face, looked around frantically and then grabbed the canteen Major Hooper held out. Drank, gargled surreptitiously, smothered the cough, and said, "Charlie, the Division Surgeon, the Division Engineer, the G-Four and the G-One are right behind me, coming down from rear echelon. I met them on the road and invited them to call."

That was one hell of a combination for a morning like this. The Division Surgeon was a high-priced Park Avenue gynecologist. The Division Engineer was the county engineer from some town in Idaho. The Supply Officer was a brilliant squarehead from Santa Ana who bought for two hundred supermarkets in peacetime, so he always figured costs, which is fatal in the Army; and the Personnel Officer was an ex-master sergeant turned major who once ran the projection machine in one of the theaters at Fort Sam, while he did correspondence courses as a reserve captain, Adjutant General. One hell of a combination, all in one jeep, that yapped in just then.

Lieutenant Colonels Gantry, Philips, Olafsen and Major Hasenpfeffer came coughing into the musty lair.

"Stop—that—coughing!" the Laughing Boy thundered. So they came in the rest of the way not coughing. Gantry, the surgeon, was last.



"Is there anything you can do to improve the quality of the programs?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Never mind the blindfold," he whispered softly to the Engineer's ear alone, but the Engineer didn't get it because that isn't wit in Idaho.

The Laughing Boy looked them all over very closely, up the middle and down both sides, crosswise.

He walked toward the Division Surgeon slowly. "Doctor," he said, "if Mrs. Vanderbilt or Mrs. Astor had a bad cold, what would you do for them?"

Colonel Gantry looked somewhat puzzled in a well-bred sort of way. For one awful moment, the chief of staff was deathly afraid that Dr. Arthur Sturtevant Gantry the Third was going to say, "Will the general please state that question again—for clarity?" for he was looking definitely Groton and Princeton around the nose. But he didn't. He smiled in that comfortable way a psychiatrist smiles when his initial diagnosis is confirmed by the arrival of the Bellevue ambulance.

He said, "They don't happen to be my patients, general, and you are also aware, of course, sir, of the nature of my civilian practice. I'm afraid, general, that if they were my patients I should have to turn them over to a colleague. Unless, of course, the bad cold was ——"

"Could your colleague cure their colds?"

"Probably not, sir."

"Can you cure a cold, doctor?"

"No, sir. That I can't."

"Can anyone in the medical profession cure a cold?"

"I don't believe it has ever been done, sir."

"But people get over coughs and colds, doctor?"

"Oh, yes. Definitely. With rest and sunlight."

"The sun hasn't shone for fifteen days. It has rained for all of that time."

"That's about right, sir."

"That's exactly right, doctor. Not about right. So we don't have sunlight. What's second best?"

"Time, sir." Colonel Gantry's shoulders moved slightly in the almost imperceptible shrug of a man who—other times, other manners—would be owed fifty dollars for this talk.

"We don't have time!" the general said.

The doctor said, "I suppose the general has reference to the incidence of pulmonary-respiratory diseases in the division? I might say by comparison with the whole corps ——"

"I don't command the whole corps!"

"Sorry, sir. We are taking all possible steps."

"All but one." And the Laughing Boy unbuttoned his jacket, reached into the top of his pants and pried out a quart bottle, which he had been carrying neck down the way the old-time long-service sergeants can sometimes get it past Number One Post. He put the bottle on his field table with somewhat of a self-satisfied gesture of mild triumph and he pointed to the label. "Read that label, doctor."

The label was as ornate as a bogus diploma. Designed somewhat after the fashion of the title page of a throw-away Farmer's Almanac, with zodiacal symbols, the caduceus, retorts, and the bare body of a standing man laid neatly open to arrows pointing into his vital organs.

"It says," the elegant but muddy Colonel Gantry said, "'Ole Doc Hopkins' Bronchial Cough Specific; good for coughs, colds, asthma, wheezes, lung trouble and pneumonia.'"

"That," said the general, "is exactly what it does say."

No one else said a word. The Laughing Boy let the silence sink deep. The chief of staff looked at the aide. The aide looked briefly up toward heaven.

(*Continued on Page 77*)

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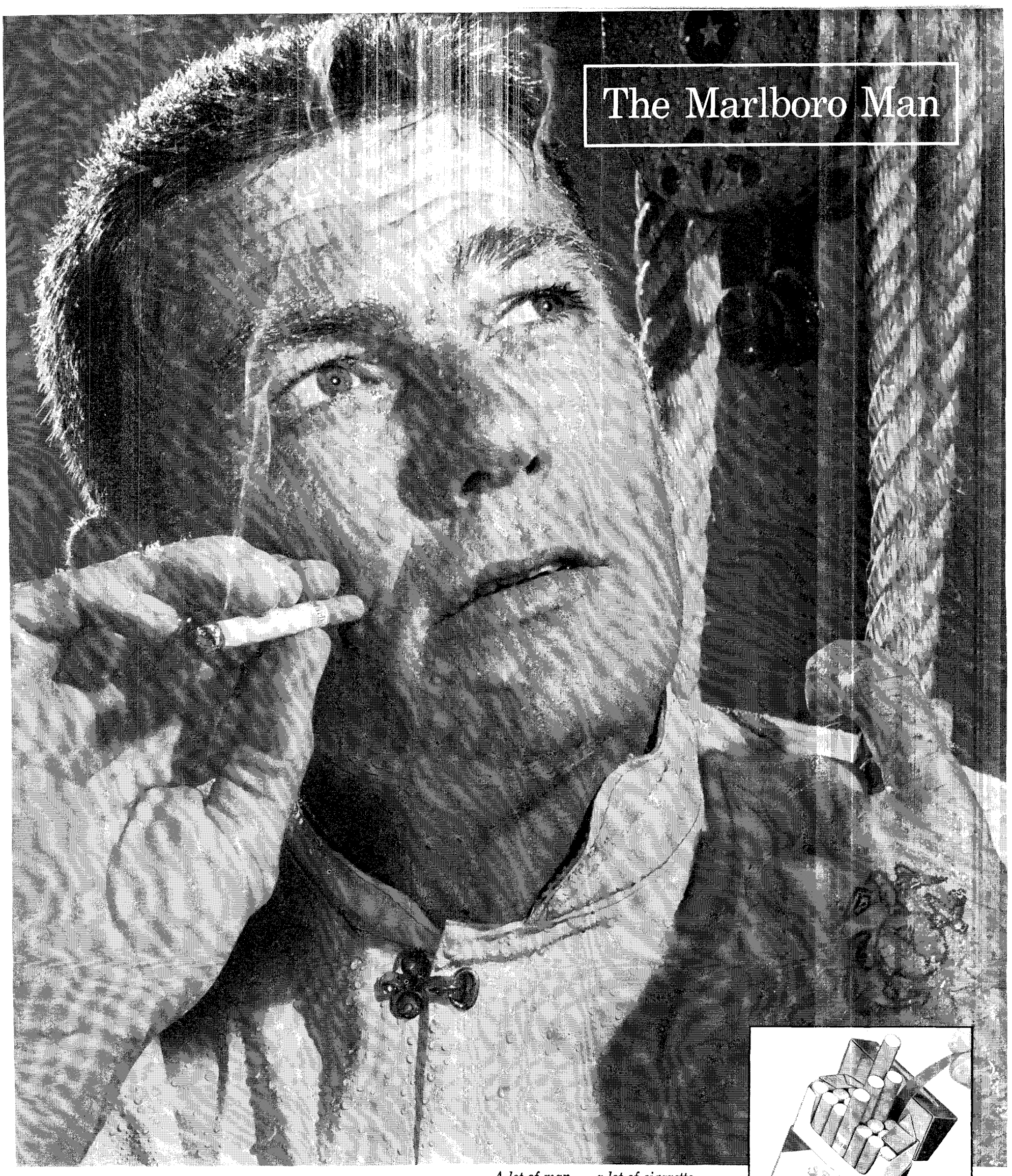

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Original Cost → / Year ↓	8,000	10,000	12,000	14,000	16,000	18,000	20,000
			add 00				
1940	20,8	26,0	31,2	36,4	41,6	46,8	52,0
1941	20,0	25,1	30,1	35,1	40,1	45,2	50,2
1942	18,8	23,5	28,2	32,9	37,6	42,3	47,0
1943	16,8	21,1	25,3	29,5	33,7	37,9	42,1
1944	15,8	19,8	23,7	27,7	31,6	35,6	39,5
1945	14,3	17,9	21,5	25,1	28,7	32,3	35,9
1946	12,2	15,2	18,3	21,3	24,4	27,4	30,4
1947	10,8	13,5	16,2	18,9	21,6	24,3	27,0
1948	10,0	12,5	15,0	17,5	20,0	22,4	24,9
1949	9,9	12,3	14,8	17,3	19,7	22,2	24,7

According to the figures above, compiled by F. W. Dodge Corporation, the nationally known source of construction information, replacement costs on homes are higher than ever.

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(*Continued from Page 74*) "Now smell it, doctor. The cork is loose."

Gantry lifted the bottle, removed the cork and smelled warily. "Wild cherry," he said tentatively, "paregoric, saccharated extract of thyme, and the rest alcohol, I would say, sir."

"In what proportions?"

"I can only guess."

"In war, don't ever guess!" the Laughing Boy said. "You could tell me exactly—with test tubes, Fehling Solution and a Bunsen burner—couldn't you? You could give me a complete qualitative and quantitative analysis, couldn't you? That way you could tell me how much wild cherry, paregoric, extract of thyme and alcohol Colonel Olafsen here has to get for me to mix up a thousand gallons of that stuff, for availability to issue to the men of this Division who have colds."

Colonel Olafsen, the Supply Officer, turned deathly pale at the impossible implication of what was next coming to him, in addition to his other duties.

The Laughing Boy watched him just for a moment; then he said, "In four thousand quart bottles, would you say, Olafsen?"

The color then even left Olafsen's lips, and Charlie Atwater was afraid the poor man would collapse.

The Surgeon snaked a tongue to his own lips. "The general wishes me to make an analysis of Ole Doc Hopkins' Specific?"

"No, doctor"—the general shook his head tolerantly—"for we haven't got the time that would take. I give orders around here, but I never tell an officer how to do his work. I just relieve him when his work flubs. However, as an old hand at the game, I believe I am well within my function to make suggestions now and then that will facilitate the work. I suggest now, doctor, that you turn that bottle around and read the label on the back. It gives the ingredients and the quantities, all printed out in French." He turned to his Supply Officer. "To make up a thousand gallons, Olafsen, you will need three hundred gallons of wild-cherry syrup, fifty gallons of watered-down paregoric, ten gallons of extract of thyme, three hundred twenty gallons of medicinal alcohol and the rest licorice water. You may check my figures, but that's about it."

Poor Olafsen looked helplessly at Charlie Atwater. Charlie Atwater's four-carburetor mind hadn't quite penetrated the fog of battle yet, but because the Laughing Boy had hand-picked him as his chief of staff, it almost had, in its own funny way, and because it almost had, Charlie felt it would in another fifteen seconds. Furthermore he was the only man present who knew definitely in his inner soul that the general was not crazy. So he gave Lieutenant Colonel Olafsen a very bland and beautiful smile and a nod of complete confidence, and that was like a quirt across the face to the Supply Officer, whose own mind was digging frantically through items of supply across all of France and back to England for glomming possibilities for the slop in that bottle. Be it said for Olafsen's genius with his two hundred supermarkets that the frantic delving brought him up three tentative possibles before his mind crashed into the bottles. When that happened, his voice was a cracked wail from the Pit: "But four thousand quart bottles, sir!"

"Gently, gently," said the general. "One thing at a time, Olafsen. All of the ingredients for Ole Doc Hopkins' are in a cellar in that town La Whatsis-Whosis six kilometers behind us. In five-gallon carboys. I suggest you latch onto it, mix it and rebottle the mixture in the same carboys. Send the carboys down and the men with colds can take the issue in their canteen cups." He looked at Lieutenant Colonel Philips, his Engineer. "I've enjoyed the company of all of you, but you're the only man who has to work, Philips. Rig one of those canvas-tank water-aerating gadgets the Engineers have, so they can mix the stuff in it."

Now the funny thing about it was that Charlie Atwater always thought that the general believed that he had said, "That's all, gentlemen," because the general had sent for four of them and only painted three of them with iodine and marked them "Duty." The one of them that the general hadn't soireed was Major Hasenpfeffer, the Personnel Officer, and Charlie knew that the general always liked to keep Hasenpfeffer out on a limb, guessing. And to have said, "That's all, gentlemen," would really have kept Hasenpfeffer guessing for a long, long time, for he'd been sent for and then ignored, and that is a worrisome thing—especially to an old master sergeant, because the rule is generals never forget. But no man can tell what they will remember.

All the time the Laughing Boy had been putting on his act, Charlie Atwater knew that his mind wasn't anywhere near his four staff officers. It was up the line with Fandango and Filthy. All the time he talked off the top of his head, the deep, fighting core of the general's mind was belly-crawling in the fire-lashed mud with the working men. Charlie Atwater could tell it by the way the Laughing Boy looked at the map. He hadn't once gone close, except the first moment he came in to take in the new postings. But the sides of his fine eyes were never off it, from a distance, and once or twice he looked at his watch.

"All right, Colonel Atwater," he said now, nodding to the map as if it were a casual acquaintance only, "we are committing the reserve combat team. Tell Finally to move out and buy a piece of this fight right now."

"Three!" Charlie Atwater called softly through the broken oat chute that slanted through the wall to Operations in the shed outside. "Ring up Finally and tell them to pull the plug. If Colonel Smollett wants me personally, I'll be here to grab your phone and talk to him."

"What would you have to say to Bill Smollett? He's had his alert. Why did you say that?" the Laughing Boy said sharply.

"I'll tell you why, general," Charlie Atwater said, "but don't ask me how I know why. You're going to take Bercy-Noyon, aren't you?"

"I sure as hell am!" the Laughing Boy said. "I always was."

"And Bercy is now six and a half kilometers ahead of our leading battalions, with the division reserve now going in? That means the division has pulled its plug too. We're completely committed to the fight, with nothing left to throw in. I just thought Colonel Smollett might want a little reassurance on his timetable to make sure Bercy fell in our lap—that we don't run out the power play short of Bercy." Colonel Atwater veiled his eyes as much as he ever let himself veil his eyes.

"Damn you, Charlie. Bill Smollett was at West Point when I was! He told you the story. You knew it all the time. Charlie, you lied to me."

"No, sir." Charlie bowed. "Let's say I'm just too diplomatic for this job, sir. Could I please have a regiment now?"

The Laughing Boy knew that someday he had to give Charlie a regiment, but in his own way he loved Charlie too. It wasn't that he worried about Charlie getting his head knocked off; it was just that he hated to lose him because they were a splendid team, batting .400. But as he turned away, you could see now that the time of parting was getting close—and that this might well be it, if one of the regimental commanders was a casualty. But as the Laughing Boy turned away, he saw his four staff officers still standing there in a row, and by the expression on the general's face then, Charlie knew definitely that the Laughing Boy thought all along he had said, "That's all, gentlemen."

But seeing that he hadn't, he let the clutch out for one brief further moment of free-wheeling.

"Now I'm going to tell you something, gentlemen. With all due respects to Doctor Gantry here, I'm no gynecologist, but I once had to deliver a woman, so I did it. Mother and child still doing well. My wife is translating for Censorship in New York and my boy has a company in the Sixteenth Infantry over north of here. Maybe I can't cure a cold either. But I did once. I had a damn bad one at Fort Benning once that no surgeon on the post and no doctor in Columbus or Phenix City could cure. So I went into all the drugstores until I found the fanciest label on the best-looking bottle on the flossiest patent-medicine shelves, and I drank it and got well"—he tapped the bottle in Gantry's hand—"and that's what I drank. So, between you, get a thousand gallons down to the men, now that I've suggested how you can, without interfering too much with this war we're fighting." He looked at them for a moment; then he did say, "That's all, gentlemen—except Major Hasenpfeffer," and they saluted and filed out, all except Major Hasenpfeffer, who was so stiff in the knees and the spine that he couldn't even move his eyes.

"Major," the general said, "you're working around here as a major in a lieutenant colonel's promotion vacancy." Major Hasenpfeffer could feel his arms tighten where his sergeant's chevrons used to be, feel his neck itch where his gold leaf was. "With a little extra effort, you ought to get that silver leaf." The Laughing

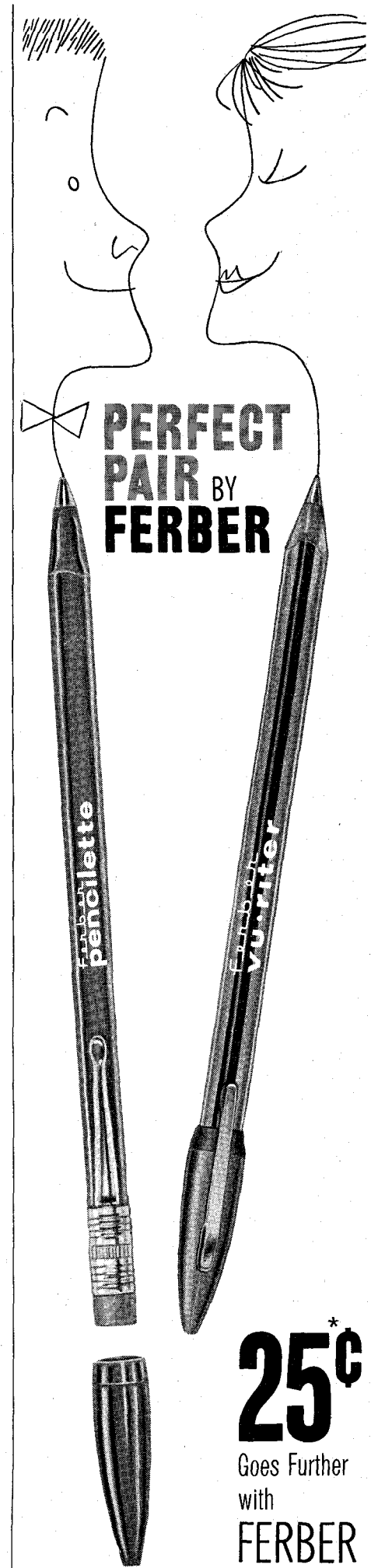
Song for September

By Stella Weston Tuttle

It was the willow that bent
in sorrow
Down, down from the
brooding sky
As though to touch the
boy—as though
To hold him close in a last
good-by.

It was the willow that bent
in sorrow,
But it was the pine tree,
tall and proud,
The boy beheld in the
distant forest;
It was the pine in a cape of
cloud.

It was the willow that bent
in sorrow,
But it was the pine, aloof
and chill,
The boy remembered
winter-long—
Remembers still.



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Boy reached back and picked up Hasenpfeffer's last G-1 Periodic Report and put a finger to it where he had before. "In future when you give me sickness figures for this division, stretch your butt a bit and get me comparison figures on the right- and left-flank divisions as well. Especially when the weather is bad."

"Yes, sir."

"And you do that, Hasenpfeffer—if you're a good staff officer—by warming up a friend at Corps in advance and easing it out of him now and then for an even trade on something you've got that he wants. You do that—by stretching your butt and matching pennies."

"Are the comparison figures bad, sir?"

Then it was that the full light dawned on Charlie Atwater, and he knew why Corps was going to let the Old Man take Bercy.

"The comparison figures are damned good, but I had to go to Corps myself to get them—and me an old man. Every division has got the sniffles. But General Hollenbeck's division on our right is settling down to bronchitis and heavy chest colds to a critical point of effectives, and General Winton's division on our left is going high into influenza and pneumonia to a much more critical point. As it stands now, we are considerably low man on the hawk-and-wheeze totem pole, with by far the highest consolidated percentage of effectives of the three divisions committed. And with Ole Doc Hopkins' Specific we're going to get even lower. Now that's all, Major Hasenpfeffer—except get around a bit more. Stretch your butt. You can always buy a girdle for it when you retire. . . . Pack up, Charlie. I'm starting for Bercy-Noyon—for the seventh time—as soon as I come back," and the Old Man scuttled back toward the cow stalls where he had his chemical throne set up.

It took a moment for Major Hasenpfeffer to get traction in his knees to move out. He looked at the chief of staff pathetically. "He always keeps me guessing, sir!"

"That's right, major," Charlie nodded, "and he probably always will."

"But why only me?"

"I'll tell you, major—because it may help you in your work. At Fort Sam once he saw Gone With the Wind, but he never saw the last reel because there was a fire in the projection room. He's been guessing about Scarlett O'Hara ever since. Good luck, major."

When Hasenpfeffer had gone, Charlie Atwater watched Ted Hooper for a moment with a jaundiced eye as the aide scrabbled the Laughing Boy's things together for the move out.

When he spoke, his voice had a hard edge, "Now that I've stopped coughing, suppose you tell me. Who did he sell this bill of goods to at Corps? To General Yates, himself?"

"Oh, no, sir," the aide gave with completely dead pan. "He sold the bill to the corps chief of staff after he compared the hawk-and-spit figures. They are very good friends. Besides, there's a rumor that General Yates moves up soon, so that the Laugh ——"

"Call him that and I'll try you, Ted!"

"—— so that our general probably gets the corps, and the corps chief of staff wants command of this division when that happens. Matching pennies, I think it's called on the staff, sir. Besides, our general says that a good chief of staff is the most important man in the Army, sir!"

"That does it, Ted. You'll never get a battalion through my help, if I have to break your arm again myself. You think like an aide, you act like an aide and you smell like an aide!"

"That battalion, colonel, is just what I was coming to, sir. On our way back from Corps, the general started to tell me that story about his bad cold at Fort Benning and Ole Doc Hopkins' Cough Specific. I've had that story once a day now since the rains came, so, with associative thinking, I began to think of the '*la pharmacie en face*' story to occupy my rather active mind, sir, and as we high-tailed through La Whoosis-Whatsis I got the clearest hunch of my whole short but somewhat brilliant career as an aide de camp, sir, and following my associative thinking and that very clear hunch, I drew up at what was left of that off-limits pharmaceutical factory on the outskirts. Well, sir—the French knowing their own climate and probably not liking it either—damned if that factory didn't have manufacturing-licensee rights on half a dozen American cough remedies. I found one Ole Doc Hopkins bottle intact, and smelling around in the cellar I located carboys of the bulk ingredients for about a thousand gallons of the bug juice."

The Laughing Boy came stalking out and slammed on his tin hat. "Ready, Charlie? What's holding you up? I'm going to Bercy-Noyon, did you hear?"

Charlie rolled up the map. "Yes, sir," he said.

"Oh, yes," the Laughing Boy said. "Make a note, Charlie. Major Hooper here is to have the first available battalion we can squeeze him into without hurting anyone's feelings too bad. He's too smart an officer to be an aide." The general climbed into his jeep and began to whistle La Paloma as they drove off to the wars. Just his breath, forced through his pursed lips. No tune. THE END

Are you one who needs a second glass of Orange Juice today?

A special health message from the Florida Citrus Commission

AMERICANS like orange juice with breakfast and they drink a lot of it; eighty per cent of them have it on the average of four times a week. We've learned that orange juice is a most important source of Vitamin C, the vitamin that we need daily, because the body can't "store" it. We've learned also that it's a wonderful source of food energy and of other important health benefits.

But what we don't seem to understand is that people who are active physically, mentally, or emotionally or under "stress and strain" use up their Vitamin C and energy *faster,* and hence need to replenish their supply more often.

Many People Need More!

Infants and children need orange juice to keep up strength and resistance during critical years of growth, yet surveys have shown a dangerous lack of it in the diets of the very young. Adolescents need *extra* orange juice, too, because of their strenuous activities, yet teenagers tend to neglect important food requirements unless carefully encouraged to consume more of the things they need—such as orange juice. An extensive survey in Pennsylvania shows that only about 50% of all teenagers *from all kinds of backgrounds* obtain the recommended daily supply of Vitamin C in their diets.

Expectant mothers are a particularly important group who need this vitamin in extra supply. Busy housewives, hard-working businessmen and hard-playing children, as well as heavy manual workers and athletes, use up their energy and Vitamin C faster.

How About You?

Are you one of these busy, active people? And during the day, don't you at times just crave quick refreshment? If so, you'll know your "body wisdom" is warning you to get some Vitamin C and energy fast. So reach for a glass of orange juice—the fact is, you *need* it.

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Independent at Sixty-Five

(Continued from Page 45)

institutions for group living seem destined to become. This, too, is a prime aim of "housing for the elderly" as encouraged by Congress and the Administration. A few states—notably New York and Massachusetts—have set aside large sums to aid local housing groups. You have to get right down to the older citizens themselves, and to the people who deal directly with them, to appreciate the magic that environment can work.

At Cobbs Hill Village, the Rochester development, I also visited Mr. and Mrs. James McKee. He is eighty, and a pensioned Eastman Kodak employee. They find the village a haven from the noise and fumes of city traffic. Their former quarters, Mrs. McKee explained, were in a large house shared with young families.

"We've been a hundred per cent healthier the past two years out here," she told me. "The quiet helps, too, away from children; yet I feel closer to my own family. They come and take us to church and to meetings. When they bring our grandchildren for a visit, here in our own place, I feel like a mother again."

Mrs. McKee's point is well taken. Oceans of tears have been shed over the vanished three-generation family, that happy crowd of children, parents and grandparents, presumably dwelling together in harmony. This sentimental viewpoint is disputed by a veteran and respected authority, Miss Ollie Randall, consultant on services for the aged to New York's Community Service Society. "The woods are full of three-generation families," she says. "The three-generation household is what we've lost—and in many cases it's a good thing. You need an awful big roof to keep two women happy in one home."

The twenty-seven apartments at Cobbs Hill Village were occupied by veterans and their families before the present residents—couples and single persons over sixty-five—moved in four years ago. The two buildings, one of which provides motel-type quarters, were set in a park at the base of Cobbs Hill, only a few blocks from the heart of Rochester, as a prisoner-of-war camp in World War II. When the war ended, they were first converted to low-rent housing for veterans. As that need diminished, a group of bankers and businessmen working with the city financed their renovation for the elderly. Rentals were set to cover costs, and applicants limited to those with sixty-five dollars or less income per week.

"For a while we had both vets and older people living in the village," John A. Dale, executive director of the nonprofit company that manages Cobbs Hill, explained. "The old folks gave the kids cookies, but they were really delighted when they finally had the place to themselves. They liked children and younger couples, but not twenty-four hours a day."

> A television set is an electronic device which, when broken, stimulates conversation.
>
> WILLIAM R. NIMMO

Dale's detailed checks in the past four years reveal that residents of ground-floor apartments were outdoors 80 per cent of the time in good weather. A six-step climb in the other building reduced the time outdoors by nearly a third. The few couples on the second floor were out only 20 per cent of the time.

Neglect of eyeglasses and shoes called for supervision by the visiting nurse, who also persuaded groups to pool their marketing for meat and vegetables instead of living out of tin cans. In all other respects the independence of the village residents, paying their way, free to live as they choose, yet not alone or ignored if they need help, works well. Rochester is so pleased with the success of its experiment that a limited-dividend corporation was formed, a loan was negotiated with the state and sixty new ground-floor apartments are under construction in the park. Although the loan is for forty years at 3 per cent, and the city will levy only half the usual taxes, the new apartments will have to rent for about fifty dollars a month to break even.

The waiting list at Cobbs Hill is 127 persons. There are about fifty in residence. This ratio is near par for the country as a whole, for housing projects, church homes or any other decent shelter within the means of most senior citizens. There are usually two to three accepted applicants waiting for every one who is housed. The pressure is greatest for admittance to the conventional "home for the elderly," where food and shelter are accompanied by nursing and medical care. Yet many who apply, the gerontologists are convinced, dread moving to institutional living, but feel they must as insurance for the future.

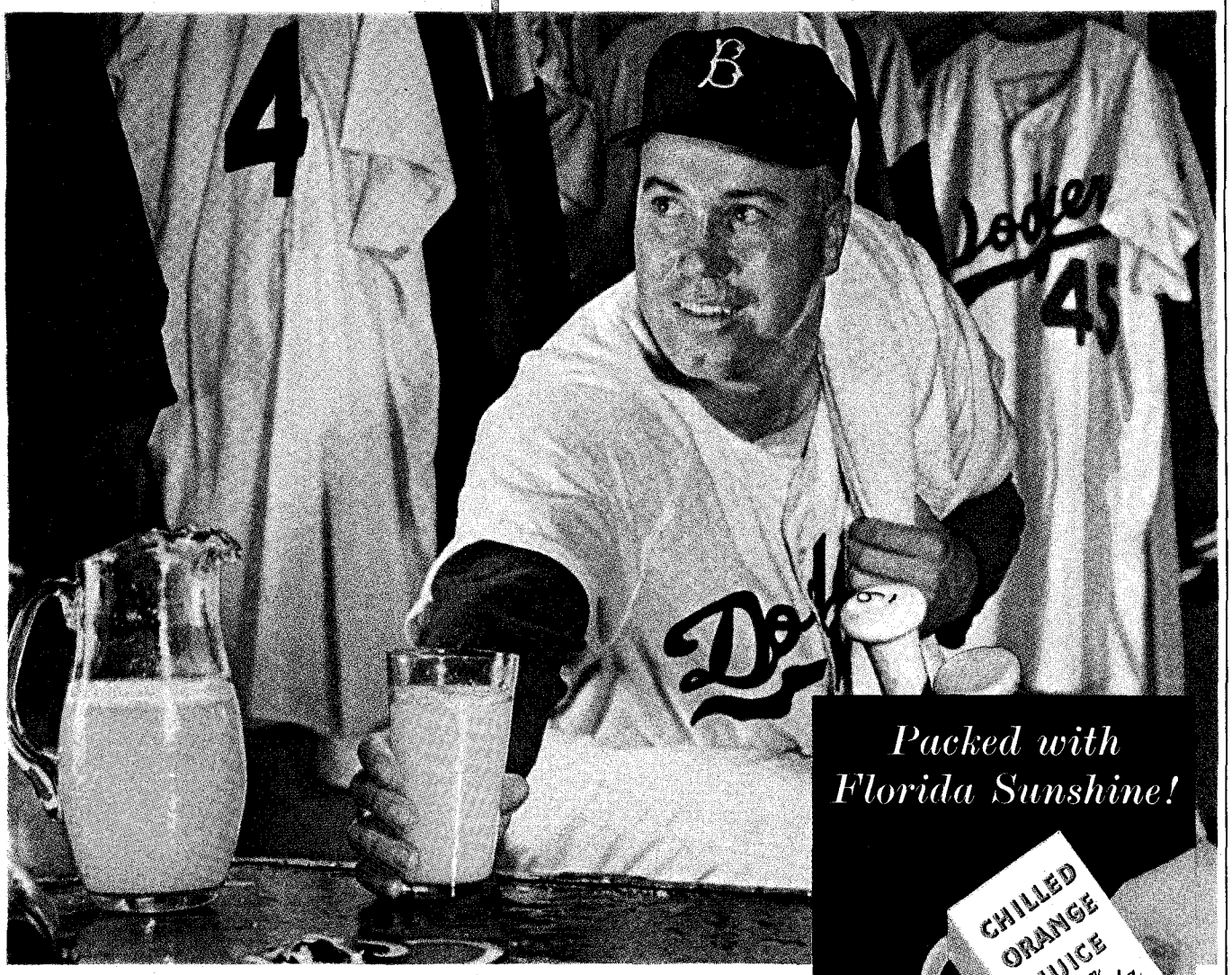
Recognition of this dilemma led Miss Randall—whose present part-pay

Question:

Why does Duke Snider crave Orange Juice after a hard game?

Answer:

His Body Wisdom tells him he needs extra Vitamin C and quick energy!



Duke Snider, star outfielder of the Brooklyn Dodgers

BUSY? ACTIVE? Chances are you can use extra Vitamin C and energy, too. Sure, Big League outfielder Duke Snider has his orange juice with breakfast, every day. But like all busy, active people, he uses up his Vitamin C and energy faster. That's why after the game—or after practice—he needs another glass of Florida orange juice for a fast, refreshing pickup and to replace the Vitamin C the body can't store.

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CHILLED ORANGE JUICE *from* FLORIDA

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consultant status is the result of reaching retirement age herself—to guide construction of the first housing for the elderly in which an "environment of independence" was stressed. This is Tompkins Square House, a fifty-two-unit apartment built in New York City in 1929. The Community Service Society at that time had a typical, well-run home for the aged, far out in the country. In interviewing applicants for admission to the home it was all too obvious, as Miss Randall says, "that most people wanted to remain in the city, on streets and with people known to them. Those with families wished to relieve their relatives of the burden they either believed or knew themselves to be. Most applicants had no desire whatever to become residents of a 'home' on a permanent basis."

The society's answer, when a donor of building funds appeared, was Tompkins Square House, where elderly tenants who pay cost-of-operation rent live much as any group of apartment dwellers, except that their resident manager is also a supervisor and health counselor. Meals and housekeeping service are available. The environment, as Miss Randall says, "provides protection without creating dependency." She believes it has much to do with the way Tompkins Square tenants, time and time again, have remained active almost to the day they died.

By contrast, I was told of one institution in isolated farm country, miles from the nearest town, where the sheltered residents have excellent food, comfortable quarters and nothing to do all day except enjoy the really spectacular scenery. Three fourths of them, unfortunately, become senile within five years.

The benefits of semi-independent living are reflected by recent increases in the payments some homes are asking for life care. The residents are living, on an average, four to five years longer than anticipated. "Life care" contracts are popular on the West Coast and usually are tied in with substantial additional payments for lifetime use of an apartment or cottage in supervised surroundings. These "entrance," "accommodation" or "founders'" fees, which will average between $7500 and $15,000, have enabled nonprofit groups to purchase hotels and apartments and convert them to housing for the elderly with eye-popping speed in Southern California.

Pacific Homes, which has Methodist backing, and the corporations headed by Dr. J. W. Fifield, a Congregationalist, are in the van with three homes apiece. A Presbyterian group recently converted The White Sands, an ocean-front luxury hotel in La Jolla, to a haven for the retired. Casa de Mañana, also perched on the cliffs of La Jolla overlooking the Pacific, is managed by Pacific Homes, which has built both a nursing home and a sanatorium nearby.

A retired couple, to purchase life care in one of the La Jolla homes, would first pay, for example, $10,000 "accommodation fee" for their apartment. They then pay for meals and other services, including all medical care except major surgery, either by the month or by deposit of a lump sum calculated from actuarial tables. The monthly rate is $175 per person, and the lump sum, if both husband and wife are seventy, approximates $45,000. The environment, obviously, is for the well-to-do. Both establishments have a heated swimming pool. Casa de Mañana, last July, discovered that a fourth of the residents were traveling outside the United States.

Life care in pleasant surroundings, however, is not for the wealthy alone. Many homes in California, as elsewhere, accept rich and poor alike. I found a good example at Fredericka Home and Mountain View Manor, maintained by a Methodist group at Chula Vista, near San Diego. The home and the manor cover thirty acres and provide, in one community, facilities to meet a wide range of needs. The home's central residential building, nursing hospital and sanatorium provide the nucleus for sheltered care. Cottage apartments, whose residents take their meals in the center, cluster about the home. No one under seventy is admitted to Fredericka Home, and the present average age is eighty-two.

Mountain View Manor, just a step away, is a group of single-story apartments and individual houses for those who wish supervised independence. Residents are admitted at age sixty-five, either on a monthly basis or on payment of a fee that covers the cost of the housing, plus a few hundred dollars a year for property maintenance. Several cottages have been built almost to order, incorporating, like every Mountain View residence, fire-warning systems, grab bars in the bath and other architectural features for the comfort and convenience of older people.

All the houses belong to the home. The individual who finances construction receives life use under his contract. As the occupant of one $15,000 home told me, "Most of us, in addition to insuring a pleasant, sheltered home for ourselves, also feel we're building for the benefit of those who will come after we're gone."

Reverend Harold Baker, who directs the combined homes, told me that those who were admitted in 1956 ranged from an individual whose monthly payments are sixty dollars to another whose life-care contract totaled $33,000. Forty per cent of the home's expenditures are covered either by endowment income or contributions.

Mountain View is one of the institutions seeking an FHA-guaranteed long-term loan under the regulations which Congress liberalized in 1956 to encourage nonprofit corporations to build for the elderly. At this writing three loans have been sanctioned.

"Our building plans at Mountain View are designed to provide supervised housing for a single person at thirty-five dollars a month, maybe sixty dollars for a couple," Mr. Baker told me. "Rent at this figure would take care of our people on Old Age Assistance, and those on Social Security too."

Old Age Assistance, paid through the states, to those in need—individuals, for instance, who are not eligible for Social Security—literally makes it true that there are no old people who must remain penniless today. OAA payments in some states are as low as $30 a month, but in more prosperous commonwealths they approach Social Security, with additional sums often paid if nursing care is required. These payments have influenced many church homes to substitute month-to-month boarding charges for the old plan of swapping life care in return for the elderly resident's remaining assets. The payments also tend to set the minimum rates which institutions charge for shelter and care.

The Reverend Mr. Baker's rent figures, for the same reason, are an almost universal goal of those who would provide housing for the elderly, but it is increasingly difficult to reach as building costs go up. Public-housing projects, heavily subsidized with Federal money, sometimes with state funds, can stay near the mark. Chicago, Cleveland and New York have experimented with projects where fairly large groups of older people live. The practice elsewhere is to assign elderly tenants about 5 per cent of the available space.

The FHA, in an effort to stir interest in housing for the elderly, has had a man on the road in the past year explaining the new regulations. Housing administrator Albert M. Cole has appointed, by congressional edict, an advisory committee to help chart future moves by the Government to promote housing for the elderly. No one knows how deep a dip into the Federal till may be needed to bolster private enterprise and nonprofit groups.

Energetic women seem to have unusual success in producing attractive, low-rent housing, built without benefit of tax money. The carefully planned, miniature homes in Senior Center at Santa Barbara, California, rent to single persons for $32.50 a month and form a pleasant cluster of twenty-six ground-level dwellings two blocks from the heart of town. The community was built by the American Women's Voluntary Services through contributions from individuals and foundations. Quarters for the resident manager and a meeting place for groups of older people are adjacent to the two-room, bath and kitchenette apartments which cost only $5000 apiece to build. The day I visited Santa Barbara the center was a beehive of elderly women, some from town, some from the nearby apartments, piecing together quilts for Hungarian Relief. Similar meetings and card parties occur several days each week.

Senior Center—small, conveniently located, where the residents may participate in community affairs—promotes the sort of active, independent living which Dr. Wilma Donahue, widely respected chairman of the division of gerontology in the University of Michigan's Institute of Human Adjustment, considers ideal. She believes that housing in the proper location is all the environmental assistance most of the elderly need. "When provision for medical care is made in life-care contracts it means, in her opinion, "That people seldom get the best. Medical care for our senior citizens should be available in the community on the same basis as that for any other age group."

Doctor Donahue, nevertheless, approves of housing which provides infirmary quarters for temporary illness, and facilities for rehabilitation. Both exist in Presbyterian Village, on the outskirts of Detroit, where Doctor Donahue has served as an adviser in the past two years.

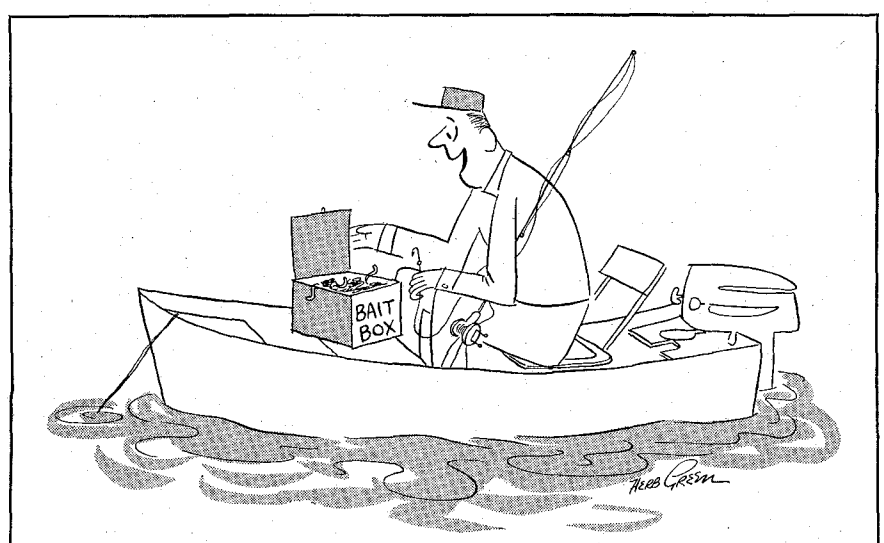
The single-story buildings of Presbyterian Village are set in a thirty-eight-acre tract, adjacent to small homes owned mostly by young families. A grade school borders the property, which, among other community uses, serves as a polling place. Every village resident—average age, eighty—lined up to cast a ballot in the last general election. There are fifty board-and-room residents housed in single rooms, each with bath, who pay $150 a month, and eight single-bedroom and two double-bedroom apartments for independent living apart from the main building. These apartments rent for seventy-five dollars a month single, ninety dollars double.

The village is administered by a board responsible to the Detroit Presbytery. Member churches contribute to its maintenance, and their donations and individual gifts provided building funds, augmented by a $200,000 contribution from the Metropolitan Detroit Building Fund. Admission to the village, as in almost every Protestant home in the nation, is not limited to members of the sponsoring church.

None of the homes I visited maintains an overly religious atmosphere. Some have chapels. All provide counsel to meet residents' spiritual needs. Smoking is often limited to certain areas, and alcohol, in the Protestant homes, is taboo. This has its amusing side, as in one plush California home, where an elderly matron continued to have a furtive before-dinner cocktail and was faced with the problem of what to do with empty bottles. Her bridge-playing friends offered a solution—some of the beautifully wrapped prizes they carry from her apartment go straight to the trash can in their homes.

The Roman Catholic and Jewish institutions are more tolerant in this respect. Wine is served at holiday meals in many Hebrew homes. Catholic authorities, in keeping with the atmosphere of normal activity they strive to promote among the elderly, retained a bar, along with facilities like barber and beauty shops in at least one of the two large, centrally located big-city hotels which they have purchased and refitted as town-house retirement centers this past year. St. Louis' former De Soto is now the Laverne, where rooms occupied by two persons rent for as little as forty-five dollars per person per month, with meals doubling this cost. In Detroit the old Detroiter is the new Carmel Hall, where minimum board-and-room rates match Social Security or Old Age Assistance payments. Carmel Hall's renovation is a $4,600,000 project, of which $4,000,000 is an FHA-insured loan.

The Home for Aged and Infirm Hebrews, in New York City, which maintains apartments as well as institutional housing, recently has begun a vast expansion of what is best described as a "nonresident" program. Nonsectarian Peabody Home, also in New York, pioneered the plan, which has now spread to other communities. The nonresidents are individuals who continue to live in the community, but (*Continued on Page 84*)



"I would like one volunteer."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Under water at Florida's fabulous Silver Springs

PROVED SAFEST TIRE FOR THE MAN WHO LOVES HIS FAMILY!

Proved—not even harpoons capable of killing man-eating sharks can make the Seiberling Sealed-Aire tire lose air! Ricou Browning, famous underwater movie stunt man, proved this at Silver Springs, Florida, where a single bubble of escaping air would be instantly detected. Competitive puncture-sealing tires bubbled until the contained air was exhausted—they failed to seal, and on your car would have gone flat. This test and others have proved that Seiberling's tubeless tire invention, "bulkhead" construction, gives Sealed-Aire tires the exclusive ability to seal big, gouging punctures which cause sudden, dangerous tire failure.

Your Seiberling Dealer will gladly demonstrate these tires for you. Why not see him soon? He will buy the unused mileage in your present tires.

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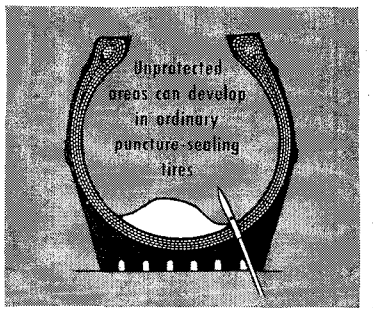
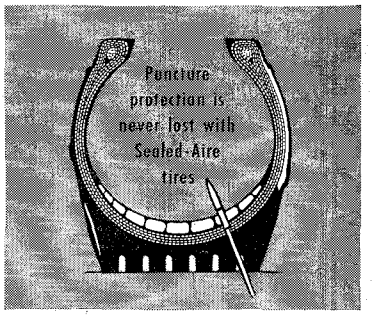
SEALED-AIRE NYLON TIRE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST TIRES IN EVERY PRICE RANGE!



Nothing holds the soft sealing-gum in place. Tire heat and centrifugal force can cause the gum to slide and lump up. Result: Loss of both puncture-protection and tire balance.



"Bulkheads" in Sealed-Aire tires keep the soft sealing-gum in protective position across the full tread width. Result: Lifetime puncture-protection and lifetime balance.

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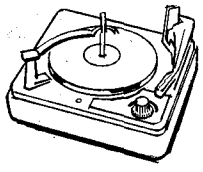
Shop at
SEARS
and save

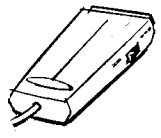
Versatile Silvertone 24-inch TV Console ...New Slim Look with Four De luxe Add-On Units!

(overall diagonal; viewable area 331 sq. in.)

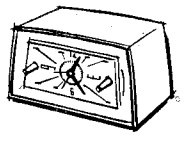
Now Sears brings you a new idea in TV—optional accessories! Low-cost add-on units plug in to give you a radio or phonograph that plays through three Hi-Fi speakers. You can plug in an automatic clock timer, too, that turns your set on or off...also an optional remote control unit. But the main thing's the curved front for 60% wider viewing angle than ordinary sets! Your choice of mahogany, limed oak or maple finish hardboard cabinets.



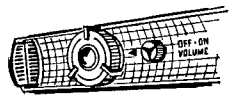
Optional plug-in phonographs, from $37.95.*



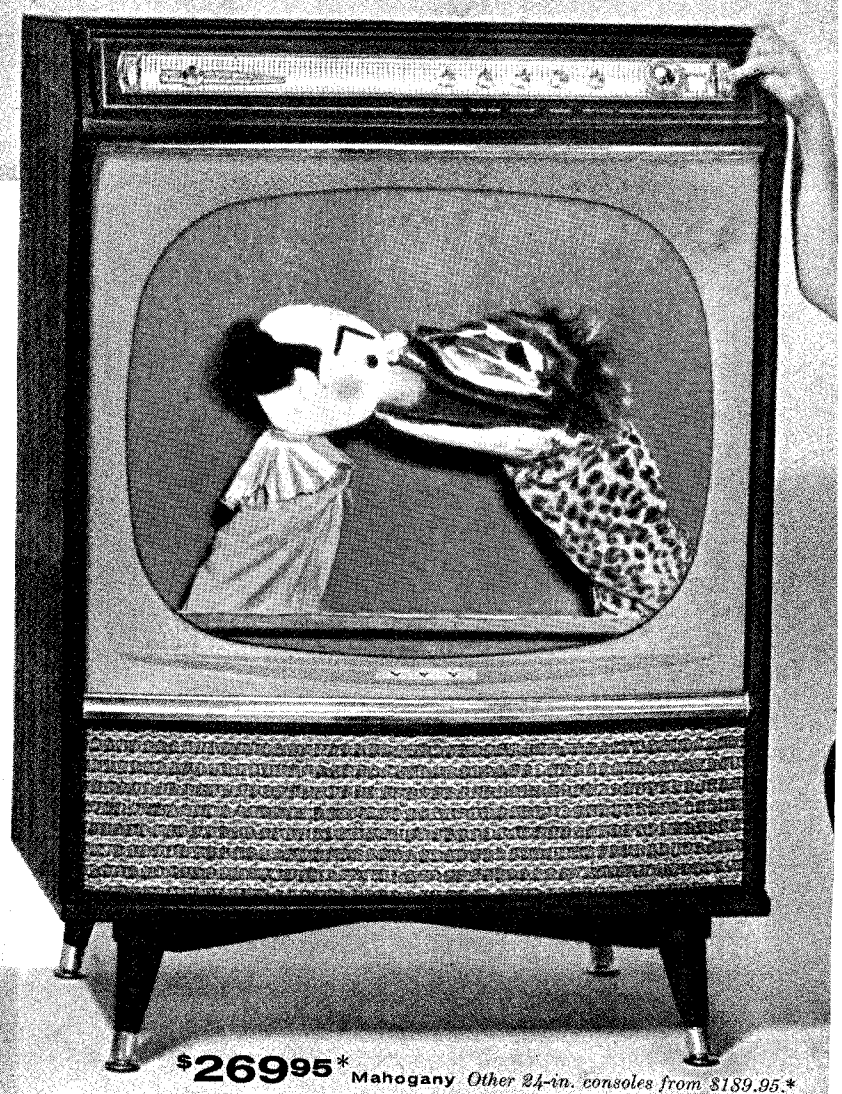
Optional Silvertone Remote Control Units, from $9.95.*



Optional plug-in Clock-Timer, $14.95.* Plus F. E. T.



Optional control-panel-mounted radio, $29.95.*



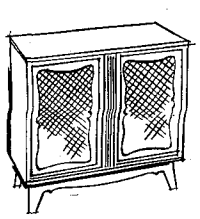
$269.95* Mahogany *Other 24-in. consoles from $189.95.**

Silvertone

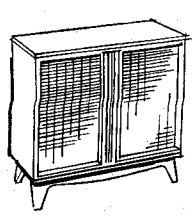
NEW HORIZONS

New Silvertone FM-AM Hi-Fi Console with Balanced Speaker System

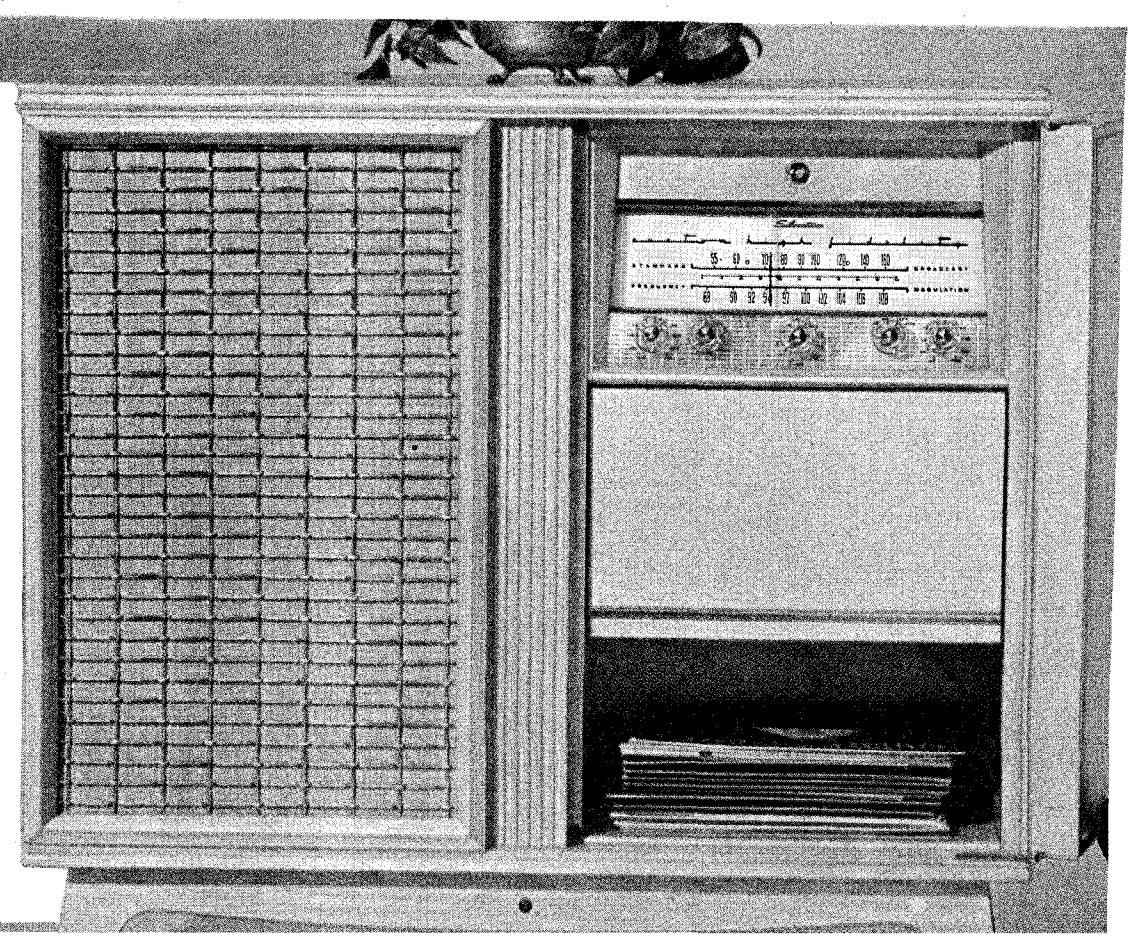
From its sparkling high-range reproduction (up to 20,000 cycles per second) to its rich, resonant bass (down to 20 cycles per second) every sound is in perfect balance; alive, crisp and clear! Acoustically matched speaker system: Giant 15-inch concert-grand woofer, two matched 5-inch tweeters. 20-watt output. Super-power 10-tube FM-AM radio. 4-speed Hi-Fi Medalist record changer with Hi-Fi diamond needle at no extra cost. Input and output jacks for tape recorder or external speakers. Your choice of modern hardwood cabinet in mahogany or limed oak finish, or provincial style in maple finish.



Provincial Cabinet



Modern Cabinet



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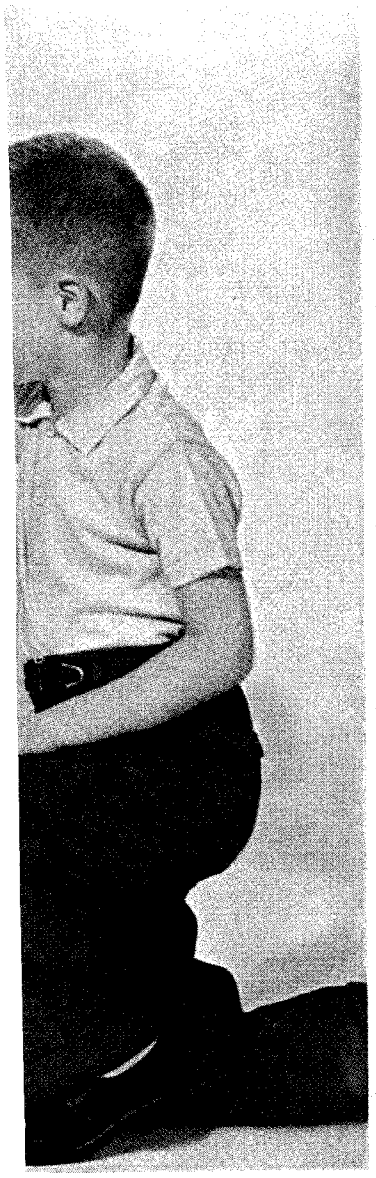

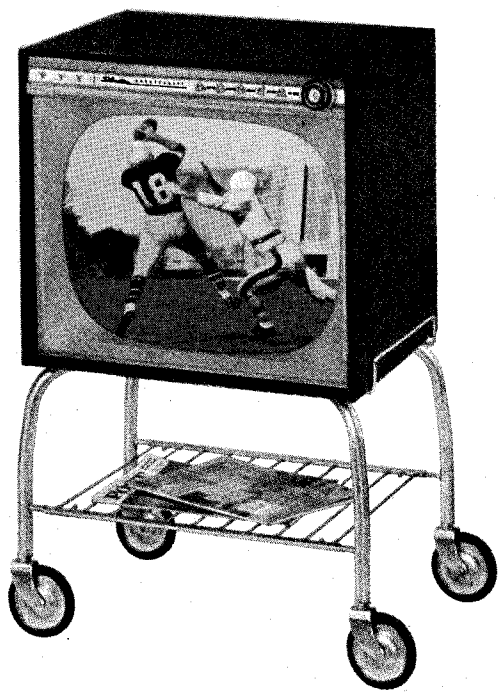

New 21-inch Mobile TV

(overall diagonal; viewable area 261 sq. in.)

Serve yourself big-screen TV in any room with this new Silvertone on its own handsome table-cart. Far-fringe chassis pulls in brilliant pictures. And you can buy optional radio, clock-timer, record changer or remote control to connect into built-in jacks. Wood-grained mahogany or limed oak finish on sturdy metal cabinets. Cart extra. Mahogany. **$179.95***

*Other 21-in. Mobile TVs from $129.95.**

Lightweight 17-inch Portable

(overall diagonal)

New 17-inch Silvertone gives you 155 square inches of viewing area, yet weighs only 30 pounds! Powerful tuner and disappearing, telescoping antenna give you sharp reception even in fringe areas. Exclusive feature: Picture tube *completely enclosed* in strong, safe, molded fiber glass cabinet. Choice of colors. **$154.95***

*Other 17-in. portables from $109.95.**

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- **Unlimited Picture Tube Warranty**

No additional down payment required when you add a service contract on Sears Easy Payment Plan

Prices may vary in some areas. UHF-TV prices slightly higher.

for 1958!

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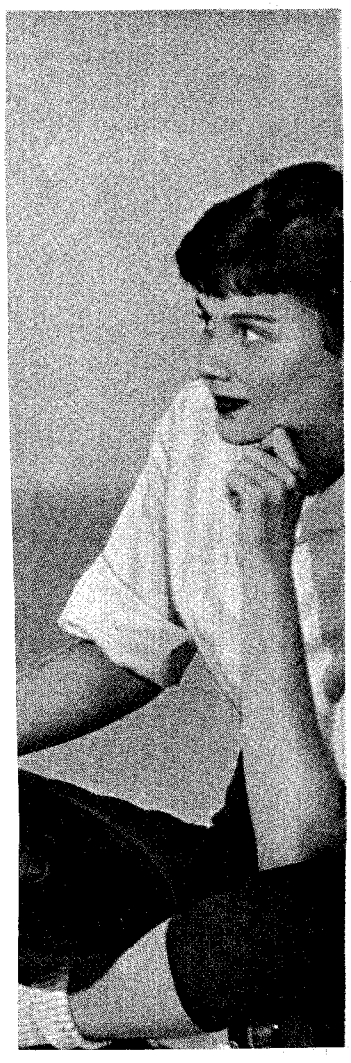
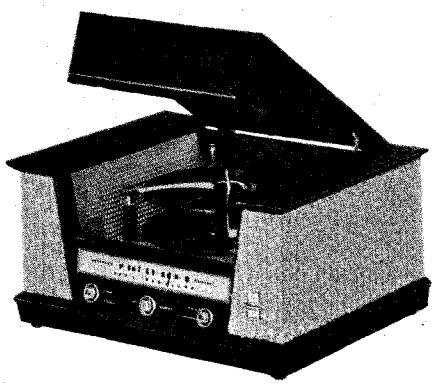
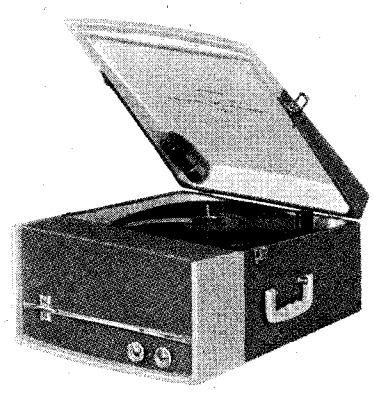




Hi-Fi Table Model Radio-Phonograph

Here's Hi-Fi in a more compact edition. This beautiful table model gives you two matched 6-inch speakers, 4-speed Hi-Fi Syntronic changer with dual synthetic sapphire needles in ceramic cartridge, plus powerful 7-tube AM radio. Mahogany or limed oak veneer cabinet. In mahogany. **$99.95***



Hi-Fi Portable Automatic Phonograph

Now you can enjoy stay-at-home Hi-Fi quality in a true portable phonograph! This new Silvertone features two speakers and exclusive 4-speed Syntronic changer. Well designed wood cabinet is covered in smart two-tone pattern of aqua and white. Priced at just **$69.95***

*Other automatic portable phonographs from $39.95.**

2-Speed Hi-Fi Tape Recorder

Complete professional features for best Hi-Fi recording! This is a dual-track recorder with VU meter that shows you the best recording level. Time lapse indicator and aural monitor for improved editing. Professional mike. Dual 6-inch speakers. Portable, too, weighs 32 lbs. Only **$159.95***

*Other Tape Recorders from $79.95.**

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The Moto-Mower leaf-mulching attachment saves hours of raking! Pulverizes leaves into a super-fine mulch which is distributed evenly, and settles out-of-sight around the grass roots. Helps retain moisture; nourishes turf; protects grass from winter cold. For a more beautiful lawn next spring, MULCH your leaves now—with a Moto-Mower!

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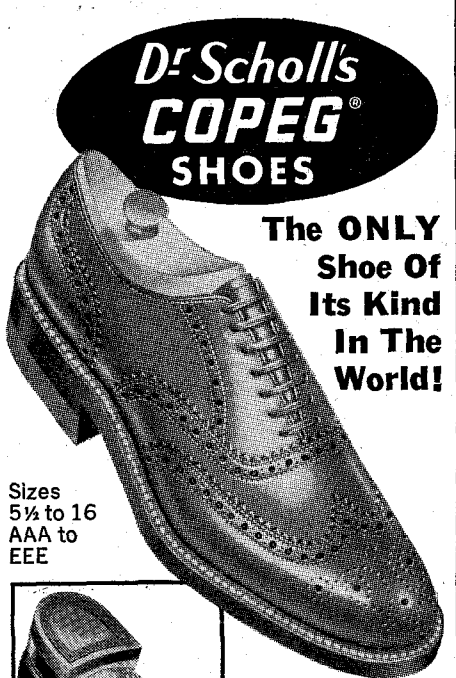
The ONLY Shoe Of Its Kind In The World!



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Quality-crafted with hand-built, hand-pegged arch

Makes Sensitive Feet Feel "Right At Home"!

Dr. Scholl's COPEG Shoes give you snug, restful, comfortable support and unmatched walking ease. Their famous arch construction of four rows of hand-driven hard maple pegs will never let your arch down throughout the long life of this shoe.

Dr. Scholl's COPEG Shoes are made of choicest soft kid or calfskin in black and brown Oxfords and High Shoes. Expertly fitted at Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops in principal cities and selected Shoe and Dept. Stores. If not obtainable locally, write for catalog, Dept. S97,

Dr. Scholl's Inc., Chicago 10, Illinois

(*Continued from Page 80*) are affiliated with the home and are thus protected when in need. The improvement may be physical, involving a shift to more suitable quarters or a diet change, but the principal benefit is independence and peace of mind. As one woman in her seventies, enrolled as a nonresident at Philadelphia's Lutheran Home for Orphans and Aged, remarked, "It gives you a good strong limb to fall on if you need it."

This Lutheran home, which houses nearly 200 elderly men and women, in the past five years has enrolled fifty nonresidents. They are persons from the home's waiting list who were given the choice of entering the institution or continuing to live independent lives. Three, however, are former residents of the home who returned to life outside.

Nonresidents pay no fees, but are visited frequently by the home's nonresident director, and have first call on vacancies when the need for admission may arise. "We expect to graduate others from the home to independent living," Pastor Walter R. Harrison, the superintendent, told me, "as our rehabilitation program progresses. Even ten per cent would be a miracle, and I am sure it will happen. The economics, alone, are terrific. Our cost to serve a nonresident is eighty dollars a year, as against sixteen hundred and fifty dollars for ordinary residence-home care."

Those who have gone back out into the world include a woman whose daughter, facing a family crisis, needed her help. When the crisis had passed the mother decided to retain her independence, and is now employed as a housekeeper. Another woman had entered the home to escape conflict with the wife of her nephew, who had offered her a home. When the wife divorced the nephew, she returned to his home. The third flatly announced one day that she was "not an old lady and I don't like it here." Today at seventy-seven she, too, is employed as a housekeeper.

The nonresident director, Miss Ruth Babcock, frequently has to iron out housing problems for the nonresidents—usually a move from a too-large, tax-eating residence to apartment quarters or a pleasant rooming house. "I've been on the other side of the fence, too," Miss Babcock says. "One of our people rented a big house which the neighbors got the city to condemn. It was unsightly, but not endangering either our nonresident or the neighborhood. It took some wire-pulling, and promises from the owner for a cleanup, but we saved her home."

> Not many men understand women, and the few who do know enough to keep quiet.
>
> CHARLES RUFFING

The Lutherans' Pastor Harrison, commenting on the potential of the nonresident plan in keeping individuals active in the community, feels that "future homes for the aged will render specialized services almost exclusively to the chronically ill and to the physically, mentally, and socially handicapped."

The Presbyterians recently took a long look into the future needs of their retired ministers. Donald L. Hibbard, executive vice president of the church's Board of Pensions, devoted a full year to the study of care and housing for the elderly both in this country and in Europe. His conclusions and the recommendations of the board are revealing.

"Ministers, their wives and widows," Mr. Hibbard told me, "are more independent perhaps than the rest of the population. They have had to be self-reliant and accustomed to living on a low budget. But the principles our board has adopted certainly apply to all—namely, to encourage older persons to live independently as long as possible, and to refrain from segregating them into large communities of their own."

The Presbyterians figure that 90 per cent of their ministers—who usually retire at seventy—will solve housing problems for themselves, supported by savings, pensions and Social Security. "This contrasts with a possible 70 to 80 per cent figure for the population as a whole," according to Mr. Hibbard. The church plans to provide housekeeping units for 7 per cent of the remainder, charging rental which will maintain and operate the homes. Two per cent, the board anticipates, will be either the nonhousekeeping type of individual or those who are too infirm to remain in dwellings of their own, and institutional homes will be available for them. The final 1 per cent is expected to need nursing care, due to physical illness or because they have reached the forgetful stage.

The housekeeping units which the Presbyterian Board proposes are clusters of modest single-story homes in suburban locations, within walking distance of shops, near cultural and community activities and public transportation to the city. There are to be no infirmaries or central dining rooms. The first is now under construction in Swarthmore, a Philadelphia suburb. The residents—never more than thirty couples in one location—will be strictly on their own.

Hibbard has great admiration for the bounce he finds in age, as well as in youth. "There are a few, who, no matter what the environment, gradually slide downhill. But the public impression that this is true for great numbers is, I am convinced, false. Care of the elderly is, indeed, a national problem—but the elderly themselves will solve it, given half a chance."

Betsy's Bachelor Boarder

(Continued from Page 34)

take off twenty pounds and look good frying eggs, the way I did."

The area went suddenly quiet.

"Over a hot campfire," Kate amplified, "at five A.M., with hairy dogs yapping all around. Grim." She shivered. "But that put an end to the great-outdoors phase, once and for all. These days we have civilized vacations, where people dress for dinner and play decent bridge. Have you ever noticed"—Kate examined her scarlet nails—"how much easier it is to flirt with a man in a dinner jacket?"

Massive silence drifted from Betsy. *Kate you can't talk to.*

"Well, there." Standing, Kate sent pickup glances around. "Anything's forgotten, you can mail it. Bob packed his own gear—that man is trained, and you can't start too soon," she said through the mirror, adjusting her hat, "so shine up your brightwork, cutie, and get helpless. Find someone handy to practice on—the woods are full of 'em."

Such easy, arrogant confidence had Betsy fumbling for words. "But—we're different, Kate. You're you, I'm me. She groped downward for the large suitcase. Kate, one grope ahead, said, "Let me have it, I'm bigger than you are," with a disciplinary eye. "When anyone is bigger than you are, lamby-pie, here's the basic motto for unmarried girls: Don't just do something, stand there."

"Honestly? Doing nothing?"

"Doing nothing. Honestly or not. And stop answering the doorbell the minute it rings, as if you're waiting."

"But I am," said Betsy.

Kate sighed. "Precious"—she gave her little sister a despairing hug—"you don't know the first thing about men, and I blame myself. I should have rescued you long ago from that Godforsaken village."

"You grew up there, too, Kate," Betsy said, straight across. "And I know this much about men: I know Bob is downtown waiting for you, and he's getting no younger." Swooping up assorted luggage, she charged downstairs.

Kate followed. "Waiting, shucks. He's in the Club bar, too late to classify, by now," lifting her continental shoulder. "But it's a wonderful life, I love every minute of it. A girl could do worse."

You're darn tootin'. Betsy thumped luggage into the pink station wagon.

Sliding behind the wheel gracefully, Kate leaned out. "I'm counting on you. This was rich, rare, juicy advice, Betsy—don't waste it. Promise?"

"Look at the time," Betsy implored. "All right, I'll try."

"Try, nothing. You promise."

It gave Betsy a slight earthquake feeling when she said, "I promise," but anything to get Kate started.

Kate's hands gripped the wheel. "Like pulling teeth. You're tougher to wear down than Bob is, I declare. Do you want to be an old maid? With a cat?"

"Good-by now, please; and I'd have a dog," said Betsy.

"Not in my garden!" Kate reared up. "Whatever you do, please keep those gates closed so dogs can't get in here! And have fun, baby-honey. Write often." She started the motor. "Oh," Kate said, "you might remind the gardener about tying the delphinium, and a shot of bone meal for the roses. Mail the checks out on time, dear, the laundryman comes Tuesdays, and better call a plumber for that leaky tap. Take things easy. Fidelia knows what to do in the house, but you might look it over now and then—she's weak on window sills. There"—Kate took a breath—"that's about it. The gates, be sure they're closed. Good-by, lovey. And remember, be helpless."

The car backed down the driveway. Betsy waved, a lone little figure against the tall blue delphinium. The car sprang forward. *Now what?*

"Good grief," Kate said. "The guest house! I almost forgot."

"The—cottage?" Light wavered in the brown eyes.

"Run in and phone an ad to the News—two rooms and bath, completely furnished, utilities paid, adults only, and so on; same rent as last summer."

"Uh," began Betsy.

"No use sitting there idle when it could bring in a little income," Kate said, "with rentals so scarce." The station wagon shot backward once more. Betsy waved a limp hand. At the wide double gate, Kate popped her head out the window and called back, "No women unless you have to; they always want to do laundry. Single men are better!"

(*Continued on Page 86*)

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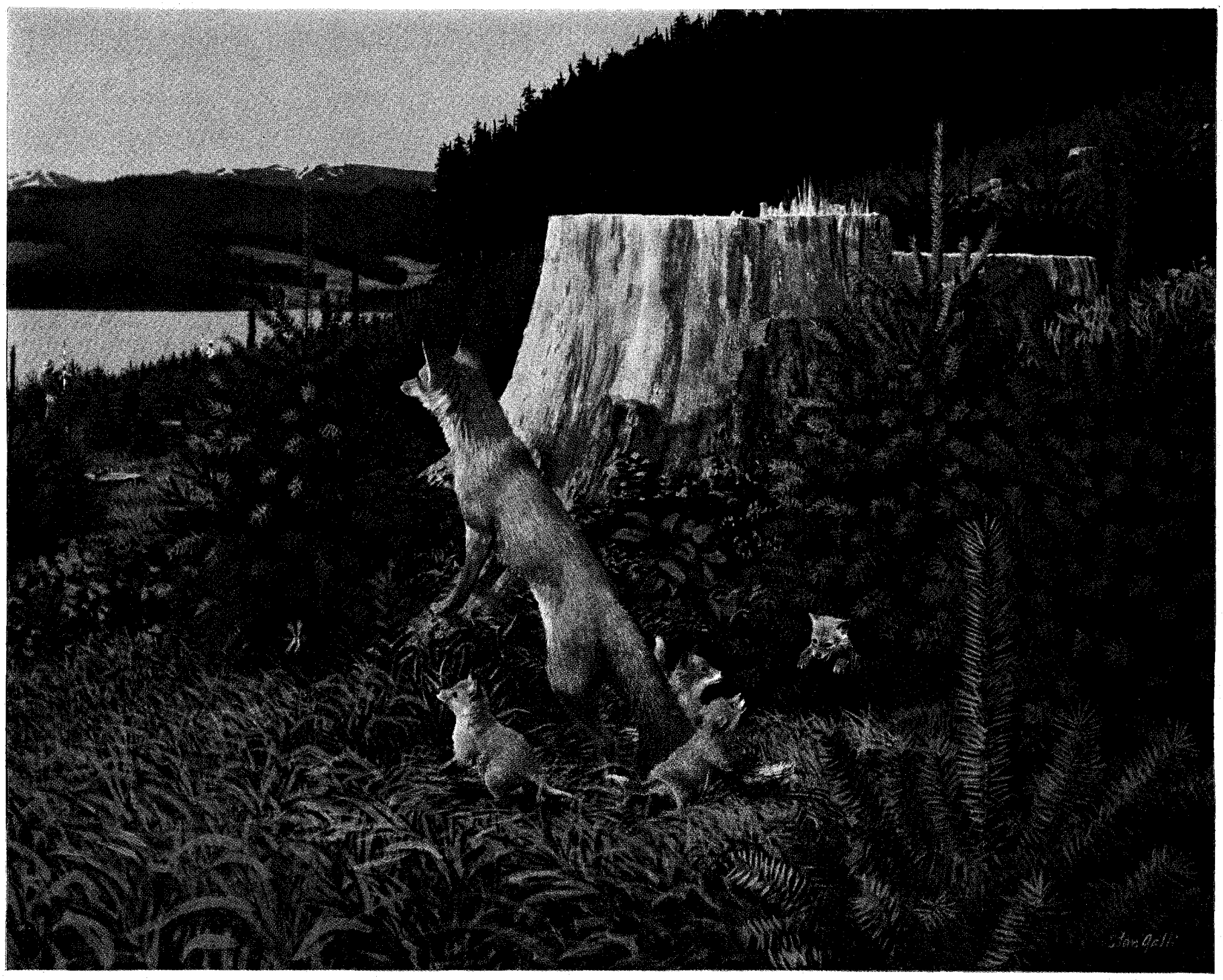

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(*Continued from Page 84*) In the dazed condition of one with nothing left to lose, Betsy took the cottage path. Among tall conifers on the back lot, Bob had re-created a High Sierra log cabin, cozy and weathered, furnishing the place with a wood-burner, rag rugs, old pine—and, lately, Betsy's heart. This was home away from home. Elbows propped, she studied the desk photograph of Alan—so boyish, so charming. He should go far in Hollywood and she did hope Gee-Gee What's-her-name kept him out of the treacherous night air, with his delicate throat. *That sort of thing never lasts; he'll come back.* She tried on the old make-believe: herself and Alan living in the cottage; keeping house, going around happily all day long picking up after him. Only, no. Change that. From now on, she was to be the helpless one, he was ——

Her imagination staggered and gave up. Kate was right. She needed someone handy to practice on.

When the phone rang, her heart leaped like fireworks. Alan?

"This is the News, Classified Rental Department. Going through our files, we noticed ——"

"I was just about to call you," Betsy said, with a sigh that would break the average heart.

Only six people called up on Wednesday, but Thursday was frantic. Brides, largely. Something about garden cottages attracted them in droves. Betsy's brisk new landlady voice said, "No laundry, and the cooking facilities are limited. No, sorry, no oven." Well, couldn't they please install an oven? "Absolutely not," said Betsy, brisker. *There'll be no bride baking pies in my cottage. Unless, of course* —— A great big tall "unless" she couldn't see over the top of.

The male voices were either married or not what she had in mind.

At nine A.M. Friday, a dark, warm, young-man voice called. "You have a house for rent?"

With leaping premonitions, Betsy said, "Yes, we have."

"You mean it isn't gone?" He sounded pleasantly stunned.

"It could have been, if I weren't so particular."

Deflated pause. "Well," the voice resumed, "my name is John Prescott Jones, pardon me for not being famous this morning. I am out here with Metzger Laboratory, from Cambridge, Massachusetts, M.I.T. '55." He added, "I never smoke in bed."

"Do you bake?" inquired Betsy. "Pies or anything?"

Mr. Jones gave this a little time before replying, "Not so far." He said, "What I'm trying to find is a place for ——"

For me and my wife? Betsy held her breath, waiting.

"I was wondering," the good voice started over, "if you would object to a well-behaved dog. The ad mentioned nothing about pets."

"It didn't? You're sure?" *Golly, I should have read it.* "I mean the way she—that is it hardly seems ——" There was a brief wait. "The trouble," Betsy clarified, "is my sister; only that wouldn't be serious except for her garden."

"So," he said solemnly.

"What kind of a dog is it?" As if that mattered.

"Beagle. He doesn't beagle much, though. Soporific type. What is the address there?" demanded Mr. Jones, masterfully.

It was either-or. Give him the address or hang up. "Ninety Hillcrest Road. But what ——"

"Your name?"

"Betsy Mitten. Miss. Perhaps we should ——"

"I'll be right over."

The thing to do was rush right out and dust the cottage. Remove her things—Alan's picture, her typewriter. So she went straight upstairs and changed lipstick, brushed her hair until it swung all of a shining piece, and put on three crisp petticoats. Over these went a pink-striped wash dress with matching cardigan that looked like eighty-seven-fifty, and cost eighteen. Alan called it "that little-woman-in-the-home getup," but men differ—not that that cut any soup. The idea, the basic idea, was simply to rent the cottage to a desirable tenant. Never mind the dog angle. Face that later.

Never mind the gate either. For Alan she used to dash out and open it, and this lazy new good-for-nothingness troubled her every sound country instinct, but she just stood there. Near a window affording a splendid view of the driveway gate.

A new all-black convertible stopped and a man climbed out—tall, tanned, and tired. The face looked durable, you could say that for it. His glance houseward gave him dark quiet eyes. He was twenty-seven? -eight? *And probably engaged to some Radcliffe girl, no man that attractive is roaming around loose in this pre-arranged world.* Driving through, he got out again and closed the gate, which was a good sign, but you could hardly grade people on it, the way Kate did Alan. *For heaven's sake, Alan, where were you the last minute and a half?*

Going downstairs she waited behind the door while the bell rang, one—two—three, then opened it. "Mr. Jones?"

"You're Miss Mitten, I hope?" The smile changed his whole face. "Nice place you have here," but he was still looking at Betsy. "Why were you standing in back of the door all that time?"

"Because I promised." Having cleared that up, she said, "Where is your dog?"

Crossing to the car, he said, "Come on out, fella." A woebegone hound assembled himself off the floor and slowly followed his ears to the driveway, his mournful eyes shrewdly sizing up Betsy Mitten. Then he sat down as if to say, "This is the end of the line, boys."

John Jones said, "You'd be sad, too, if you had no home."

"Dear me. What's his name?"

"By an odd coincidence," John Jones said with his face on straight, "his name is Mitten."

Betsy's expression tottered between incredulous, pleased, and just-who-are-you-kidding.

"My-size Mitten," John laughed; "not yours. He answers better to Sykes, that's what the guy I got him from called him, but he's learning. Watch this. Mitten, come here." Mitten sat. "Well, h'm. Can't take his eyes off you; smart dog."

Mr. Jones grinned. "Perhaps," he suggested with nice restraint, "we might have a look at the cottage?"

"As long as you're here." No promises. Still, a really well-behaved dog, after all ——

The cottage door stuck. If you lifted on the handle and pushed with one knee —— But she let him find out. He was bigger than she was.

Inside, he swept a glance and dropped his hat. "I'm home."

Mitten took longer. Approving the woodstove for space underneath to lie down, the bedroom was then thoroughly investigated. Satisfied, Mitten leaped onto the bed, turned around three times, breathed a deep sigh, and went to sleep.

"Mitten!" his master said. "Get down, sir! Off that bed!"

Not a twitch. Scooping the dog up, Jones said, "This beats me. He's never done such a thing before."

Betsy tapped her landlady foot. "How long have you had him?"

"Well, let's see." Gazing off, Mr. Jones grappled with figures. "One, two, three, four—give or take a little, I would say the better part of a week." Metzger Lab's new engineer added, "It was love at first sight."

"But, Mr. Jones"—Betsy looked helpless without half trying—"what can I say? Jumping on the bed, now really. If Kate heard about that, she'd come home roaring. And what if he digs up the garden?"

"I ask you fair and square, lady," appealed Jones, "does that dog look as if he works for a living? Well"—taking up his hat—"this was too good to be true. Anyway, it was very nice meeting you, Miss Mitten." Then he just stood there.

Talk about confusion. A perfectly good tenant, someone handy to practice on, and now this dog business. A light clicked on: *But if the dog is already in here, and if the gate is already closed, then the dog can't get in here because he's already in.* "I wonder," she mused, "if perhaps you made a bed for him, maybe over there in the corner?"

He shot out the door and returned in minutes, bringing a plaid steamer rug. "He's been sleeping on this in the car." Placing the rug, he lowered Mitten, who slept right through. "There, you see? Smart dog." Making directly for the desk, Jones took out his checkbook. "Before you change your mind again, is first and last month's rent all right?" His up-glance stumbled over Alan's picture. It lingered briefly, moved on to Betsy, and returned to Alan. "I won't be needing this." Mr. Jones calmly turned the picture face down.

The nerve. Betsy caught up the leather frame and clasped it to her pink little well-rounded cardigan.

"Always looked forward to California," John said pleasantly, writing the check. "Massachusetts winters don't fool around."

"This particular area can be quite chilly," Betsy snipped. "And the cottage is only for two months, altogether." *Be a little careful how you tip over pictures.*

"Oh?" He raised a shoulder and accepted it. "*Que sera, sera;* that's how it is then." He stood up. "By the way, is there a maid available?"

She studied on it. "That's rather difficult. It might possibly be arranged, although Fidelia has about all she can ——"

"Thanks," said Mr. Jones. Taking the whole thing for granted, an absent-minded glaze came over his face. He looked as if a preoccupation, parked temporarily, was now resumed. "Now I can forget the mechanics of living, thank the Lord, and get on with my work. Back to my ohms and atoms."

"Ohm," Betsy said. "Is that where the heart is?"

The man had simply stopped hearing. Also seeing small blondes. Notebook in hand, he toured planning glances over and around her, writing down, "Drawing board. Improve illumination level over desk. Bookcase."

She stuck around, looking like a Dresden ornament a while longer. Nothing happened. A fine how-do-you-do to practice on! Him and his darn dog. Leaving quietly, Betsy glanced into the bedroom. Mitten lay curled up, sound asleep—in the middle of the bed.

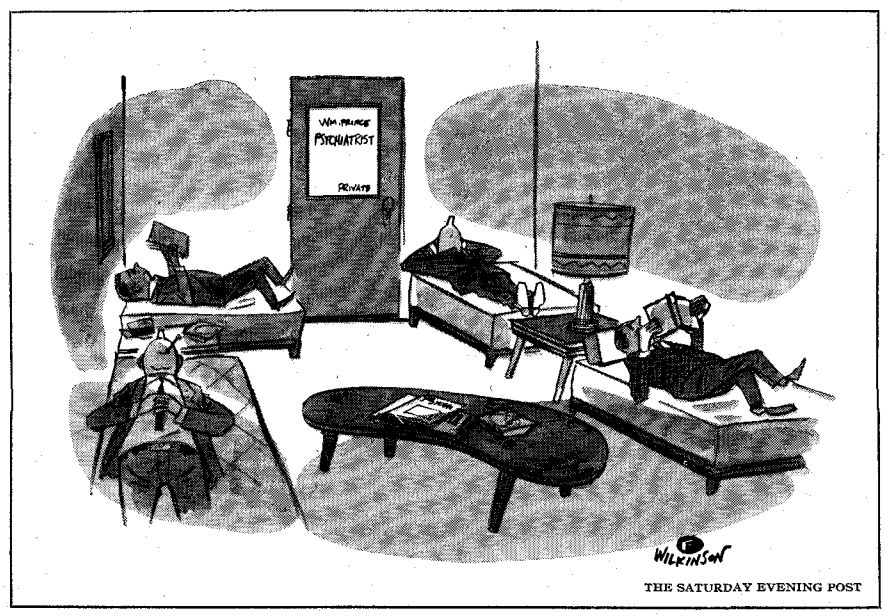
Proceeding straight to the attic, she wrestled with a bookcase. It went up those narrow stairs once, it had to go down. And if no one sees you not being helpless, that doesn't count.

For the next two weeks, things didn't count constantly. First, Fidelia went away; she had her tooth again. Whenever any of her large devoted Cuernavaca family arrived visiting, Fidelia fell back on her tooth. Then there was Mitten, a mixed blessing. John, as Betsy now thought of him, turned Mitten out mornings and evenings to run; but that poor dog, shut up in the cottage all day long—she couldn't stand it.

Entertaining Mitten could turn into a career if you had time, and she didn't have, not with the cottage-keeping. Without Fidelia, it had to be done under cover, as it were—no use bothering John with Fidelia's tooth. She rarely laid eyes on John, the world's worst housekeeper. The way he had books knee-high all over the place, you could break your neck. Not to mention laundry forgotten, no food, lights on, buttons off. And no recreation, nothing but work, work, work and then read till all hours. No girl, either—he had no girl pictures, letters or little doodads—and no time for a girl. He did leave nice little notes for Fidelia, *Muchas gracias para los camisos, mucho bueno*, along with money which Betsy stashed in her hope chest, feeling she had earned it, and how. He appreciated the many small attentions, the home-baked bread, the Mexican stew she had learned to make from watching Fidelia; and possibly even the lavender-scented sheets. To Kate, she wrote on borrowed time. "The tenant is nice. Someone to practice on." *If and/or when.*

Kate wrote back, "Cheers. Have you tried the dress on him yet?"

The dress. She'd clear forgotten it. There it hung in the plastic cover, never worn, a filmy dream made of skill and seafoam, cut down to her size. "Cost a fortune," Kate had said, "but I look like Elsie Dinsmore in it." That evening, Betsy decided to try it on—on herself, at least. *What I* (*Continued on Page 88*)



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 86*) *look like*, she told the mirrored vision, *ain't even possible.*

A dress like that needs a garden to go with it. Strolling outside, she ran smack into sifted moonlight, mingled fragrance, whilom breeze, and presently, Mitten. A voice called, "Mitten, come here!" Nearer, the voice said, "He certainly remembers you." And finally, beside her in the moonlight, John glanced at her bare shoulders and said, "Want a sweater?"

It was not quite what she expected, but the evening was young. They walked, unhurried, pausing beside a brick retaining wall that held the begonias. Breaking off a luminous white flower Betsy fastened it in her hair with the age-old lovely gesture. He missed it. His eyes were on the wall, his curious shoe exploring loose bricks.

"Odd thing," John said, "brick masonry has been in use for thousands of years, yet the mechanism of bond between brick and mortar is still a mystery."

"I adore mysteries," Betsy said. "Isn't the moon divine?"

"Masonry testing," John resumed, "is using an ultrasonic device that sends tiny earthquakes through brick walls, recording them on an oscilloscope." He took her arm. "Look out for the sundial." He let go her arm, and they went on strolling with Mitten bumping against ankles from time to time.

Well, it's friendly, Betsy considered, *but so's a guided tour.* By this time, the dress had her feeling legitimately helpless. "Oleander," she dreamed aloud in a slightly Southern accent, "looks so romantic in the evenin', don't you think?"

"Source of oleandomycin," said John, "a sugary chemical. Checks staphylococci that are resistant to penicillin."

Let's see you be helpless with that, sister. "How nice to be useful as well as beautiful."

"Many things are." He turned a detached inspection to her face. "Your eyes, for example."

"Really?" Giving him the full adorable-confusion treatment. "My goodness, you know so much it scares me. I'm just utterly baffled by practically everything," said Betsy, with the helpless little shrug that is best in a strapless dress. "Television, now there's something I'll never understand. What makes it work?"

"A simple matter"—his a-b-c voice could handle this—"of coaxial cables and microwave relay systems. Thirty high frequencies a second."

"Do tell! Well, I'm certainly glad *some*body knows." And right there handy among the rhododendron was the grape-leaf iron bench.

With silken whispers, Betsy melted onto the shadowed end. He sat down beside her. The bench was ice cold and the seat left you printed like a waffle, but the romantic possibilities were unlimited. In the dappled light, her sturdy hands seemed fragile as butterflies and she moved them in graceful patterns.

"Naturally," she said, "anyone knows there's the finite, as well as the infinite, and something happens to light. I mean, it bends?"

He did seem amused. "If you carried that far enough, you could see the back of your own neck"—glancing there. "And very pretty too."

She tested with one butterfly hand. "Honestly?"

"News, h'm?" commented John, recrossing his long legs. "Well, I'll say this for you, Betsy Mitten: You have uncanny knowledge of the oldest and most intricate science on earth."

Before she could ask a wide-eyed "What?" his attention had strayed off up in the sky. "That's Venus," he said. "That other big light"—indicating—"that's the Red Planet. Mars."

She gazed raptly upward, profile-conscious. "Do you suppose anyone will ever be able to see what in the world goes on up there?"

"Certainly," he obliged. "In 1971. Fifty m-m telescope. Sometime in September; probably the sixth."

"Oh, no!" Betsy produced a musical tiny scream. "What time?"

"Midnight." And he said it for the gospel truth.

"Now honestly, I'm breathless." And she panted, with charm, to prove it. "You do know such fabulous things, John." This got the up-glance, with eyelashes. "Tell me this: What will we be doing then?" Her hand brushed his and languished there. "You and me?"

His hand moved away, his eyes held unwavering to the good safe sky above, and he said, "I wouldn't know."

He might at least make a nice round guess; any gentleman would. "What really intrigues me," Betsy said—stung, but still game—"is something you said a little while ago. Uncanny knowledge? Of some old science? Me?"

"I." His indulgent glance would fit a kitten. "Why, yes, you. The science of being little and helpless."

"Oh." Inhale, exhale. *So I made it.* "That's a science?"

John filled a deliberate pipe, lighted it, thought awhile, and answered the question. "In expert hands it is, yes. To be always in character, always exquisite, cherished, perishable." Pipe in hand he motioned toward her dress. "And wildly expensive." A calm smile wished her the best of luck, nothing else but. "Something impractical, and infinitely precious," John Prescott Jones summed up with his high-handed scientific detachment, "that few sensible young men would even try to afford."

For one full minute, Betsy Mitten sat lost in suspended time. Her slippers began in slow motion feeling for the ground. Rising to her full sixty inches, she announced to the assembled rhododendron, "It's late. If you will excuse me, I must go in the house and write to my sister. Good night."

Dear Kate, she wrote with a frying pen, *You may think you know all there is to know about*—when the phone rang.

"Betsy?" Kate's far-off voice said. "Betsy, is that you? . . . Oh, Bets, I'm in terrible trouble. Bob's gone."

"Gone where?"

"He didn't say where. He didn't even say good-by. We had a big ——" The quivering voice broke. "He—he left me."

Following a stretched interval, Betsy said, "Oh?"

Muffled sobs and open indignation came through clearly. "Is that all you have to say? Say something, Betsy."

"All right. I'll say something, but you won't like it: What took him so long?"

There was an infuriated gasp. "My—own—sister!"

"You asked for it. And here's something else, Kate. That asinine fool promise you made me make—I'm breaking it. As of ten minutes ago."

Half an hour later, the phone rang again. A subdued baritone said, "Betsy? . . . Bob. I'm on my way home."

"Something happened?"

"Sure did. Big do. This guy, he was —— Oh, the hell with it." A clutch of hard breathing followed. "Betsy, I love that girl, but she's driving me nuts."

"How are you now?"

"Cold sober, sister. I'm telling you, Bets"—the voice shook—"this hacking around with a lot of live-it-uppers, I can't take it any more."

"What are your plans, Bob?"

"You tell me," he invited, all-out.

The voice at the other end seemed to be humming a little tune. Then, "You mean that?" Betsy asked.

"I mean that. This is the end of my rope."

"Bob, listen. Someone famous once said any advice is bad enough, but good advice is intolerable."

He gave a short laugh. "Go ahead. Let's have it."

Pulling up an easy chair, his small blond sister-in-law sat down, drew a long sustaining breath, and let him have it.

Fidelia returned the next morning, gay in her Cuernavaca colors, tooth side-tracked. Lightly, Betsy sketched in the tenant situation. Minutes later she saw Fidelia standing at the window, entranced. Out in the driveway, John dusted his car, then climbed into it and drove off. The black eyes turned, sparkling.

"*Hola, el señor.* Is interesting. The courtship, perhaps?"

"Fee-dale-yah! I swear, anything in pants ——"

"Ah-ha, *bueno*," beamed Fidelia. "It is. Because it looks on you very pretty this morning. Tell me, he declares?"

Betsy's coffee cup hit the saucer. "Declares. Well, hardly. The whole thing is too —— Fidelia, listen," and the cards went on the table. "The darn man didn't even try to kiss me!"

"*Por Dios*"—with feeling. "Not even?"

"Not even. I don't think they teach it at M.I.T."

"M—I—T? Mit?"

"Mitout."

The dark eyes considered. "This is bad. He neglects you."

Rolling up a tortilla, Betsy bit into it thoughtfully, turning the situation over in her mind. "Perhaps. But, Fidelia, you know something? Being neglected for a harmonic oscillator isn't nearly so painful as being neglected for an actress."

John came home early in the afternoon. So who cared? She had Mitten stashed out on the lawn, nearby. She had herself in torn jeans, Bob's oldest sweatshirt, no shoes, dirty face. John stood around, watching what she was doing. He seemed rooted there, stupefied. At length, he said, "But you—you're off the parallel."

Betsy gave the final turn and glanced up. "Any helpless, extravagant, impractical little blonde," she said, "who doesn't know enough to put a new washer in a leaky valve, isn't worth house room." So declaring, she picked up her Stillson wrench and walked away.

She heard him drive out, soon after. At five, his car limped in with a deep dent in the radiator and higher on one side. John half stepped, half fell out onto the driveway. Fidelia's eyebrows went up. "*Borracho?*"

"Drunk nothing." Betsy made for the door. "The man's hurt."

Catching up, she helped him to a chair in the cottage. "Ambulance, ridiculous." He waved a weighted hand. "Small matter. I was driving along El Camino, thinking about a girl, when bang. 'S nothing. Insured. Nice guy hit me, 's with Darien Lab, and ——"

"You're shaking like a leaf."

He woke up in his bed, surrounded by two women—one in English, one in Spanish— (*Continued on Page 90*)

You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Sociable Sally refused to let the wedding bells break up that old gang of hers. She invited her girl friends to stay at her house as often and as long as they liked. Her husband, driven crazy by hen parties, all but threw them out. Outraged, Sally sued for a separation.

"This is my home as much as it is my husband's," she harangued. "A home is a place for social entertainment. My parents never objected to my bringing my friends home. Should I have less freedom in my own house?"

"It reached the point where I couldn't stand the endless chatter of her friends," her husband replied, "and a man should not be compelled to live in his own home with outsiders he can't stand."

If you were the judge, would you grant Sally a separation?

• •

Sally lost. The court ruled that when two people marry, "they each become entitled to the rights of the home without the presence of third parties, especially so when the third party distresses the husband or the wife."

Based upon a 1932 New York decision.

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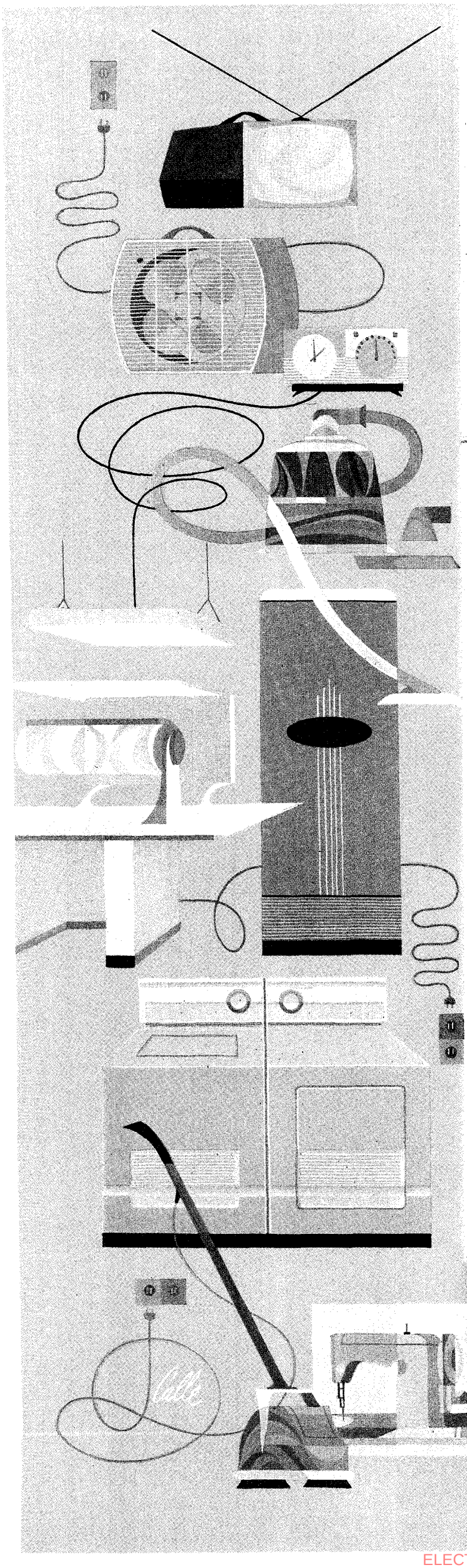

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- ____ Room Air Conditioner
- ____ Full HOUSEPOWER
- ____ Enough Outlets
- ____ Handy Switches
- ____ Vacuum Cleaner
- ____ Waste Disposer
- ____ Dishwasher
- ____ Floor Scrubber
- ____ Floor & Furniture Polisher
- ____ Electronic Air Cleaner
- ____ Sewing Machine
- ____ Towel Dryer
- ____ Attic Fan
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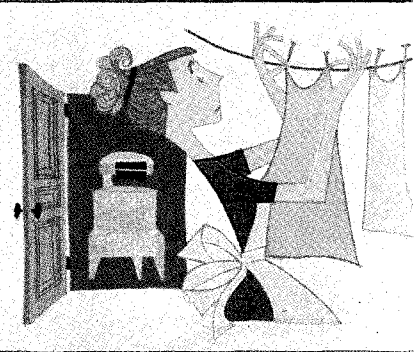

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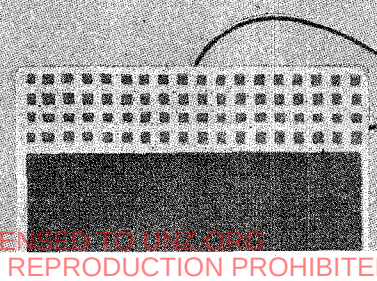

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(*Continued from Page 88*) and his teeth chattering like castanets. "You're in shock," Betsy said; "take this pill."

"What is it, reserpine? Chloromazine?"

"It's good for you and you swallow it," said Betsy. He swallowed it. Hot-water bottles, heating pads and blankets smothered him, but a soft hand smoothed his forehead and a warm voice said, "Sh-h-h, here's the doctor now."

A long-awaited phone call came soon after the doctor left. It was Alan, Alan being so beautifully casual, so offhand, in the voice that once rang all her bells. "Hi, Betsy, what you doing tonight?"

No bells rang. She said, "Sitting up with a sick friend."

"That so? Well, I've been sitting up with a sick telephone. Surely you must have heard I'm back, by now. Why haven't you called?"

"Should I?"

"Under the circumstances ——" Alan dropped that for "You used to."

"Honest?" She hauled off and gave the phone an amazed look. "I must have been very young, then. Good-by, Alan, I'm busy," and hung up. She had never felt better in her life.

Around nine, while reading aloud to John from Dr. William Shockley's book on semiconductors—a very good trick if you can do it—there came a knock at the door. Betsy went to answer.

Alan strode in. "I went to the other house first," he said. "Now I come out here and find you with a man, in bed."

Struggling to rise, John exclaimed fiercely, "Careful of your punctuation, fella!"

"I should hope so," Betsy flashed out; "and he's staying there too. The doctor said he really ought to be in the hospital."

"Betsy, my dear child"—Alan adopted a family tone—"I want to have a talk with this man's doctor. You have no idea what an equivocal position you're in."

"You can go equivocate someplace else," Betsy informed him. "I'm only doing what any human being would do."

"But, my dear," protested Alan, "you're an unmarried girl."

"You'd be surprised how human unmarried girls are. So run along, now," and she ushered Alan out gently, but not too gently, Mitten assisting.

When she returned, John had his head propped up, with the aid of one unsteady elbow. "Guy was real shook," he commented, charmed. "Funny," he grinned, "very funny thing how wrong you can be on first impressions. Or put it this way: I don't know a daggone thing about women. Who does?"

Betsy put on her white-uniform look and said in a voice that had starch in it, "At a certain stage in shock, the patient frequently goes on a talking jag, and not that I mind listening, but it's time you went to sleep. Take this." She fed him a pill, a glass of water, and two more pills. Unpropping his head, she settled it back to freshened pillows and twitched the blanket.

"I may be a hypochondriac for life," remarked John.

Good business relations help a man reach the top; and his dad will keep him there too.

KEN SHIVELY

"There's no future in it." Betsy looked things over. She gave a professional pat here and there, and made motions of departure. "Anything else you need?" she asked.

"Yes," John said. "I need you. Right now. All the time, always and forever as long as I live, I need you. You're too far away. Lean —— Oh, Betsy, Oh, darling Betsy, my darling ——"

He didn't need moonlight, he didn't even need science. The man was plain born with it.

When the phone rang, John had just finished saying, "Midnight in 1971, yippee!" and Betsy had just finished saying, "I bet anything those were the wrong pills." He said, "Let it ring." She said, "I can't; it might be Kate."

It was Kate. "I'm calling from the Cliff House," she said.

"Where? I can hardly hear you."

"Up here in the High Sierra," said Kate, louder; "near Bob's old camp. My, it's beautiful. I saw three deer and a sweet little skunk this morning at sunrise."

"You did!" exclaimed Betsy.

"And guess what, we have two perfectly precious dogs—Irish wolfhounds. Bob sends his love. Oh, and Betsy, one thing more: I'm pregnant."

"Hurrah," yelled Betsy; "three rousing cheers, and about time!"

"At my age. I'm real pleased if I do say so, and Bob ——" A genuine girlish giggle came over the wire. "Honey, he's absolutely sickening, you wouldn't believe —— But look, what about you, sweetie? So much has been happening I nearly forgot to ask: How are you, dear?"

The rapturous glance took in John, Mitten asleep beside him, the cottage, the rest of her natural life.

"Fine," Betsy said. "All I need now is an oven." THE END

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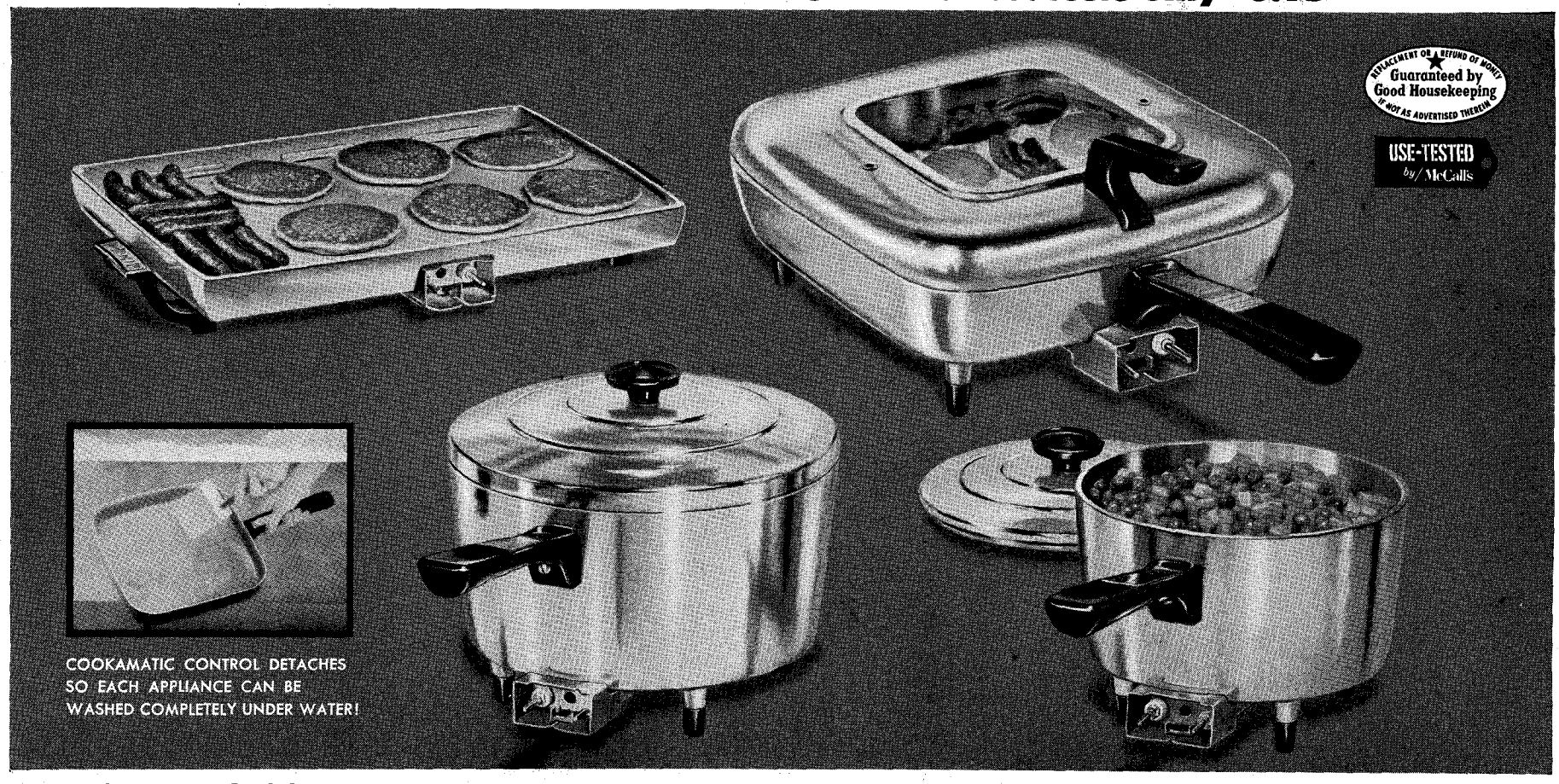
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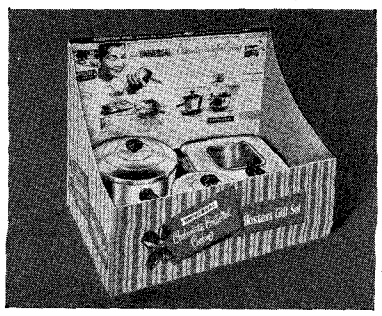

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Out of My Past (Continued from Page 25)

trouble no lawyer could fix. I had no appetite for dinner, and I grabbed my hat and went home.

I hadn't had this trapped, guilty feeling for years. What did this boy know about George Raft? What did anyone know? Even my own mother, who loved me long after I rejected her and ran away from home, had only vague suspicions about the kind of life I led before I got into the movies.

I recall going to see her one night during the prohibition period—she always had my favorite cocoa and homemade coffee cake waiting—and I was wearing one of those tight-fitting, velvet-collar overcoats which were popular then in the underworld. I had a .38 police special in a sling under my arm, and it must have bulged out like a camel's hump.

"Georgie," she said softly, with her eyes brimming, "I thought you were dancing in a night club."

"I am," I said.

"I didn't know dancers carried those things," she said.

I couldn't say to her: *Ma, how do you think I'm living so well these days?* Nor could I bluff her about the gun. She didn't actually see it, but she knew it was there. I looked at her helplessly and she said, "Georgie, as long as you're doing that kind of dancing, I don't think you'd better come here any more." I slunk out like a whipped dog, and it was years before I saw her again. Now it was little Jackie Dietz showing me the door, and I was blue about it.

Late that night, unable to sleep, I walked into the bathroom for a sedative. I looked in the mirror and asked myself the question: *Am I a gangster?* The mirror seemed to reply: *Well, you look like one.* Perhaps I do.

I was gazing at the so-called "menace" you first saw in Scarface, and in more than a hundred movie thrillers thereafter: Swarthy skin, drum-tight; high cheekbones and heavy lids over narrow, slanting eyes. One ear still showing the healed slash of a knife fight long years ago, and on the throat a tiny scar where a girl once tried to kill me with a hatpin. Lips clamped into a hard, thin line because movie directors told me over and over, "You don't look tough when you smile." This was the face so thoroughly identified with murder and gunfights that some people still back away when they see me on the street.

I had worn this deadpan look for so many years that it had become a movie-industry trade-mark and was often the subject for a gag. While filming Mr. Casanova, for instance, Bob Hope was overdoing things in one scene and the director finally interfered. "Let's do it without animation," he said. "Give me a George Raft mood."

I don't mind jokes like that, and there have been many. I'm sure I laughed louder than anyone else when the Friars Club recently gave me a testimonial dinner, and comedian George Burns said in his speech, "Raft once played a scene in front of a cigar store, and it looked like the wooden Indian was overacting." I never claimed to be much of an actor, and my gangster face is the only one I have.

But as I looked into my mirror that night, my sense of humor must have been missing. I began to have doubts about the man called George Raft. If a ten-year-old boy had been disillusioned by one word on a television broadcast, what were others thinking?

Was this why the fan letters came no more and the phone stopped ringing? Was this the reason many producers couldn't find "the right script" for me? Was this the reason young hoodlums had mysteriously showed up at my home and offered to work for me? "What kind of work?" I asked one of them. "Anything you say, Georgie," the leader replied. "You want somebody knocked off, we knock 'im off." Even Rocky Graziano got into it. Writing about his violent youth and his sidewalk gang of thieves and thugs, Rocky said I was his boyhood hero. "We thought we looked tough," he said. "We must have been some sight, all rigged up like a bunch of miniature George Rafts, the day they told us that Dillinger got shot in Chicago, and I and the whole mob sat down on the curb and cried."

I should have told Rocky about the time in 1937 when I was handed a script of a big-budget picture. I was cast as an especially vicious gangster, and in one sequence I was to round up a group of juvenile Capones and train them how to be killers and thieves. I told the studio I wouldn't do that scene. I wanted to tell the kids how (*Continued on Page 94*)

GEORGE KESNER THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"They seem to be making a go of it."

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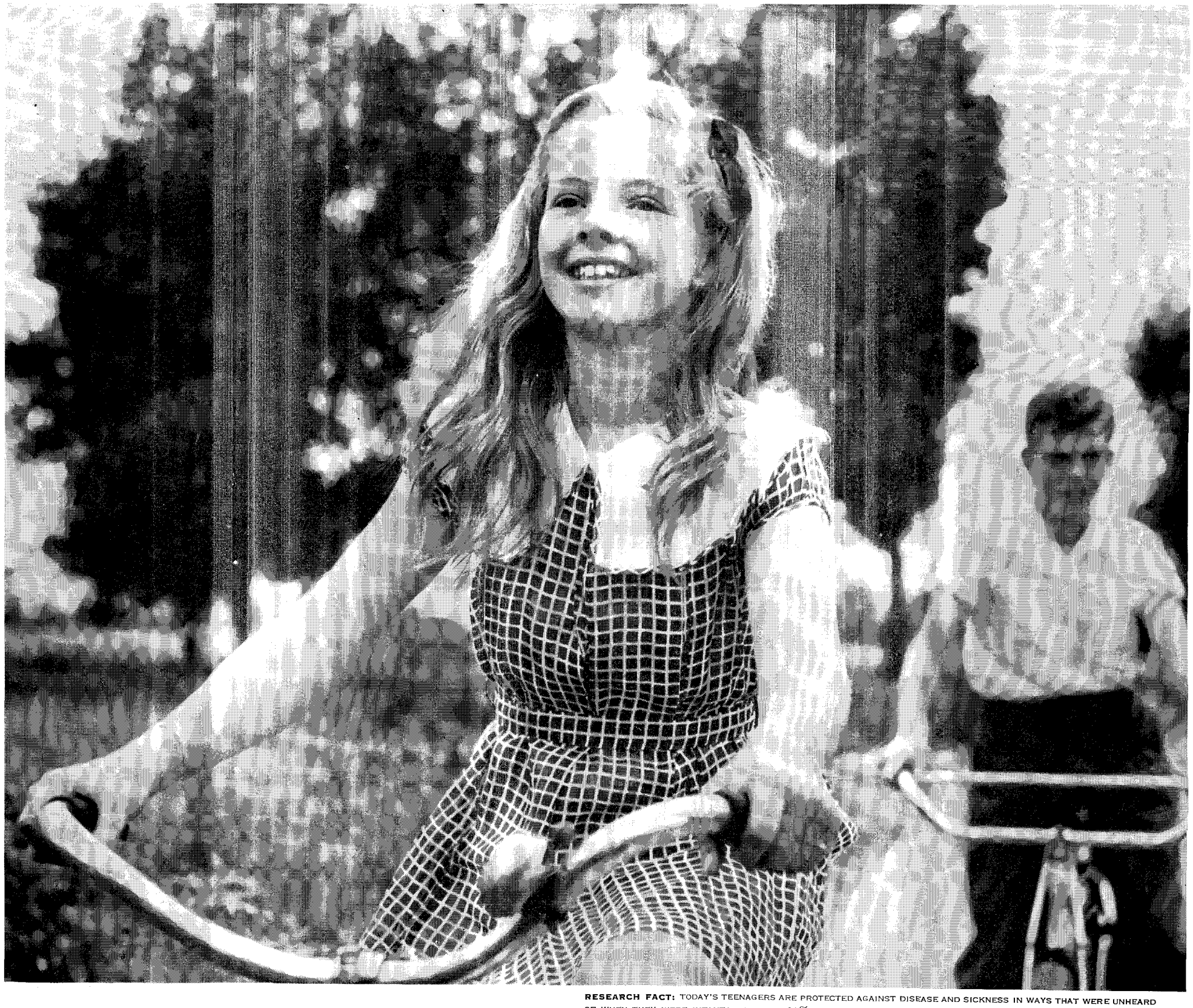

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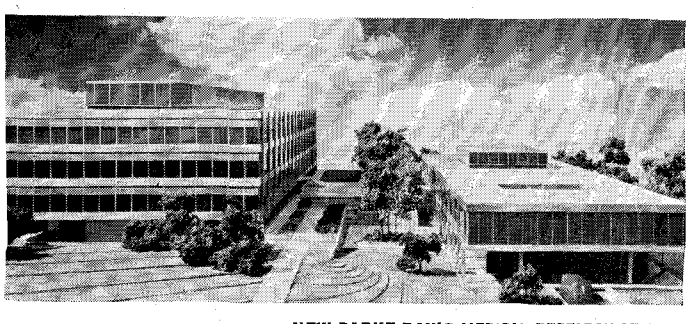

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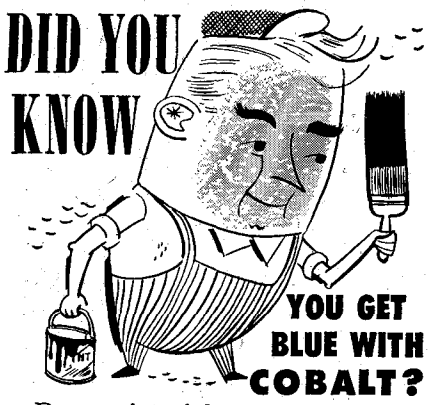

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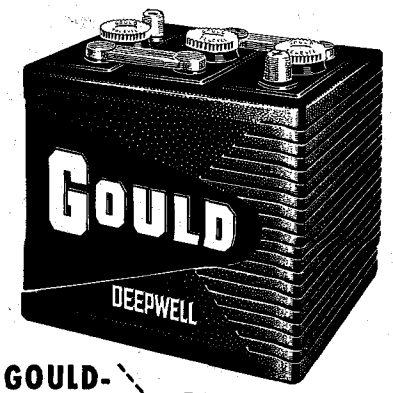

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(*Continued from Page 92*)

not to be gangsters. I turned down that assignment and they thought I was crazy. Perhaps I was. The picture was Dead End, and it firmly established Humphrey Bogart as a star.

No one ever accused Bogart of being a thug in private life, but I know what people have been saying about me. I've heard the whispers and rumors for years: *Raft was a killer and the cops ran him out of New York. . . . Sure, he was good in all those gangster pictures. He was just playing himself. . . . Raft isn't his real name. He just made it up when he got out of prison. . . You wanna fix something with the West Coast mob, then you gotta see Raft.* And so on.

What is the definition of a gangster? At one of the Kefauver crime hearings a few years ago one witness said, "A gangster is an individual who, by means of force and duress, goes out and obtains money. Gangsterism is very definitely a form of violence."

Am I such a gangster? It's a fair question, and I can answer it only by telling the whole story. The good and the bad, the joys and the heartaches. All the things I've had locked up in my mind for more than thirty years. The things I was ashamed of and the things I never tried to explain. If you are squeamish about the realities of life, this is the place to turn off. For much of my life was violent, far more violent than any melodrama in my movie scripts. But I have found a peace of sorts.

My friend, Tommy Guinan—his sister was the late and beloved Texas Guinan, of Broadway—insists that I would have taken my own life long ago if it were not for television. "Georgie sits there until two in the morning," Tommy says, "and he forgets his troubles. If he didn't have that set, he couldn't go on living."

Well, Tommy, it isn't that tough. Not yet.

In fact, if there is to be a killing of any kind, I'll give Tommy odds that the gun will be used on me by some trigger-happy young hood who thinks I've broken the underworld code by talking too much. I've had a couple of threatening phone calls already, and these gentlemen, who sound like characters in a George Raft movie, have said some very unpleasant things. Don't they know I'm not afraid any more? I lived through the gang wars of the '20's and the '30's when life was cheap, and the cops didn't care who plugged who as long as the victims weren't honest or important citizens.

I would have said right here that gang killings are corny or old-fashioned these days, and that the present generation of movie-goers would probably snicker all the way through one of those bloody thrillers I made in the early '30's. But as I write this, my friend, Frank Costello, the so-called king of the underworld, is trying to find the man who creased his skull with a bullet in May of this year. And only a few blocks away, Sherman Billingsley, of the famed Stork Club, recently told the New York police he carries a gun because he fears an attack from labor racketeers. So things have not changed very much. During the '20's when I was working in night clubs for Owney Madden, he got me out of bed one afternoon, and said, "One of our pals in the night-club business is jumpy and he needs a bodyguard tonight. You're it."

I checked the gun in my pocket and said, "O.K. What's his name?"

"Sherman Billingsley," he said.

You may have decided by this time that I have already answered the question I asked my mirror. If you suspect that I know a great deal about gangsters and their world, you are right. If you think I made mistakes in my foolish youth, you are also right. But you are wrong if you believe that I have ever deliberately hurt anyone. If I were to be called before a grand jury today—and this is one experience I've never had—the examination might go like this:

Q.: Your real name is George Raft?
A.: No. My name was Ranft—my father was German—but I dropped the "n" because Raft was easier to pronounce. My father never forgave me for that.
Q.: Have you ever been arrested or tried or convicted for a crime.?
A.: Never. But perhaps I should have been. When I used to visit Owney Madden in Sing Sing he was always ribbing me. "When they bring you in here someday," he would say, "I'll get you a low number."
Q.: Did you ever pick pockets or roll a drunk?
A.: Yes, I'm sorry to say. During prohibition we thought all the customers in the speakeasies were fair game. You may remember that Texas Guinan greeted them all with: "Hello, sucker."
Q.: Have you ever killed a man?
A.: No. I came close several times, and I thank God for staying my hand. When I was a kid in the Hell's Kitchen district you had to fight for your life every day. I had a terrible temper in earlier years, and it seems as though I was mad at the whole world.
Q.: Isn't it true that the underworld got you into the movies?
A.: Not exactly. The underworld put up money so I could try my luck in Hollywood. I flopped the first time and they gave me enough so I could make a second trip West.
Q.: Has the underworld financed any other big names in show business?
A.: Well—I can think of a dozen offhand. But that's their story, not mine.
Q.: Were you ever investigated by the Kefauver Crime Committee?
A.: No. As a matter of fact, I knew what Kefauver was planning months before it was announced, and so did the underworld. I was lucky not to be subpoenaed.
Q.: Isn't it a fact, Mr. Raft, that you were an intimate friend of Al Capone, Buggsy Siegel ——
A.: Excuse me. It's Benny Siegel. He hated to be called Buggsy, and nobody in the mob dared use that word.
Q.: To go on—Jake "Greasy Thumb" Guzik, "Machine Gun" Jack McGurn, Larry Fay, Big Frenchie DeMange, Dutch Schultz and Willie Moretti, all of whom are no longer with us, as well as some others who are still living, such as Owney "The Killer" Madden, Joe Adonis, Lucky Luciano, Mickey Cohen and Frank Costello?
A.: Yes, I knew them. They were all friends of mine.
Q.: And what did you get out of all this, Mr. Raft?
A.: Gentlemen, I am the loneliest man in Hollywood.

That's not the whole answer, of course.

I might have mentioned, among other things, that my close friend and roommate, Leo Durocher, was ordered to dump me "for the good of the game," or get out of baseball himself. He dumped me. I remember the embarrassing time the French police searched my luggage in Paris, thinking I had been so ungrateful as to steal $785,000 worth of jewels from my friend, the late Aga Khan. I cringe when I think of a prominent Los Angeles sportsman who asked me to "arrange" the murder of a business rival because he thought killing for pay was one of my sidelines.

I could have said that among other rewards there were at least four attempts on my life, and that I have some scars I would rather forget. My right ear was almost severed in one knife fight, and I was thirty-eight years old before a Hollywood plastic surgeon fixed it up. I have been stabbed in the stomach three times, and my jaw was broken once by an opponent who used a roll of nickels in his fist because it wasn't smart to get caught with brass knuckles.

I've been shot at by a state trooper, and once I was knocked out, kidnaped and put aboard a Florida-bound train because a mob leader couldn't persuade me to go peaceably. I've been sued a dozen times, and I've been involved in more than a hundred fights and brawls. Twice I played clay pigeon for men in the New York mob, and it was only pure luck that kept my name off the police blotters.

There was the night, for instance, when I sat in a crummy speakeasy at Third Avenue and 168th Street in the Bronx, having dinner with a hothead whose name was Arthur Flegenheimer, but who was better known as Dutch Schultz.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

On the Other Hand

By Hal Chadwick

The kind of hand I like to see
Is big and broad and hard,
A badge of masculinity
That's callused, rough and scarred,
A hand with skin that's deeply tanned.
And yet I'll have to say
I also like that flabby hand
That passes out my pay.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Dutch had three of his gunmen with him, and we were just starting to eat when a buzzer sounded near the door. "Raid!" Dutch yelled. He and his goons pulled out their pistols, jammed them into my coat pockets and ran to another table.

I knew I was a dead duck, and I could see myself standing before the judge pleading guilty to four counts of a gunlaw rap. I was unarmed myself that night, but Dutch knew I worked for his friend Madden and wouldn't fink, and the cops would have had me on their file for the rest of my life. So I just sat there, loaded down with their rods, until the barman began to breathe again and said it was a false alarm. Dutch retrieved the guns and stalked out into the night, and I never let myself get caught alone with him again.

I got even in my own way, though, years later. I created an extra character in one of my gangster films, a dumb slob of a guy, and had him bumped off in the last reel because he was too slow on the draw. I guess Dutch never went to the movies, and perhaps my insult was wasted. All I know is, they finally got him in a real shooting match in a Newark bar. It seems the Dutchman was still fumbling with his gun when the fatal slug hit.

You may wonder why, after years of stubborn silence, I am now being so frank about the smudged pages of my life.

There was a time in my Hollywood career when I was almost unreasonably sensitive about my lack of education, and I stiffened up at every trifling remark that sounded like a dirty crack. In my in-

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security and embarrassment I hit many a man merely because he would say, "H'm, you don't look so tough off the screen." I threw punches at my fellow actors—including Edward G. Robinson, the late Wallace Beery and Peter Lorre—because I thought they were needling me about my background. I had such a bad reputation that more than one director backed out of a picture when my name showed up at the head of the cast, saying, "Raft's a knuckle-duster and I'm not going to have him work me over."

Even my friends were often puzzled and hurt by things I said in haste, but some of them understood. I was on location one time, after World War II making A Dangerous Profession with Pat O'Brien and Ella Raines. During a lull, Pat and Ella began a little good-natured boasting about their children, some of whom had won honors at school and were celebrating a birthday that same day.

The conversation suddenly stung me—probably because I had no family of my own—and I snapped, "Oh, yeah, I'm celebrating too! My kid gets out of San Quentin today!"

Pat knew what was eating me, and he cooled me off by quipping, "Great, George! Now he can enroll at Joliet without any entrance exams."

There comes a time in every man's life when his account is overdrawn and he has to balance the books. So this is for Jackie Dietz, who said I was a gangster. And for John Doe and Jane Roe and any others who have George Raft on their ledger as a no-good so-and-so who earned $10,000,000 as a movie villain—not because he was a great actor, but only because he was doing what comes naturally.

It is also for my mother, who thought it was quite wonderful that her first-born son, Georgie, the only one of her six children who lived, remained a movie star and miraculously stayed out of jail at the same time.

I am sure she was never quite convinced I had any virtues, but toward the end of her life she came over to my side, right or wrong. Shortly before her death in 1937 I took her to a première in New York, and the studio, as usual, provided me with a police escort. As we entered the lobby, trailed by four husky, uniformed patrolmen, she suddenly became aware of them with one panicky backward look.

"Run, Georgie, run!" she screamed, giving me a push. "Don't let the cops get you!"

So I say again that this is for my sweet mother—wherever she may be—and to assure her that the cops didn't get me, but that my conscience did. A man can't run forever.

I am telling this story to Dean Jennings in my bachelor apartment on Charleville Boulevard in Beverly Hills, just a block from busy Wilshire Boulevard.

My landlady is a beautiful actress named Joan Crawford, and I am always hoping she will collect the rent in person, but, of course, she never does. Indeed, few people come here nowadays, or so it seems during all these endless, solitary evenings. There was a time when the phone rang like a firehouse bell all day, and the postman frequently complained about his load of fan mail for me. If times have changed—and they most certainly have—I can say without bitterness that the world is on your team only as long as you stay on top.

You see, I am not so tough, after all. I am like millions of other men. I always wanted to come home at night—and you *can call this sloppy sentiment if you* like—and hear someone saying, "Hello, darling," and saying it with her heart. That someone might have been any one of many beautiful and glamorous women who gave me so much happiness and asked so little. I lost them as I lost everything else—and no one can be blamed except George Raft. I used to think love and friendship were like merchandise. The underworld taught me that you could buy almost anything—cops, lawyers, judges, politicians—if you paid enough. I earned millions as an actor, and I spent it buying happiness on the installment plan and thinking I owned it. I never really had it. The world was lending it to me, and it could be repossessed like anything else.

So here I am, wondering what to say and how to say it. I never saved press clippings, which certainly proves I'm no actor, nor did I keep scrapbooks, letters, programs or other mementos. One of the few souvenirs left is a huge photograph of a dark, sultry young man with sleek black hair, and most people say, "Why, that's Rudolph Valentino. Did you know him?" Yes, I knew him intimately. We were ballroom gigolos together. But the man in the photo is not Valentino. It's George Raft, made up and photographed to look like Valentino.

When Rudy died so tragically, the promoters were knocking on my door an hour after the funeral, saying, "Here's your chance, Georgie. You're a dead ringer for Rudy and you can step right into his shoes." They dressed me in a Gaucho costume and they took pictures. One enterprising theater man offered me $1500 a week if I'd work up an act with Jean Acker, Valentino's first wife. I said the hell with it. But I keep the photograph on my bedroom wall just to remind me that no man can step into another's shoes on resemblance alone.

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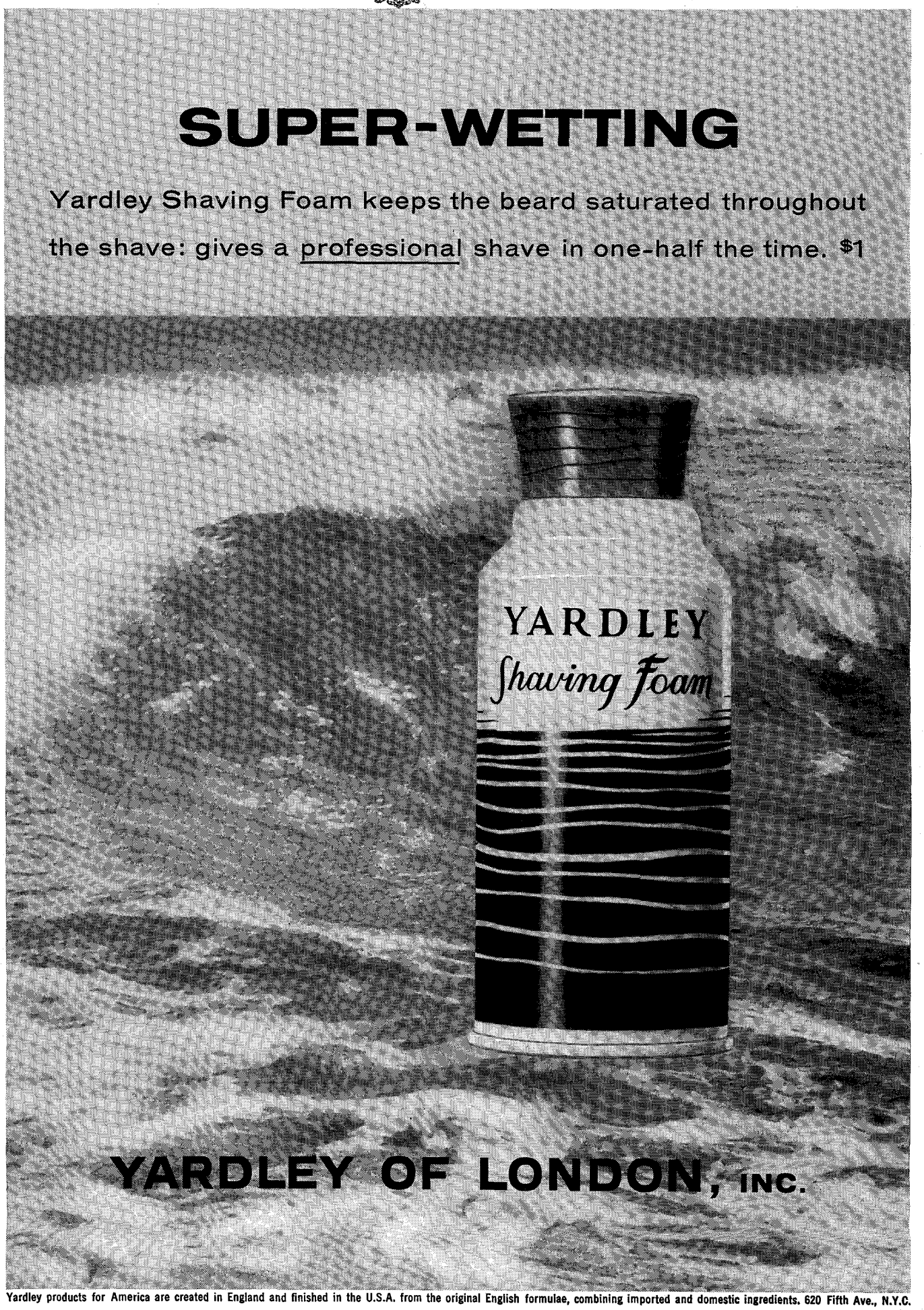
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I have a pleasant little apartment here, but there aren't many keepsakes to show that I starred in 110 pictures and appeared in night clubs and theaters all over the world. There are no gold Oscars or Emmys. There isn't even a Mickey, though I saw enough of them poured in the old days. I have some attractive little knickknacks around the place, including a gold lighter given to me by the Duke of Windsor for teaching him to do the Charleston when he was Prince of Wales. Some of the other things you might see don't really belong to me. I stole them.

In a dusty box in the basement, for example, there's a handful of cheap table silver.

I was coming West one night on the 20th Century Limited, and I went into the dining car with Dan Topping, co-owner of the New York Yankees, and his then wife, Arline Judge. I stared at the gleaming silver tableware, and I couldn't resist it. I stuffed the whole set into my pocket.

In my drawing room the following morning—after my usual breakfast of orange juice, toast and coffee—the dining-car waiter handed me a bill for forty dollars. "Forty dollars!" I snapped. "What was in the coffee—gold dust?" The waiter smiled and gave me an apologetic shrug. "The breakfast cost a dollar and a half, Mr. Raft," he said. "The rest is for the silver you took last night." They had me, and I paid. It was the first and only time in my life I was ever caught. I've been stealing little things since I was eight years old, and still do. I don't understand this compulsion. Perhaps I never shall. I have walked into clothing stores and spent $1000 cash for suits or coats, and I have to resist the urge to steal a five-dollar necktie when the clerks aren't looking.

There is some irony in the fact, as visitors discover, that I try to avoid being victimized by these little larcenies in my own home. All my pens, book matches and other things that might tempt people are marked: "Stolen From George Raft."

Some of my friends have suggested, in view of the things I am confessing, that I ought to keep a gun handy or get a bodyguard. I never had a bodyguard, gossips to the contrary, and it's been many years since I practiced by shooting at tin cans. I concluded long ago that a man with a gun is a hazard to himself and others, even if he is a law-abiding citizen who argues that he needs it to protect his home.

Once when I was living in the penthouse atop the fashionable El Royale Apartments in Hollywood—this was about 1934—I had a little tiff with my companion, Mack Gray. I grabbed my gun, aimed it at his feet, as some of my gangster friends used to do when they were in a playful mood, and said, "Now dance!" Like many another idiot who flirts with death, I knew the gun wasn't loaded. But Mack was hopping around anyway. I pulled the trigger and—Bang! The bullet plowed through the floor and thudded into the wall of a bedroom in the apartment below. Thank God the bedroom wasn't occupied, but perhaps that incident explains why I had so much trouble at Warner Brothers studio later on. The lady whose boudoir I had drilled was Mrs. Jack Warner.

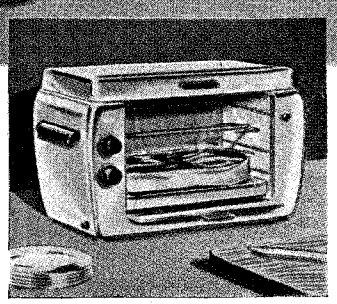
I don't carry a gun today, of course. If there is a man who thinks he has to take care of George Raft, let him come. My name is on the hall door and my big black car—almost anyone in the neighborhood can spot it—is often parked right there at the curb. He couldn't possibly make a mistake. It may even be an added inducement to say that, like most men who've moved around in the underworld, I rarely pay anything by check, and consequently I carry a roll of cash. There was a time when I always had $20,000 or $30,000 in my pocket, and for emergencies I once had as much as $800,000 cash in a bank safe-deposit box where I could get it in a hurry.

There isn't much else of value around the house except my matched set of cuff links, tie pin and ring—each of which has the initials GR in diamonds. I bought those for myself one year—when no one remembered my birthday—and they're insured with the same company that carries a $250,000 policy on my life. The unpleasant truth is, I am worth more dead than alive. When I wander alone from room to room late at night, I imagine I can see newspaper headlines which read: GEORGE RAFT DIES, and I hear voices saying: "Yeah? Who cares?"

One more thing before we go on. If my story disturbs you, and you feel an angry impulse to write a letter saying what you think of George Raft, send it to the editors. Don't send it to me, because you won't get an answer. You see, I had only one year of school, and so I never learned to write very well.

My lawyer, Neil McCarthy, offers the comforting thought that at least I'll never have some pretty lass confront me with a ribboned package of my handwritten love letters and sue me for breach of promise. He may be right about that, but there are countless days when I wish it were not so. I would be far happier if I could write to anyone, anywhere, and just sign it: "With all my love ——"

Editors' Note—This is the first of five articles by Mr. Raft and Mr. Jennings. The second will appear next week.



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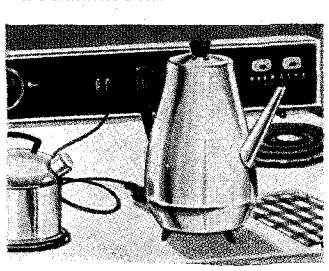

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I Brought Home a Princess

(Continued from Page 33)

of an old storybook. This is doubtless because what has happened to us would have been considered an absolute impossibility not many years ago.

I suppose that in the depression years of the 1930's, the town of Maud, Pottawatomie County, Oklahoma, where I grew up, was about as far as one could get from such things as royalty and its pomp and circumstance. My father owned the town bank until it went broke in 1932. Then for a long time we were as poor as Job's turkey. During the summers I jerked soda in the Irby Drug Store—the smart set in Maud called me a "fizzician."

I worked my way through the University of Oklahoma as dishwasher and table hop at my fraternity house, the Sigma Alpha Epsilon. Despite my menial tasks, I was elected president of the fraternity for my senior year—1939. The point is that in my background it didn't matter whether a person was a dishwasher or an oil millionaire. Our heritage by birth was birth in America.

Even before we entered the last war I had reason to resent the Germans—they and their war were messing up my life. By good fortune, at Oklahoma I had won a scholarship to study interior decoration in Paris. I had hurried, wide-eyed, to Manhattan to embark for France on the Normandie. But because of the war the Normandie didn't sail. Instead of Paris, I studied in New York and returned to Oklahoma City. Later I moved to Amarillo, where I was working as a home designer when my draft-call number turned up.

I didn't know the Kaiser had left a granddaughter and didn't care. About all I knew was that one of the Kaiser's one-time corporals had plunged the world into bloody turmoil. I had never laid eyes on a real live princess—and didn't do so until one August day in 1945.

On that bright afternoon I drove an old German car into the courtyard of a place called Schloss Wolfsgarten, near Darmstadt, capital of the state of Hesse in Germany. With me was an interpreter, a hunchbacked German civilian. The eighteenth-century French-style building was of pink stone. The courtyard, which seemed to me about as big as an Indian reservation in Oklahoma, was sequestered among tall pines and other towering trees. In the center stood a column decorated with the sculptured heads of snarling wolves. The place was called a hunting lodge, but to me it looked like a first-class castle.

(Harris saw action all the way across Europe. He served with the 1223rd Fire-Fighting Platoon, Army Engineers. He was in command of Negro troops. His outfit advanced with the invading forces; its main job was that of protecting fuel and ammunition dumps from fire. Very shortly after the end of the fighting, Harris was assigned to the historic-monuments section. A few weeks before he was sent home for discharge he was promoted to the rank of captain.)

The big guns were silent, the dead buried, the survivors in a frenzy. The war was over. We were the conquerors, and the Germans were the defeated. Along the way I had become a first lieutenant. I was attached to a section assigned to restore historic monuments and documents and to find valuable works of art that had strayed. My job was tracking down and bringing in. The Grand Duke of Hesse, who owned Wolfsgarten, had $40,000,000 worth of art treasures missing near the Russian Zone. Among the paintings was the Holbein Madonna of Burgemeister Meier, which was worth at least $1,000,000. I was at Wolfsgarten to get information on the lost paintings.

A butler greeted us, but a moment later this blond, brown-eyed girl stepped into the courtyard. She told me she was a cousin of the duke and that he and the duchess were away on an errand.

She was Princess Cecelia. She was shapely and attractive, with a winsome twinkle in her eyes and a warm smile. I judged her to be my age. Her country lay bleeding in defeat and despair. She was a refugee, having fled ahead of the Russians from Potsdam, and she had been living on extremely short rations. But she maintained a royal dignity—she was modest, friendly, polite. She showed me about the garden. She spoke English very well. I didn't need the interpreter, but he was no man to shirk an assigned duty; he stuck with us like a lonely puppy. My first walk with a princess and I couldn't shake the guy!

When the duke returned, we had tea in the garden, and the princess joined us. There were about 200 persons on the place. They included royalty, nobility and just plain refugees. Among the royal relations was Princess Sophia, a sister of the Duke of Edinburgh, who was then Prince Philip. These people, most of them running from the Russians, had found a haven at Wolfsgarten until they could make other arrangements.

On this first visit I didn't think of Cecelia in a romantic way. But she did seem special. For quite a while the famous nonfraternization edict of the United States Army was in force. We could speak only to old Germans and to dogs—never, never to young ladies. This order had been relaxed shortly before I met the princess. The minute fraternization was permitted, half the Americans I knew appeared suddenly with German sweethearts. I wasn't able to work things that fast.

In my sleuthing for the duke's paintings I had to go often to Wolfsgarten, and on each trip I saw the princess. I also met her dog, Schnapps, a golden-haired male cocker spaniel. He liked me. In Oklahoma, if a girl's dog approved a swain, it was a sign that he was doing all right. The princess and I had friendly dates. I took her to a few officers' dances. But it was two months before the formality of title was dropped, at her suggestion.

Just before Christmas I had the luck to recover half of the duke's paintings. We found them near Coburg just outside the Russian Zone. The Russians had cabbaged onto the other half of the treasure. With my helpers, I drove the truckload of art into the courtyard one night and received a joyous welcome. We unloaded the pictures immediately. When the Holbein Madonna showed up, the duke and duchess grabbed me and kissed me.

From then on I was often a guest at Wolfsgarten—for dinner, over night, weekends. No doubt every American serviceman who ever dated a German girl will get a chuckle out of this, but I didn't know whether to yield to a growing urge and kiss the princess. I had met her in August and by the time April had arrived, with spring tripping north again, I had made no bold passes. I was puzzled: How would an Oklahoman go about kissing a Hohenzollern? I found out soon.

The folks at Wolfsgarten gave me a party on April 18, 1946, my twenty-eighth birthday. We had dinner in the elegant dining room, with priceless paintings on the walls and with as priceless chinaware and silver. But there was little to eat—dabs of mashed potatoes and spinach, both unseasoned. There was some wine, though, and there was gaiety. The place was alive with royalty, including the Duke of Edinburgh. I didn't know that he would one day be married to the Queen of England. By this time I knew that as a teen-ager Cecelia had been considered a likely choice to be Queen of England. Royal circles in the British Isles and Europe, and also several newspaper columnists, had discussed her as a prospective bride for the then Prince of Wales, even though he was twenty-three years older, and a distant relative, to boot. This was shortly before he became Edward VIII. Of course, the somewhat frantic search for a royal bride for Edward had been designed to circumvent his interest in a commoner.

I, an Okie turned Texan, was every inch a commoner. But with all the blue-bloods celebrating, I was the honored guest. Oh, what a beautiful evening! Several times during the party this thought crossed my mind, *Man, how I'd love for Irby Drug at Maud to see me now.*

Not knowing these people very well, I was not positive that they really liked me. Were they making a show of courtesy to a soldier of a conquering force? Was this their way of expressing special thanks for the recovery of the paintings?

When the others had departed or retired, Cecelia and I wandered into the garden. The spring evening was balmy. The moon shed a golden glow over the pines and sent shimmering shafts through the rhododendrons. There was a heady, exotic fragrance in the cool breeze. The first thing I knew, I had Cecelia in my arms and was kissing her. I was absolutely sure, and still am, that her warm response had nothing whatsoever to do with the Holbein Madonna. But even in the rhododendron garden in the moonlight, with a princess in my arms, I had a terrifying thought: *If I ask her to marry me and she refuses, the whole wonderful thing will end.*

The marriage I was contemplating faced many barriers, some of them 1000 years old. Despite the fact that the family had been out of power since the abdication of the Kaiser in 1918, the Hohenzollerns had remained stubbornly opposed to royal-commoner marriages.

Should Cecelia consent to marry me, she would lose her title. Moreover, she would have to move away from her homeland—to Texas with me. After all, this might mean that she would find herself in a hostile country, for I remembered how Americans had disliked her grandfather. Around Maud during and after World War I, he had been known as "old Kaiser Bill." From my earliest boyhood I had heard the expression: "To hell with the Kaiser." Some of my best friends in Amarillo were men who had fought against the Kaiser's armies in 1917–18.

I worried about these things without knowing Cecelia's thoughts on the matter. I had no idea whether she would even consider marriage—except what a kiss can tell. By July of 1946, when I had known Cecelia almost a year without mentioning marriage, I was sent home for discharge from the Army. I returned to my job in Amarillo. With all due respect to the lovely ladies of Texas and Oklahoma, I couldn't get Cecelia off my mind.

We wrote regularly. Our notes were fond, but still no mention of marriage. I told friends about Cecelia. They weren't much interested—in fact, some of them seemed irritated. I had no encouragement, but, nevertheless, I determined to go back and get Cecelia if I ever could.

This took a long time. It was not until April of 1949 that I had saved enough money to afford a flying trip to Europe. I met Cecelia at St. Moritz, Switzerland, where she and her mother had leased a house. The former Queen of Spain was their guest. After dinner the first evening Cecelia and I were in the parlor alone. This was a big house, and mostly glass, affording a grand view of the surrounding mountains. The moment I was alone with Cecelia, all doubts vanished. I wanted to marry her, no matter what the consequences. Having wondered for three years how an Oklahoman would propose to a princess, I suddenly knew.

"Cecelia," I said, "would you consider marrying me and moving to Texas?"

"Yes, Clyde, I certainly would consider it."

We discussed plans secretly. A little later we met at Wolfsgarten and told the duke and duchess. I thought they would die in their tracks. They were so shocked they trembled. Not only were they thinking of *Ebenburtigkeit*, they were afraid Cecelia's father might blame them for helping to give birth to our romance.

With the first reaction so negative, we didn't know what to think.

"We could marry and send the family a telegram," Cecelia remarked, suggesting an elopement.

I insisted that we take it up with her father, and if we failed there we could consider elopement—if my money held out. The longest I could remain in Germany on permit was seven days. So I'd have to dash out of the country every week and get a new seven-day permit. That was expensive.

Cecelia called in Count Hardenberg, who handled social matters for the Hohenzollerns, and asked him to notify her father that we wished to seek his permission to marry. The count turned as white as a Coventry horse. He protested with well-put questions: Had the princess considered the consequences? Of course, she saw the impossible complications?

Nevertheless, she sent him to her father, and word came through that Crown

Southwestern Desert

By S. Omar Barker

Lonely this land if you are one
Who owns no kinship with the sun,
For here the sun is master. Shade
Is but a flimsy masquerade
Of shadow. Uncut distance lies
Full length with never-ending skies,
And nothing thornless dares to bear
Brief flowers for the sun to share.

Lonely the desert if you're made
For nearness and for leafy shade,
But lovely this land if you are one
With farness and akin to sun.

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Prince Wilhelm would see us at his house at Hechingen. On a sunny morning in May Cecelia and I crawled into her tiny Fiat Topolino, a one-seater Italian car which reminded me of a tricycle, and rolled out for Hechingen, about 200 miles away. As we sputtered along the *Autobahn* skirting the Black Forest I asked her to suggest tactics.

"Just don't mumble," she said. "Speak distinctly."

When we were yet miles from Hechingen we could see Burg Hohenzollern rising from a hill like an ancient fortress. It had stood there in its forbidding splendor since the eighth century. Though lived in very little since the twelfth century, it survived as the family shrine of the Hohenzollerns.

When we arrived at the Crown Prince's small house under the hill below the castle, we were shown into the parlor. Cecelia and her father embraced affectionately. Then we had tea. The conversation was difficult, but I got a good look at the grave, rather awesome man—probably the last typical Prussian. His hair was snowy white. His tanned face was lean, making his big nose look the more enormous. He resembled pictures I had seen of the Kaiser. He was sixty-six years old and had been in failing health, but he didn't complain.

After tea, Cecelia excused herself to dress for dinner, and the Crown Prince turned his steely-blue eyes on me.

"I understand," he said, "that you wish to marry my daughter. Why?"

"Well," I replied, trying not to mumble, "I love her and we want to get married."

"You could get no money out of it. Our fortune is no more. Nearly all of our property is in the hands of the Soviets."

He asked me about my financial standing and I told him frankly that I had about enough money to get back home and that there would be no inheritance. However, I pointed out that I had a good job and could support Cecelia.

He wanted to know about my background, especially the social standing of my forbears. My people are Oklahoma pioneers and I've always been proud of them. But before I could think, I blurted out, "One of my grandfathers was a missionary and another was a drunkard."

He burst out in a roar of laughter and slapped me on the shoulder. "I like that," he said. "That's an American for you."

During the next three days we often strolled in a nearby park. Always a monstrous German shepherd dog named Argo was at his heels. The prince was the last of the Hohenzollerns to know the glory of the rule of a great empire, and his time was short—he died two years later. I believe I was the last foreigner to have intimate talks with him.

He told me that he had always hoped, and still hoped, that his family would be returned to power. He said the family, including the late Kaiser, had resisted Hitler as much as possible. His son, Louis Ferdinand, my wife's brother, had helped mastermind a plot to overthrow Hitler in 1944.

Getting closer to the subject under discussion, he told me how his oldest son, Wilhelm, had married a commoner and had lost his claim to the throne, which then passed on to Louis Ferdinand, the present pretender. Louis Ferdinand had had a brush with unauthorized romance—he had wanted to marry a Hollywood star, Lili Damita. The Crown Prince and the former Kaiser, still living at the time, had dissuaded him.

Growing more informal as we talked, the Crown Prince told me that he himself had fallen in love with a commoner—Geraldine Farrar, the Metropolitan Opera star, who had enjoyed her first success in Germany. But his father had ruled out marriage. The Kaiser, he said, gave him the names of three princesses and told him he could have his choice. He picked the one he considered the most beautiful, and had never regretted his choice. But the opera star never forgot him. After World War II she sent him many CARE packages.

By the things the Crown Prince told me, I could not tell how his attitude toward my suit for his daughter's hand was developing. But my respect for him as a human being and as a gentleman mounted.

One afternoon while we were walking, he suddenly stopped me and said, "Clyde, I like you. You are all right. You have my blessing."

Cecelia wanted to have the wedding at Wolfsgarten, because preparations there would be easy.

But her father, asserting his authority as head of the family, said, "Not Wolfsgarten. My daughter will be married at Burg Hohenzollern."

So we were married in the ancient castle at noon on June 21, 1949. The Crown Prince gave the princess to me. Never before had a commoner been married in that castle.

The members of Cecelia's family were there, along with a good sprinkling of European royalty. The groom's side of the ancient chapel was a bit shy on invited guests. I had heard that two of my Amarillo friends—Lawrence Hagy, a wealthy oilman; and Wes Izzard, a newspaper editor—were touring Europe. Through the Associated Press I found them and they were invited. They made it, although they had to take a chance on a dash across a strip of the Russian Zone of Germany.

We had sixty guests and there were 100 news photographers. After the wedding dinner, Cecelia and I departed in grand style—in a huge black limousine. But that high-priced pomp ended at the first town, where I had stationed Cecelia's little car. There we transferred to the Topolino and were off on our honeymoon to a small castle named Aschach, in Bavaria. Schnapps, the cocker spaniel, was with us.

Our honeymoon was short because of the permit situation and also because I had to hurry home and to work. Cecelia would follow, as soon as her entry to the United States was cleared. I started work on her clearance and helped her prepare for her trip. I wrung from her a promise to leave Schnapps with her mother, because he was old and would be a lot of trouble to her. Early in the war, two young soldiers who were later killed had left the dog with Cecelia and she was attached to him.

Little did I know how much help that old cocker would be to Cecelia and to me—how much he meant to our marriage. It took four months, or until October, to get her entry cleared. A day or so after she sailed on the Queen Elizabeth I received an airmail letter from her mother. It ended with: "I miss Schnapps very much." What did this mean? I wondered about the dog as I drove from Amarillo to New York in a station wagon to get Cecelia. I met her aboard the ship as soon as it docked. Almost the first thing she said was, "Clyde, I couldn't leave Schnapps."

She had smuggled him to an airport and paid $100 fare for him to travel by air to New York. He was due in a few hours after her arrival.

That first night in New York there was a party for us in our hotel suite. Hagy, the oilman who had attended our wedding, was our host. He had invited Faye Emerson, the television star. There were several other well-known persons at the party. It was pretty high on the hog for me.

It was too high in every way for Cecelia. I had taken a suite on the thirty-third floor of the Pierre, so that she could have a good view of New York. She took one glance out a window and almost fainted. She had never resided that high before. We had to draw all the shades. So far as view was concerned we might as well have been in a tunnel.

The party hadn't been going long when the airport telephoned. Schnapps was there, and we had to rush out and get the old boy. We remained in New York a few days. Cecelia was deathly afraid of the traffic. She wouldn't step off a curb unless I gripped her arm. The noise and bustle kept her jumpy. Schnapps, accustomed to a sort of regal austerity, was just as nervous.

Cecelia had her first experience with American highway traffic on the way to

NEXT WEEK

I CALL ON TENNESSEE ERNIE
By PETE MARTIN
TV's Country-Talking, Hymn-Singing Ernie Ford

MR. JUSTICE FROM JERSEY
Bill Brennan: Youngest Member of Our Highest Court

AMERICA'S STRANGEST RELIGION
They Test Their Faith Against Deadly Snakes

CHICAGO'S AIRPORT OF THE FUTURE
Preview of Jet-Age Air Travel

In Color:

I LIVED ON YESTERDAY'S ISLANDS
Enchanting Domain of the Most Irish of the Irish

STRANGE ALLIANCE IN THE KREMLIN
The Secret Compact Between Soldier Zhukov and Dictator Khrushchev

THE HEADACHES OF NOTRE DAME
Can This Once-Invincible Team Get Back on Top?

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Washington. Sen. Mike Monroney, of Oklahoma, and his wife had arranged a cocktail party and dinner for us in their home. We were caught in jammed traffic around Baltimore and arrived too late for cocktails—and too late for dinner too.

I glimpsed a horror-stricken look on Mrs. Monroney's face when we entered her beautiful home with Schnapps. The Monroneys breed fine Sealyhams and they had a female that had just won top honors in a major show in New York. Schnapps liked her and made no bones about it. Eventually Mrs. Monroney had to put the dogs in separate rooms and they howled most of the night.

A few days later, at Lexington, Kentucky, we stopped at a motel, Cecelia's first such experience. When the manager saw her taking Schnapps into the room, he ran up and informed her that pets were not permitted. For the first time, I saw my bride really angry.

"Is this democracy!" she snapped, and the man dodged.

It turned out that Schnapps slept in the car. It further turned out that Cecelia awakened me four times that night and sent me to see about the dog. Each time he was sound asleep and probably dreaming about the senator's Sealyham.

When we rolled into Oklahoma I had the wonderful feeling that can come only from getting back home. It was there, at the home of my family, that Cecelia experienced her first genuine joy in this country. My parents and my brothers—Bert, Jr., James and Bob—fell in love with her and accepted her in our little clan.

But pure old homesickness hit Cecelia harder than anything else. She missed everything about her former life, as I had mine while in the Army. Amarillo is in the high, dry Panhandle and we have very little rainfall compared to Germany. One night Cecelia awakened me and asked me to turn on the bath water, so it would sound like rain. "I'm so lonely for the patter of rain," she said.

The first spell of loneliness had hit her even before she had sailed for America. One day, when departure time was near, she became hysterical. "What have I done?" she cried to her mother. "I can't leave Germany!" Soon the mother was also hysterical. They had decided to send me a telegram of her decision not to come to Texas, when the Crown Prince heard the commotion.

When told of the situation, he said, "You married the man. You made all the promises. You will go to America as you have planned."

That settled the matter. But in America there was no father. Schnapps was the only living link Cecelia had with the life she had known, and he was a great comfort to her. When the old dog died in 1954, we buried him in our yard and put up a small stone marker.

By that time, Cecelia felt at home in Amarillo. She grew accustomed to the American way of life, and she liked it. The fact that people everywhere were simply wonderful to us helped her in her adjustment. After our wedding we received hundreds of letters from all over the free world, mainly Germany and the United States. Only two of them expressed bitterness. No one has taunted us about Cecelia's grandfather. Some of her good friends are men who fought the Kaiser. A bust of him has a prominent place in our home.

One of Cecelia's first lessons in the American way came soon after arrival in Amarillo. She had to sign the loan papers before construction could start on our home. She had never heard of such a thing as borrowing money; she had also never heard of such a thing as a wife having to sign papers with her husband. She balked a while, but she signed.

She was soon exposed to another great American institution—the P.T.A. I had been invited to speak to this group at an Amarillo school, and I took Cecelia with me. I knew that P.T.A. sessions were usually poorly attended and I had told her there would be about twenty women and half a dozen bored men present. But the place was packed. I was told that more than one hundred were turned away. Of course, I knew that so many people wouldn't come out to hear me. After my little talk, the principal, Ross Larsen, introduced Cecelia.

Poor girl! Every eye was on her. She didn't know what to do. But she rose and bowed. Just as she did, a corsage she was wearing came to pieces and fell all over the place. That eased the tension.

American ways of life have fascinated Cecelia as they have been revealed to her. But she was dumfounded in 1952 when I decided to quit my job and strike out on my own. I was doing well and making enough money for us to live as we liked. But I'd always dreamed of having my own business. Of course, this meant borrowing money. Cecelia couldn't understand why I'd want to take risks when things were going so well. But she went along with my ambitions, encouraging me. By good fortune and long hours of work, we have been successful.

This last summer we were able to remodel and add to our home—and to pay cash for this. Our home is nothing like Cecilienhof, at Potsdam, where Cecelia was born and which was her main home until World War II. But she is very proud of it.

Besides homesickness, Cecelia has suffered sorrow since our marriage. Her parents and a brother have died. But she has been a champ. She is an American citizen and a thoroughly Americanized housewife in nearly every respect except in one very expensive respect, and that is a fixed idea on how to raise children.

The really great event in our lives was the birth, on October 20, 1954, of our daughter. Her name is Kira Alexandrine Brigid Cecelia Ingrid Harris. At the request of Cecelia's family, we took her to Burg Hohenzollern for her christening. To us she is Kira, a blond, active tot who can make me jump more quickly than the Crown Prince could.

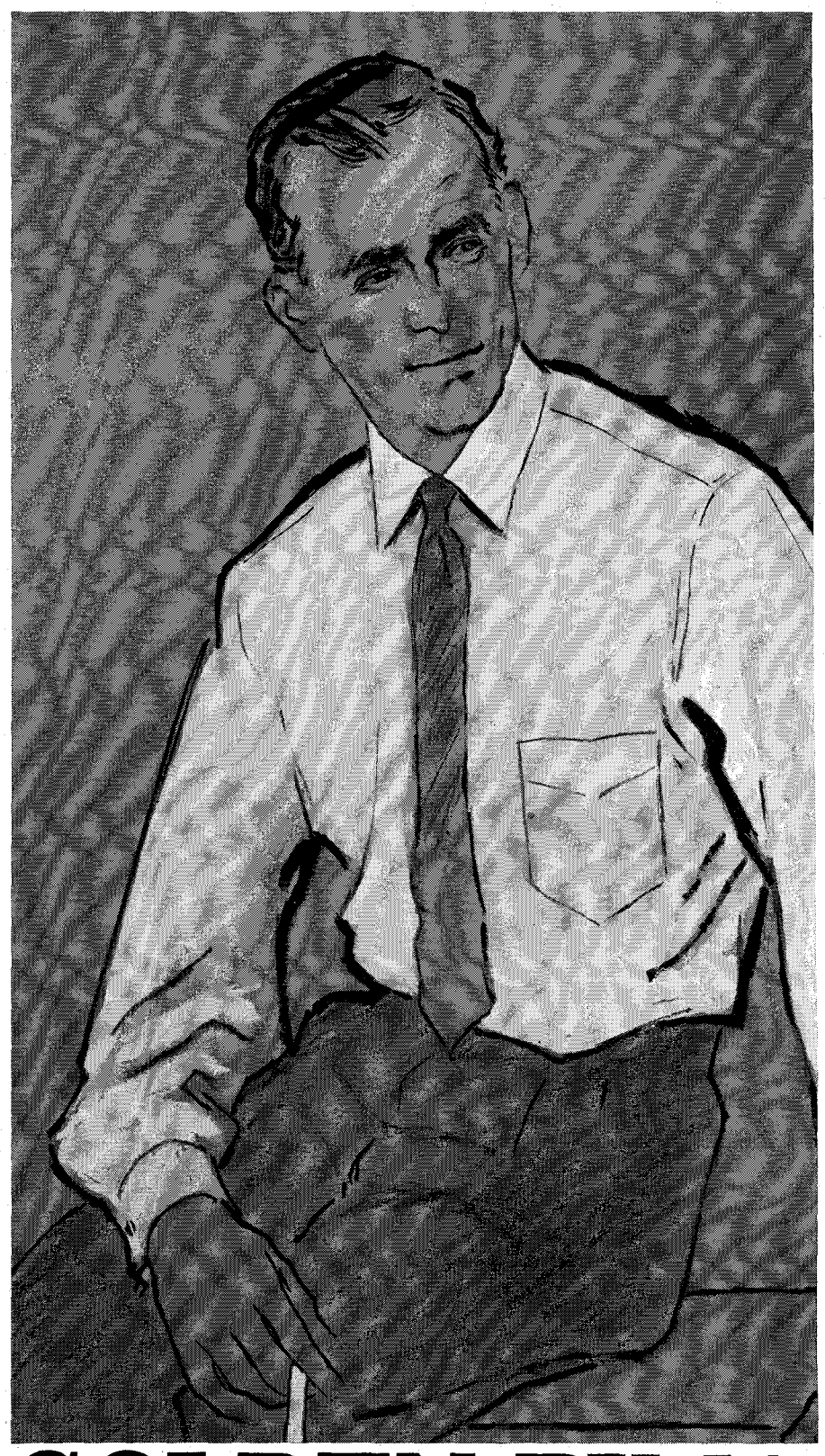
From the start, Cecelia insisted that our child have a nurse or governess. It is her belief that the most effective and least expensive way to rear a child is to give it careful training, including strict discipline, when it is very young. So we have a full-time German nurse. This is costly, but Cecelia has convinced me we are doing right. We'd rather do without other things and do the very best we know how for our child.

The raising of our daughter has not been left exclusively to the governess. Cecelia has been a full-time mother. When Kira was very small, Cecelia often placed her in a large perambulator and pushed her along the sidewalk, a thing few mothers do these days. Several times about town I overheard strangers remark, "Have you seen the princess (many persons call her that) rolling her baby?"

Now that Kira is a good-sized girl, Cecelia takes her to a nearby park almost daily for walks and games. Sometimes other children gaze at her and point her out as "the daughter of the German princess." We believe that this singling out of our daughter will gradually cease.

We want her to grow up a normal American girl. That is our main hope for our continuing to live happily ever after.

THE END



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They Spy for the Series

(Continued from Page 31)

that, as Casey Stengel amiably growls, "That fellow plays that wall like it was handball."

The scouts' recommendations don't always work out, of course. The best detective work won't win for an inferior club, any more than it will in football. However, good advance dope enables a team to play better percentage baseball every step of the way. Just as no big-time football coach would dream of preparing for a game without a comprehensive scouting report, so major-league managers are coming to feel the same way about the World Series.

Says Fresco Thompson, articulate vice president of the Dodgers, "It's part of the trend toward making baseball more of a science—if you'll permit the term—and less catch-as-catch-can."

As recently as a decade ago, a manager might have settled for such information as came to him over the grapevine and from friends in the other league. If he did assign a man to watch his prospective rivals for a few games, the scout often would take only mental notes.

Today a specialist like Al Campanis, who has done much of the World Series spadework for Brooklyn for the past three years, brings in a report that runs more than twenty typewritten pages.

Campanis comes armed with a sheaf of printed forms. Each form contains rows of rectangles. These blocks represent the strike zone. Campanis uses a separate row for each turn at bat. He notes the name of the hitter and that of the pitcher, and whether the pitcher is a right-hander or a left-hander. Then rectangle by rectangle, he records where each pitch goes, and what kind it is—fast ball, curve, change-up, slider or what not. If the ball is hit, he marks down its route and what happens to it.

When you chart a team through a total of seventeen games this way, as Campanis did with the Yankees last year, significant patterns begin to emerge. "People kid me about how I carry around a brief case full of stuff, while some scouts may just make a few notes on a scorecard," Campanis says. "But I think it's better to get everything down on paper. For instance, I could tell our pitchers that So-and-So isn't a good curve-ball hitter. It's much more convincing when I can show them that in such-and-such a game, eleven of the eighteen pitches thrown to him were curves, and he didn't hit one of them well."

Correspondingly, such tabulations can disclose that a screwball, say, is a certain enemy hurler's most effective pitch against right-hand hitters. The charts may further reveal that he doesn't have enough confidence in his control of the screwball to use it when he is behind in the count, and that he never throws it twice in a row.

This type of analysis can be most helpful. It also has been known to backfire. There was a spectacular case of counter-espionage in the opening game of the 1956 Series, which Sal Maglie won for the Dodgers over the Yankees, 6–3. The veteran Maglie held the Yanks well in check after being tagged for a two-run homer by Mickey Mantle in the first inning.

In the locker room after the game, Joe Reichler, of the Associated Press, asked Maglie if he realized that twenty-one Yankee hitters that afternoon had taken his first pitch for a called strike.

Maglie smiled. He went on to explain that he had made a special point of getting his initial delivery in the strike zone. It seems that through an unspecified source, he had been tipped off on something the Yankee scouting report said about him. The New York scouts had advised their hitters to beware of Maglie's first pitch, because he liked to start out by tempting the batter to go for a bad one.

Getting the "book" on the other club's hitters and pitchers is a fundamental part of any World Series scouting job. However, managers who have been in the Series recently—or come close enough to think about it—invariably mention other points first when asked what things they like to know about an opponent. This includes such men as Al Lopez, now of the Chicago White Sox; Fred Haney, of the Milwaukee Braves; Mike Higgins, of the Boston Red Sox; and Birdie Tebbetts, of the Cincinnati Redlegs.

The studious—and provocative—Mr. Tebbetts goes so far as to minimize the importance of scouting the hitters. "What good is it to know that a man's weakness is an inside fast ball," he asks, "if you have a pitcher out there who can't throw hard enough to bother anybody? The book on the hitters won't stand up more than twenty-five per cent of the time in a short series. If a man is hot, he's going to hit no matter what you throw him."

In the 1954 Series, when Leo Durocher's New York Giants made a clean sweep against the Cleveland Indians of Al Lopez, the Indians were ruined by the pinch-hitting heroics of Dusty Rhodes. Tony Cuccinello, who scouted the Giants for Cleveland, says, "We knew how to pitch Rhodes. He was a fast-ball, low-ball hitter. You kept the ball up on him. We had him hitting up in the air—that home run of his that won the first game was just a 258-foot fly ball. Some of the other balls were hit better, but we were pitching him right. He was in a streak, and he had his confidence. Sometimes you just can't stop a man."

On the other hand, when the New York Yankees took four straight low-scoring games from the Philadelphia Phillies in 1950, the Yankee scouts had reason to feel that their pitching recommendations were a definite factor in reducing the none-too-robust Whiz Kid hitters to impotency. This applied particularly to Dick Sisler, one of the Phillies' bigger guns, who had won the pennant for them on the last day of the season with a tenth-inning home run against Brooklyn. The Yankees' "book" on Sisler was to start him off with chest-high fast balls, then to keep going higher. Ultimately Sisler was chasing pitches up around his neck. He connected for only one hit—a Texas League single—in seventeen times at bat. The Yanks limited the Phils to a total of five runs in the entire Series.

There is certain basic intelligence about the enemy that every manager considers essential. How are the throwing arms of their outfielders—in other words, which ones can you run on? Which of their pitchers will let a base runner take a big lead? On offense, are they orthodox or daring? Do they use the hit-and-run very much? If so, which men do it, and under what circumstances? The same with bunting.

Birdie Tebbetts elaborates, "A baseball game hangs on little, tiny things. An outfielder overthrows his cutoff man. A runner steals third base. If a fellow is a hell of a base runner, incidentally, you want to know that before you start. If he suddenly takes off on you when you're going along 0–0 in the sixth game, that's too late to be finding out."

World Series scouting is conducted mostly in the open, with the contending clubs admitting one another's scouts as a matter of course, but there are occasional cloak-and-dagger touches. For example, during last year's three-way National League race among Brooklyn, Milwaukee and Cincinnati, front-office executives Buzzy Bavasi, of Brooklyn, and John Quinn, of Milwaukee, made no effort to conceal the fact that they had agents out casing the Yankees—Al Campanis and others for the Dodgers, Billy Southworth, Paul Waner and Bill Maughn for the Braves. The Braves' chief sleuths this year, incidentally, are Ted McGrew and Wid Mathews.

Anyway, Cincinnati last year was strangely silent. Gabe Paul, the Redlegs' normally forthright vice president and general manager, won't disclose to this day who did the 1956 scouting for his club. "I can't say because it involved an organization other than our own," he declares. "Let me assure you, however, that if we had made the World Series last year, we would have gone into it with very complete scouting information." Some observers have speculated that Cincinnati's source might even have been a team in the American League.

Although there seldom is any secrecy about a club's scouting operations, there customarily is about the results. This has been especially true since 1951, when a national magazine got hold of an appraisal of the Yankees by Brooklyn's Andy High. The Dodgers had subsequently turned it over to the Giants after the latter won out in the 1951 pennant race. The magazine printed high lights of the report, which later was published in full in The Sporting News.

Scout Andy High was mightily embarrassed at having his private observations about the Yankee players put on public display, including these dispassionate comments on a fading Joe DiMaggio: "He can't stop quickly and throw hard. He can't run and won't bunt. His reflexes are very slow and he can't pull a good fast ball at all." DiMaggio retired after that season, and it is thought that the shock of reading this unvarnished size-up may have strengthened his determination to quit.

The team with the most experience in World Series scouting is also one of the most closemouthed on the subject. This, of course, means the New York Yankees, who have played in seven of the last eight Series and sixteen of the last twenty-five—and lost only two of them. Some Yankee officials won't discuss their scouting procedures at all. Manager Casey Stengel will talk, all right, but somehow he keeps digressing, and he never does say anything which would tip his hand to the National Leaguers.

"Our World Series scouting has been handled by John Neun, Bill Skiff and Paul Krichell," Stengel began on an occasion prior to Krichell's death this summer. "Last year we concentrated on Milwaukee more than Brooklyn. Everybody thought Milwaukee was going to win. Why, there were four special trains in Grand Central Station ready to take people to Milwaukee. You know, that can make a station pretty crowded."

He got into the question of why he started Whitey Ford last year in the opening game at Ebbets Field, where—as any scout would tell you—the Dodgers are notoriously rough on left-handed pitchers. "Ford was my best pitcher all during the season," said Stengel. "I've got to go with my best, don't I? Can I hold out my best man for three days?"

He went on to enthuse over the way Ford came back from losing the first game to win the third, and how the next four starters also pitched complete games. Stengel then harkened back to his earlier Yankee pitching nucleus of Vic Raschi, Allie Reynolds and Ed Lopat.

"They were wonderful pitchers," he declared. "They made us win. Good pitching makes everybody look bright."

Including the scouts?

"Including the manager," Stengel said firmly.

From other sources, it can be stated that the Yankees do a very thorough scouting job indeed. "One year they even sent me around to scout the Brooklyn workout the day before the Series started," testifies Mayo Smith, the Phillies' skipper, who used to manage in the Yankees' farm system.

Casey Stengel doesn't necessarily accept all the scouts' data as gospel, but he goes into it all carefully at an extended squad meeting.

Says a man who has attended some of these Yankee meetings, "I remember when we were getting ready to play the Giants in 1951. That was Willie Mays' first year with them. The scouting report said that Willie liked to throw behind a runner and try to catch him coming back to the base. In one of the games he did just that when Yogi Berra took a big swing around second. Yogi kept right on going and (*Continued on Page 102*)

"Can't they have their secret meeting somewhere else?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 100*) made it to third. That play came right out of our meeting."

Manager Walter Alston, of Brooklyn, who has broken even in two World Series tests with Casey Stengel, similarly gives close attention to the scouts' findings and goes over them at length with his men. "I can't point to any one Series game and say, 'A scouting tip won it for us,' " says the unassuming Alston. "But you wouldn't want to be without scouting information." To supplement the work of the regular Dodger sleuths, Alston had coach Billy Herman leave the Brooklyn club on three different occasions last September to do spot-checking on the Yankees.

Some people have wondered why the Yankees and Dodgers bother to scout each other any more, since they have met face to face so often in the Series—six times in the last ten years. One reason for keeping it up is that there are always a few new players to consider. Another is that the old players sometimes change.

The veteran outfielder, Enos Slaughter, who turned up as a Yankee starter last October, had the reputation during his palmy days in the National League of being a low-ball hitter. Brooklyn scouts last year reported that he was now hitting the high ones better. The Dodger pitchers apparently were unwilling to believe this at first. Slaughter was the Series hitting star for three games, collecting seven hits in twelve times at bat. From the fourth game on, he was stopped cold.

Brooklyn's Campanis says, "One year when I scouted the Yankees, Gil McDougald was hitting straightaway. In 1955 he became more of a pull hitter. In 1956 I found that he was the straightaway type again."

The scouts are, of course, talking probabilities rather than certainties. When they say that a man's weakness is a low curve, they don't mean that he'll never hit one safely. They simply mean that he's less likely to do so.

Even when a scout has the right answer on where to pitch a given hitter, the pitcher still has the job of getting the ball in there. No man can hit the spots every time. In that 1951 Andy High report on the Yankees, Gil McDougald was tabbed as a youngster who liked to hit the high fast one. In the third inning of the fifth game, with the Series all even and the score tied, 1–1, McDougald came up with the bases loaded and two out. The Giant pitcher, Larry Jansen, let one go right in McDougald's groove. Gil knocked it out of the park to start the Yankees on a 13–1 romp. They closed out the Series in the next game, 4–3.

Just as the batters have their strengths and weaknesses, so do the pitchers. A prescription that works for one hurler may not work for another. If a man has an excellent curve but a mediocre fast ball, he'll generally do better to stay with the curve as his big pitch, no matter what the book says about the hitters.

Johnny Podres, the pitching hero of Brooklyn's Series triumph over the Yankees in 1955, says, "Our scouts had a good line on the Yankee hitters, but I didn't follow their advice especially, because I had that good change-up going for me. That was the pitch I could always rely on."

Sometimes the advance dope just doesn't pan out at all. Regarding the 1950 Series between the Phillies and the Yankees, the Phils' centerfielder, Richie Ashburn, declares, "The thing I remember best is that our scouts told us Jerry Coleman would never hit a ball to left field. Well, in the first game he hit a fly ball to left that scored a man from third with the only run of the game. Then in the third game, he hit a fly to left center that dropped in there. If we hadn't been playing him around to the right, it would have been easy to catch. That was the ball that beat us." This safety of Coleman's came with two on and two out in the ninth inning of a tie ball game, and drove in the winning run.

Roy Campanella, the long-time Dodger catcher, says that scouts' findings about the hitters are by no means infallible. "In 1955 they told us to pitch Elston Howard inside," Campy remembers. "But he hit the inside pitches. It wasn't until we began moving the ball outside on him that we could get him out." Nevertheless, Campy likes to get the scouting reports. "It gives you something to start with. It gives you something to work from."

Analysis of the hitters isn't limited to determining what and where they hit. Certain other points of information can be fully as valuable. Is a man a swinger or a waiter? In clutch situations does he become overeager—and therefore more likely to chase bad pitches? Is he a guess hitter? If so, he'll probably be looking for a fast ball when the pitcher is behind in the count, and a curve ball when the pitcher is ahead. If a man has some unconscious mannerism that gives him away completely—such as inching closer to the plate when he expects an outside pitch and moving back when he expects the ball to be inside—then you have a real scouting jack pot.

> A man usually feels better after a few winks—especially if she winks back.
>
> IMOGENE FEY

The prize World Series story about scouting the hitters goes back to 1929. That was the year when the aging Howard Ehmke pitched his famous victory for Connie Mack's Philadelphia Athletics against the Chicago Cubs. The tale is retold every year around Series time—how Ehmke, who had worked only fifty-five innings all season, was tapped by Connie Mack in mid-September to be the A's surprise starter in the opening game. Ehmke stayed home during the A's final road trip, working out in secrecy, and scouted the Cubs when they came to town to play the Philadelphia Phillies.

Twenty years later, reciting the story for what could have been the one-thousandth time, Ehmke told this writer, "After one game I knew the weakness of every man in the line-up." It could be, for in scoring a 3–1 win over the Cubs, Ehmke registered thirteen strike-outs, setting a Series record which lasted until Carl Erskine, of Brooklyn, fanned fourteen Yankees in a game in 1953.

The Ehmke case was a special one. To the best recollection of numerous veteran observers, managers like Connie Mack and his National League counterpart, John McGraw, of the New York Giants, didn't scout World Series opponents so intensively as modern teams do.

One early exception was Branch Rickey, father of the baseball farm system. Now seventy-five years old and semiretired as board chairman of the Pittsburgh Pirates, the professorial Mr. Rickey has always been a pioneering type. Back in the 1920's, as field manager and then general manager of the St. Louis Cardinals, Rickey already was undertaking to apply scientific methods of analysis to baseball. Critics charged that his researches were so complex that few of the ballplayers could tell what he was driving at.

Anyway, Rickey went in for statistical and scouting studies of the opposition in his own league—a practice that is followed by some of the top clubs today. When the Cardinals started winning pennants in 1926, Rickey began collecting the same kind of material on prospective Series opponents.

In addition to diagrams and figures, Rickey also was interested in such things as "the psychology of the individual." For example, he says, "Studying pitchers, you find that certain ones are apt to lose their effectiveness at a certain stage through weariness or through emotion."

During Ford Frick's administration as National League president, Rickey got the league to sponsor his Series scouting activities, with the findings being turned over to whichever club won the pennant. "I believe it was no later than 1935," Rickey says. "The National League had become petulant over getting beaten so often in the World Series. There was a feeling that not enough was being done. Actually, the real reason was that the Yankees had better ball clubs than ours, but that's neither here nor there.

"Originally it was the American League that had the greater desire to win the World Series. They were bitter about the way the National League had opposed them when they were first trying to get organized. Our league used to be more complacent. If the World Series scouting we started didn't lead directly to National League victories, it may at least have educated the league on the importance of little things in baseball and helped to bring about a greater effort."

National League scouting remained on a league basis for a number of years. There is still much pooling of information among the league's clubs. Cincinnati's Gabe Paul said this year that he was going to propose to the current National League prexy, Warren Giles, that the league take over Series scouting again in the future.

In the American League there has been less of this mutual co-operation, perhaps because there has been less occasion for it, with the World Series becoming virtually a private monopoly of the Yankees. However, Frank Lane, now in St. Louis, reports that as general manager of the Chicago White Sox in 1955—"when we came closer than most people remember"—he turned the White Sox dossier on the Dodgers over to the Yankees. "I don't know whether they made any use of it," he says frankly. "They probably didn't need it."

During the early years of Branch Rickey's Series scouting for the Cardinals were the American Leaguers doing the same kind of job on his team? "If they were, I wasn't aware of it," he said recently. However, the Yankees, at least, were active even then. Phillies' coach Benny Bengough, a catcher on the Yankee pennant winners of 1926–27–28 under Miller Huggins, recalls, "It wasn't quite as thorough as it is nowadays, but we used to have meetings where the pitchers decided how they were going to pitch to each hitter, and the fielders were told where to play him. And if the fielder didn't do it he was in real trouble.

"We had pitchers with good control who could take advantage of these things—fellows like Bob Shawkey and Herb Pennock and Waite Hoyt. In 1926 Tommy Thevenow kept blooping hits against us, and we lost a seven-game Series to the Cardinals. But we won eight straight the next two years, so our scouting couldn't have been too bad."

The extent to which scouting reports are followed depends in the final analysis on the team's manager. Branch Rickey says with a sigh, "The first problem is to simplify the material into usable form. Then the problem is to sell the manager on it. It does no good to convince a manager intellectually that you are giving him useful information. If you don't convince him in his heart, then he won't do much with it.

"With a Leo Durocher, you can put it over." Leo managed under Rickey at Brooklyn in the 1940's. "If you present it to Leo in the right form, he'll not only grasp it but also impose the discipline necessary to insure that his players carry it out. He was a crackajack. But with some managers, it's almost impossible. They can't discuss the niceties. They can't teach the techniques."

As Rickey says, there are some managers—particularly those of the old school—who don't hold with making a big production out of World Series scouting. Front-office boss Joe Cronin, of the Boston Red Sox, who managed American League champions—and World Series losers—at Washington in 1933 and Boston in 1946, says that he did little in the way of intelligence work either time. "In 1933 we had an off day near the end of the season," he recalls, "and I had Luke Sewell, our catcher, go see the Giants play a game. That was the extent of it that year."

Bucky Harris, who is also in the Red Sox' front office now, paints a similar picture regarding his Washington pennant winners of 1924 and 1925. The Senators won the 1924 series, but lost the next one.

Later Harris piloted the 1947 Yankees to a world championship. "Our scouts brought in a report this thick," he relates, holding his thumb and forefinger a couple of inches apart. "It would have taken a week just to read through it. But I had Charley Dressen with me. He'd been a Dodger coach, so I got all I needed from him. Anyhow, if you try to give ballplayers too much detail, you just wind up confusing them."

Bucky Harris and a number of other baseball men still feel that no special effort is needed to get the essential facts on a World Series opponent. In their view, it can be done with just a phone call or two; you've already heard a lot of shop talk about their players anyway, and probably seen them for yourself during spring training.

But the prevailing belief today is that more should be done. Maybe the hitter who had a curve-ball weakness in the spring has finally overcome it. Perhaps the pitcher who was firing fast balls down in Florida has switched over more to his curve. And what about the new men the other club may have acquired during the season?

Fred Hutchinson, the St. Louis manager, saw a single inning of World Series service as a kid pitcher with the Detroit Tigers against Cincinnati in 1940. Says Hutch, "We were beaten in that Series by a new man we didn't know much about." He is talking about Jimmy Ripple, a Brooklyn castoff whom Cincinnati had picked up five weeks before the end of the season. Ripple contributed R.B.I.'s to every Cincinnati victory during the Series, climaxing his performance with a clutch double that broke open the seventh and deciding game.

If some newcomer should cut loose in this year's Series, it won't be because his opponents know nothing about him. Any time a contending club takes the field this month, enemy agents are likely to be out there watching every move. Scouting isn't the whole story on the World Series, but it has come to be an indispensable chapter.

THE END

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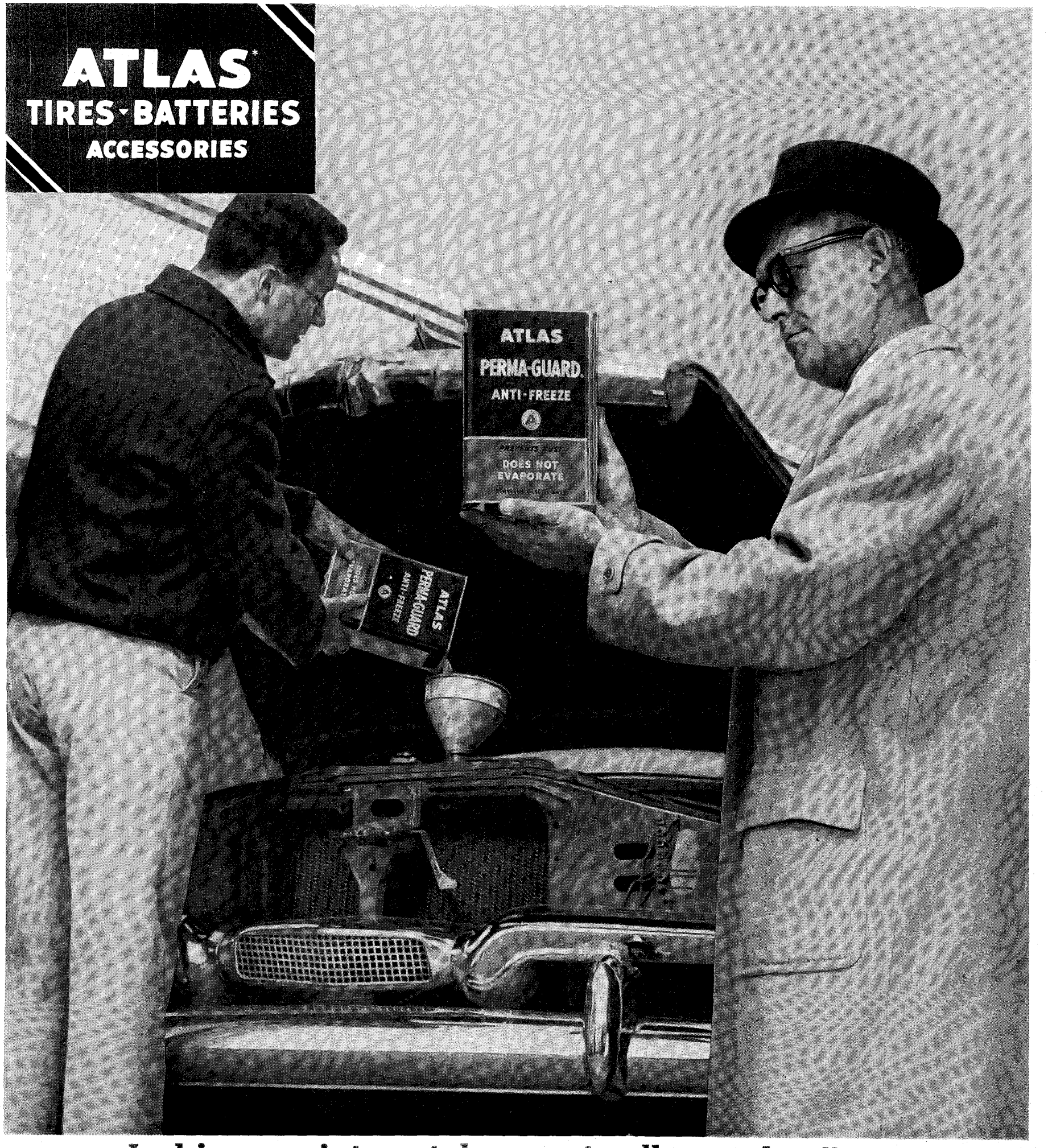

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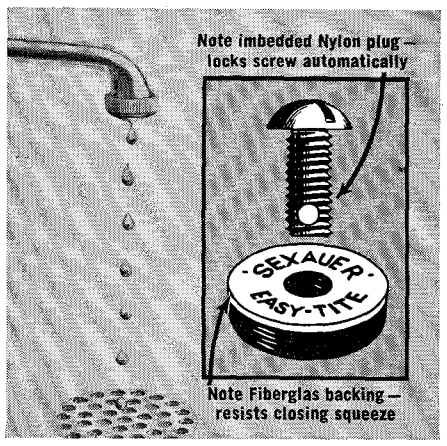

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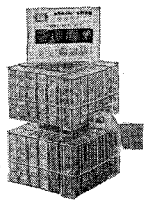

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The Reluctant Hunter

(Continued from Page 26)

company. He knew, but did not say, that Mary had no credit at the company. She would trade her foxes and her bearskins for shells and nets and this and that.

Mary turned to look at him. "Big shot!" she said in English. She had been to the mission school when Okpik lived here always, and they were children, and Mary nothing to Peter, not noticed by him. Then she had gone home to the far old north, but Peter had gone to the near new north. He saw her every Easter, until suddenly last year he really saw her. And now he was rich, and she tortured him. He had the wrist watch for her in his pocket; he had the ring for her in his new leather wallet.

Guitar and squeeze-box gave the tune. Peter left Mary's side; he went over in his sky-blue-nylon parka and chose Alice Aluyak to be his partner. He saw Jimmy Kaluk ask Mary.

The dance began. The mission hut shook to stamping feet—light, clever, soft-shod, flying feet. "You are strong," panted Alice in Peter's ear. *And you are fat*, he thought, with grief inside and a laughing face, and he swung dumpy Alice; and here was Mary, laughing, too, but not looking at him, his hand at the innermost curve of her waist, no weight in the firm, strong, yielding body. The dance ended. The People sweated and were happy.

Peter was happy, too, but the hurt of her mocking stayed below. He moved, at the first quick beats, to Mary and took her hand. He was a merry fellow. "Me your big shot, you my pinup," he said in English. She looked puzzled, not knowing "pinup." But she smiled and moved close to him, and they danced all night.

Next afternoon was the dog-team race for a bag of flour presented by Okpik. It was *hila kapuk*, the murky weather, when sky and white sea are one. Not cold, about twenty below. The boys on the Dew Line thought always of cold, and Peter had learned to judge it in degrees.

Peter did not own a team. He had never had dogs since he drove his father's as a child. Mary and he were still close from dancing, even after separation and a sleep of dreams; and he had not spoken again of marriage. He helped her fix the double tandem trace of two and two and one to the light sled she had borrowed. Mary's team was twelve. They were big dogs, not fat, not thin—well rested after traveling eight sleeps from home. "It is a good team," he said, and he offered to help her harness the chosen five. The dogs were frantic, howling and tugging at the line. Only the white leader sat calmly, knowing that he would be chosen.

"Take Idvaluk, then," she said. "He is quiet."

She means quiet for a stranger, Peter thought. *Quiet for a cat skinner*. He went to Idvaluk, the lead dog, and cuffed him on the head to show friendliness but mastery, gripped his collar, freed him from the dog chain and hustled him over to the trace. He was clumsy with the harness, and Mary was going back for the second wheel dog now already, and then he could not snap the buckle, and then Idvaluk turned and bit Peter's wrist, backed out and went to kill his enemy, the right wheel dog, and all was a tangle of fury and hate.

Mary beat them manfully with a chain. "Sit on the anchor!" she ordered Peter. She hitched Idvaluk and beat him again for better manners.

Peter sat on the anchor while Mary finished. His wrist was painful. He felt unhappy. To sit on the anchor is a lowly job, and also he saw that Idvaluk's left ear was bleeding. He put all his weight on the anchor, because the team yelped and strained and plunged. Mary pulled off her duffel parka and stood almost bare to the murky day; then her arms, head, shoulders, bosom disappeared into the parka, a deft twisting, and she wore deerskins for the long cold race.

"*Kwana*," she said. Thanks. Thanks for what? She jumped on, plucking the anchor from the snow. They raced for the starting line where ten men and ten teams waited. But Idvaluk was not running straight. He edged from the pain of his wounded ear.

"Ho!" called Mary. "Ho!" Left! Left! in her clear girl's voice.

Now she will do badly in the race, he thought. *And she will not forgive me.*

The race was ten miles to round a certain island, and ten miles back. Peter watched until a last dark dot had vanished in the dim whiteness of *hila kapuk*, and then he went to the company store and spent some of his riches on a new .30-30 carbine, and then he went down to the sea ice again, but there was no sign yet. Okpik came over to speak to him.

"And who do you hope will win?" asked Okpik slyly. He made jokes. He was well liked among the People, but with the young ones Okpik was sometimes stern. He did not understand new things.

Okpik is my enemy, Peter thought. He knew that Okpik had spoken old ideas to Mary Avakana. Peter grinned at Okpik, with some badness against him in his heart.

"How is it with you and Mary?" Okpik asked. He had christened them both, and he could ask such things.

"She will not marry me," said Peter. His smile deserted him. He stared to the east, but no teams were in sight. "She laughs at me," he said to Okpik, who was foolish, but also like a father.

"Mary is a girl of the north," said Okpik, "a rare woman who has learned the skills of man. She does not laugh in her heart at you, but she fears marriage with you."

"Why is this?" asked Peter. He knew. It was because of Okpik's counsel.

Okpik sighed with a cloud of steam. "Because the days of cat skinners may be over soon, and if the People have no dogs and no traps and no skill in hunting——" Okpik must have said this thing so many thousand times that you would think him tired of saying it.

"But will there not be other Dew Lines or similar things?" Peter asked respectfully.

"Perhaps," Okpik said testily. "But if not—if Mary is seven months heavy with child, and cannot hunt, and you cannot hunt or seal or trap or fish, what then?" Okpik glared at him. He was a terrible old man of God, more like Jehovah than a canon of the church. But now he spoke gently. "Peter," he said, "you smile at me and think I am against you. But I have heard what is said of your work down there." He waved his mitt to the south, whence they had come for Easter. "Listen! Of all our young people, you and Mary are the ones in whom I place my highest hopes. Therefore, I would dearly love to marry you. But Mary is a strange, strong girl, and willful. If she will have a hunter to love, cherish and to obey, then she will have a hunter. My son," he said, "take this year and learn to be a hunter."

But Peter was hearing the mighty clanking of his tractor, the snarl and the heave as she bit into her work.

"The bishop says I am too old for travel now," said Okpik. "I will give you my team."

This would be a gift of value. *I am rich*, Peter thought. *I could pay for his dog team.* But he did not want Okpik's dogs. He wanted to work his tractor. Peter grunted politely beside Okpik at the winning post. The white weather was closing in.

Okpik sighed. "You will travel south with me tomorrow, then?"

"*Kwana-puk-po*," Peter said. Many thanks. He watched to the east. Who would come first?

It was a white lead dog. Mary came first in the dim white weather, calling encouragement to her team, crying, "Excitement!" to them in the high thin voice of Tiriganyak, the fox.

She tied the dogs. "His ear soon numbed," she said of Idvaluk. She chopped seal and fed them. Peter did not offer help, except in carrying things and upturning her big sled for the icing of the runners. The icing meant a journey, and that would be tomorrow with grandparents to the north. She melted snow on a stove. Then she iced, barehanded, one runner and the other, and finished, with the slap, slap, slap of the wet cloth along them.

"Never mind the dramatics! Let's just have the verdict!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Then they went together into the shelter of her canvas sled wrapper, which was rigged as half a tent, and it was warmer, with the stove roaring. Mary drew off her deerskin parka, and Peter saw her lightly clad, and fever grasped him and he took her strongly in his arms. She struggled, but hers was only a woman's strength. Then she did not struggle.

"There is still time. Come now to Okpik."

But she broke from him, and put on her duffel parka, and beat snow from the deerskins, and did not speak.

Peter took out the watch. It was of pure gold and it had a golden strap to fit any wrist.

"For you." He held it to her. "It runs forever by itself," he said, "without winding or attention." She stared at the golden watch, eyes full of wonder. Then everything changed. She wrinkled her nose in the way that means no.

"It cost many dollars," he said hopefully.

"I will not marry you," she said. "Therefore I cannot take this precious thing."

"Please," he said.

"Also, what use would I have for it?" she said less kindly. "Would it comfort me on my trapline? Would it say: Time to stop machine pushing snow for this or that number of hours, and time to have another of the many feasts?"

"You are a foolish girl," he said, with a growl in his heart. "What do you know of work and money and well-earned feasts?"

"And you," she said cruelly, "who cannot even hold a dog, who would faint at the sight of Nanuk, the polar bear——"

Peter threw down the golden watch. There is little anger among the People, but he felt black rage as he strode through *hila kapuk*—dead white weather. He saw two pictures in his mind: One was his mighty obedient tractor, the other his hateful beautiful woman. *She is mad*, he thought. *I will teach her to say that I——*

"I will buy the dogs, the sled and other things," he said to Okpik.

"Pay the mission," said Okpik gravely. And he stood and gave Peter a blessing, and Peter went to tell his widowed mother of a change of plans, and Okpik laughed to himself in an old man's way, but Mary Avakana wept alone.

Now for a whole year Peter learned the ancient skills. There was much that he remembered from his childhood, and some things were in the marrow of his bones, and he invented new things, too, for he had profited from white man's cunning. *It is easy*, he thought.

He started with a caribou hunt inland, but caribou were scarce, and Peter missed shots, and he nearly starved.

So it began, and so it went on, through fishing in the summer, through the wicked storms and the dangerous ice of autumn, and into cold, dark winter on his trapline, and at the seal holes, and hunting Nanuk far out to sea. He made many mistakes. *It is less easy*, Peter thought. And he thought often, *Mary would laugh at me for that.*

His widowed mother grumbled about skinning, sewing, chewing. *A woman is old*, she grumbled. *This is work for a strong young wife.* She meant Alice Aluyak, Peter knew. But he did not want dull dumpy Alice. He wanted his fiery woman of the north. He still wanted his mighty tractor. *Mary drove me to this lunacy*, he thought in the dark moods that assail a man alone. *She cheated me of my machine.*

But always he thought of seeing her at Eastertide, which is the great festival of the People.

The days were long again. He ran his trapline this final time, and cached the foxes—he had trapped over a hundred in the winter.

Then he drove northwest for a black cloud strip that meant open water. He reached the lead and followed it for two days, edging north, but he found no bears. He was three sleeps from home. He ran south for the cape where his foxes were cached, and he thought, *Mary should come this way.* But he had heard no word of Mary all the year. He found no other sled tracks. *She is behind me*, Peter thought. *Or she might have circled wide. Or she might have traveled overland.*

There was a barrier of rough ice between him and the cape, formed, as always at this corner of the sea, by the smash and break of autumn storms. He would have swung west, but a new lead had opened to bar his way.

Peter saw the mountainous cape, doubled in height by mirage. He wore glasses against the dazzling light. It was a warm still day. He started through broken ice, taking one small frozen lead, and crossing to the next, and climbing a pinnacle of ice to plot his way. It was easy at first. The sled upset, but that was nothing. He went carefully, easing the drop at each difficult place, for he must not lose the precious mud that coated the runners. The worst part was close ahead, and farther on, perhaps a mile away, was the coast below the cape.

Peter looked back. But he saw no other team. What he saw in the north was a paleness, above the pure white of the snow, below the deep blue of the sky. A blow was coming, and soon.

Peter hurried. First he lost mud from the front of one runner—a brown frozen chunk, and smaller crumblings. Then he

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lost two feet of mud from the other runner, mud and more mud, until the dogs could hardly pull, and so he stopped and knocked off all his mud and ran on steel. Then a dog's neck trace caught round a column of green hard ice, and the whole team pulled against it and broke its neck. He unhitched the body and tied it on the load. Then the north wind came.

He was nearly through, but the white storm caught him, and he could not see his way, and then he could not see his leader, and the team was pinched between walls of ice. He found a place for his dog line. He chained them out and pitched his tent. He fed seal to the team. He cut snow blocks to break the wind. Peter sat out the blow, or he lay out the blow in his sleeping skins.

The wind howled and slapped that night. *It will change before morning*, Peter thought. *Then it will drop.*

But the wind blew harder and colder all next day. Some of his dogs were drifted under, which was a danger. He broke them out and fed blubber to the team, and they curled up again.

Tomorrow is Tukuvik, the Day of Death, he thought. *Surely tomorrow the wind will also die.* But the wind did not die, and Peter prayed alone in his tent, and he fed dead dog to the other dogs.

A three-day blow, he thought in the tent. *Tonight it will end. It is always thus.* And he thought, *I will travel through, with only half a sleep to rest the dogs, and I shall be there late on Makivik, the Day of Resurrection, and Mary and I will rejoice together, and we will say to Okpik* ——

But gray night paled to whiteness, and still the north wind blew. The dogs were now weak. The last of the blubber ran through their stomachs. Peter ate the last of his frozen fish, pink and delicious. There was still dog meat. The wind still blew on Easter Sunday.

It will never end, he thought. *I will never see Mary, and Okpik is flying this year, and he will be gone, after marrying Mary to Jimmy Kaluk.* Now Peter was bitter in his heart against them all, and through the cruel wind he heard the music of his mighty tractor, obedient, strong. *A woman*, he thought. *All this madness for a woman.*

And then he heard a difference in the great north wind against his tent. It surged and slackened and thundered again, but the wind was edging to the east. A change was coming.

The wind fell as it veered. Peter brewed tea and lay again in his sleeping skins. He slept and he had a dream. It was a dream or a nightmare of the broken ice, white, blue and green, statues and forms and razor edges—Okpik, the great white owl—Tiriganyak, the small white fox—a mountain of ice that was his machine—a snow house in the glittering ice—a woman's body perfect in the ice—all the cold, live tales in ice that every traveler has seen. But the pictures grew. They towered to pounce on him, to smash and grind on him, to crack ——

Peter ran from the tent. He cowed the nearest dogs enough to hear another hubbub to the east, whence the sound of a shot had come. There was no wind, and the moon was high, and it was cold. He put on deerskins, took the .30-30 and the hatchet. He climbed and dropped and ran eastward on the narrow lead. That ended. He did not find another. Here was a pressure ridge, high as a white man's house. He crossed it. The frenzy of his own dogs fell behind. The frenzy of others was closer now, and another sound, which was angry Nanuk, the polar bear.

And now a great heap of ice—slabs, blocks and towers. He climbed again. His legs were tired. He panted. He saw this picture clearly in the moonlight: Live dogs on a chain; dogs plucked from the chain, and dead; and one dog dragging its hind legs into battle, and one dog that crawled away; and on the snow a rifle; and before him Nanuk, standing in anger, weaving in anger, darkness of blood on the bear's right shoulder. Beyond the bear was a dog, darting in and out. Beyond the dog was a man. Nanuk was forcing man and dog into a closed place in the ice.

I cannot fire, he thought. *I will kill the man.* Peter held his carbine until the very last moment, until the heat of Nanuk was in his nose. He dropped it then, and took the hatchet in both his hands and raised it, and came over Nanuk's curving back, and smote Nanuk with all his might. The ax head clove into Nanuk's skull and the handle broke, and Nanuk fell dead.

"Peter!" she said, for the man was Mary Avakana, and in the moonlight he had not seen the difference of her parka and her hood.

So Peter embraced Mary, and Idvaluk, her leader, attacked him, and Peter dealt somewhat firmly with the dog and returned to her.

"How is this come about?" he asked in due course of time, and after he had shot the two injured dogs for mercy.

She had traveled farther to the east, hoping there to find an easier way through the coastal barrier of ice. But she had not found a way and had turned in this direction, so near to the coast that she could not reach; and then the blow had come ——

Five nights we lay in the great north wind, he thought, *and we did not know. And the dogs did not scent.*

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Then the wind changed and fell, and hungry Nanuk came hunting down the wind and took a dog. She wounded Nanuk, who became angry and killed other dogs and charged and struck her rifle from her, and would have killed her but for the brave Idvaluk. Then Peter came.

Mary's eyes were downcast. "You are truly a hunter now," she said.

So they skinned Nanuk, who was a big male bear. *The old people?* Peter wondered, but this was not a question to be asked.

Mary paused a moment, plunging her cold hand into the still-warm guts of Nanuk. "First, my grandfather died of a sudden pain," she said, touching her heart with the other hand. "She did not wish to live without him. Therefore, while I was absent on my trapline, she went and sat beside him in the snow."

Nanuk was skinned and day was coming. "I will fetch my dogs," said Peter. He scouted a way to bring his team; struck camp, hitched them and came slowly. He had thought of a great idea that was a small chance only, but it was a chance.

"Now," he said, with Mary again, "we will give the dogs a small feed for strength, and ourselves also, and then we will travel."

"There is no urgency," she said. "There is much meat. We should feast."

"Later we will feast," he said. "Besides," he said, not unmindful of words that she once had spoken, "too many feasts make no feasts."

Mary turned her back. "Big shot!" he heard her mutter.

They and the dogs fed lightly of Nanuk. Then Peter took some of her load, for Mary was carrying a whole year's catch of fur, and then it was time to hitch her dogs. He gave her a pair of his, and there was some fighting between strangers, and only Idvaluk, the leader, remained to be hitched. Peter went for him.

"Oh, Peter!"

He turned.

"Take care that he does not bite you." Mary laughed in the morning sun, and with such sweetness that Peter felt faint.

But Idvaluk did not bite him. He laid his head with love against Peter, and Peter cuffed him heartily to say, "My friend."

It was hard going to the shore, but with two pairs of eyes and two pairs of hands they made their way; and then they turned west to round the cape where the ravens croak. Peter drove his dogs hard.

"Hurry!" he called back to Mary, who was lagging. When she came up, he took her hatchet and broke his grub box into slivers and stowed them in his load.

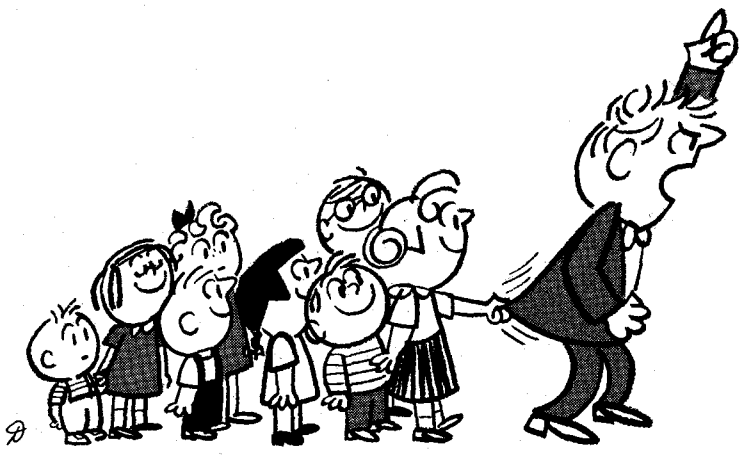
"Hurry!" she said crossly. "Break grub box! We are too late for Easter. What is this foolishness?"

"It is not foolishness," he said. "And there is hurry."

"You are foolish," Mary said.

Are they not strange? he thought. *What man would so lightly call another foolish?*

They rounded the cape, and Peter picked up the foxes he had cached, and



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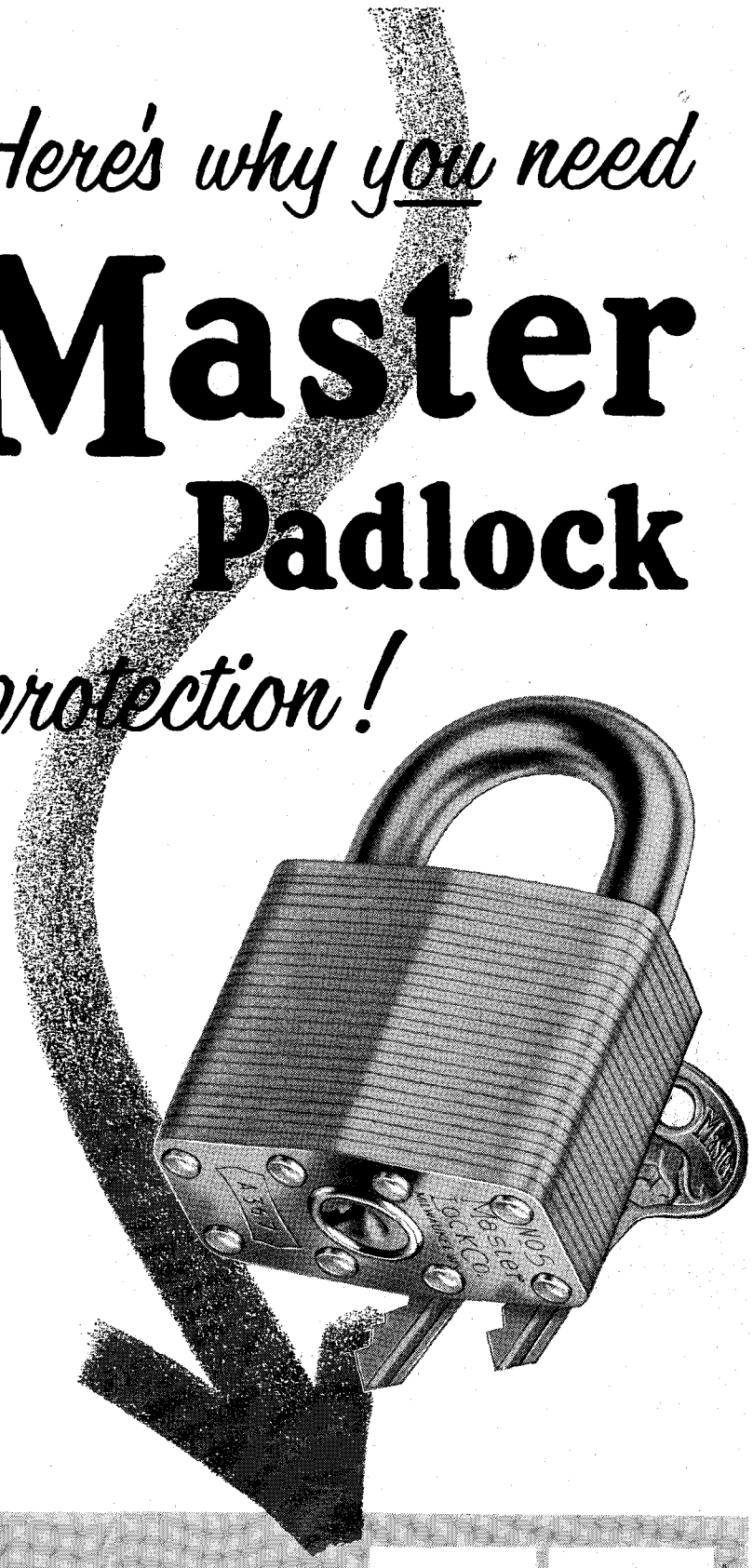

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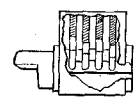

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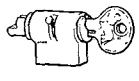

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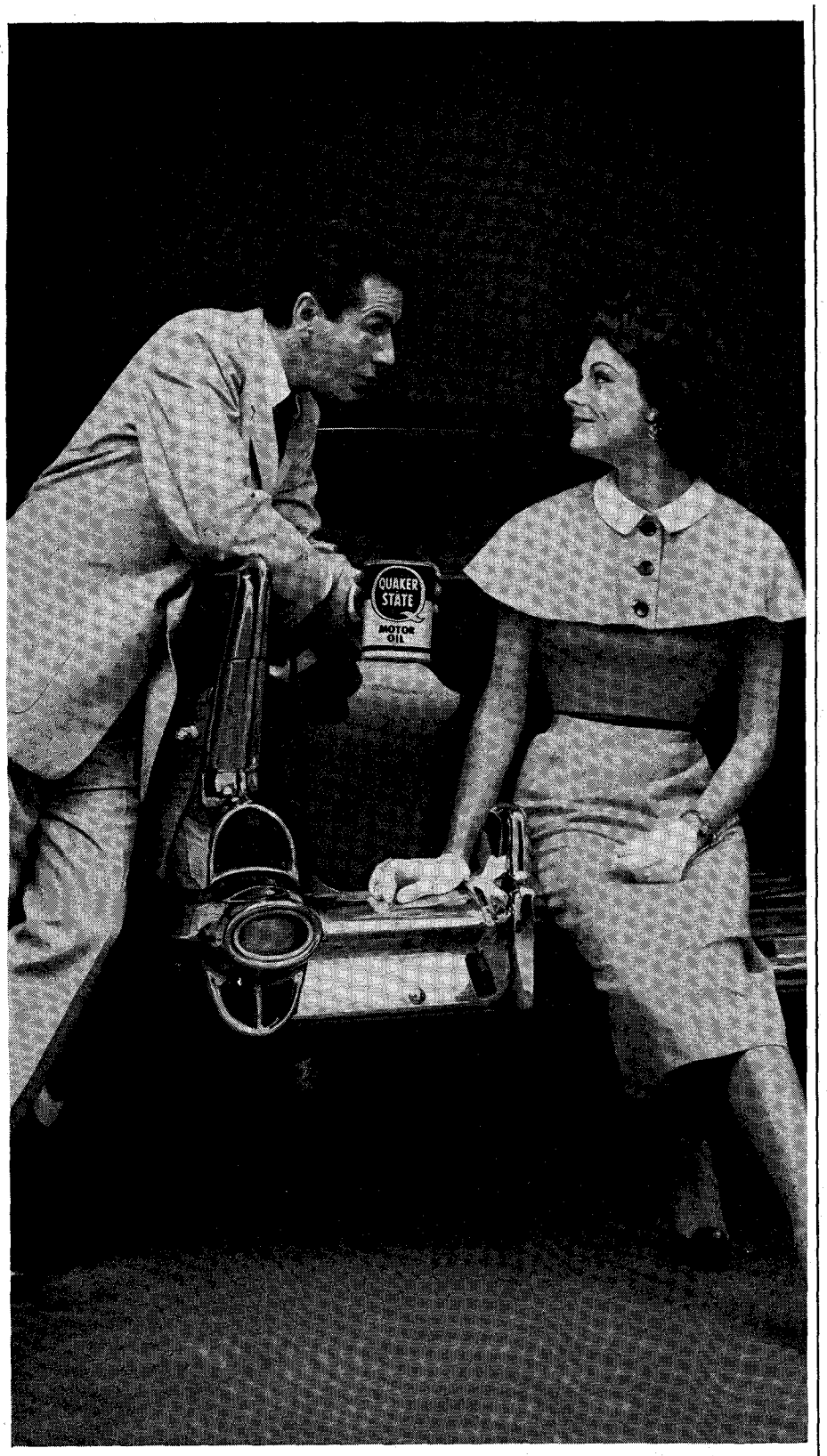

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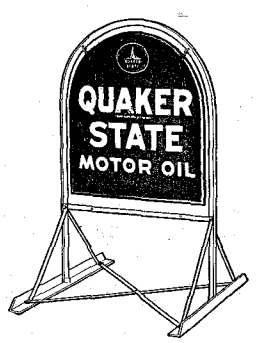

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they traveled southeast now. But home was far at this speed of travel. Peter watched the sky. There were foxtails, white and wispy all over the sky, but a rim of blue showed low in the west. It grew and grew, pushing the foxtails over the sky.

"Why do you always watch the west?" she called. "What are these secrets?"

"I watch the sky," he said. "Is it not beautiful, and a secret?"

"There is sky every day," said Mary on his other side.

Was that it? Could it be? It was, indeed. "Whoa!" he called, and put down the anchor and ran to build and light his grub-box fire, and for this reason: Okpik had been due from the west by air on the day before Good Friday. Peter knew that. But he had forgotten that it was blowing on that day, and had been blowing ever since. And this was Peter's fine idea: That Okpik, being Okpik, would be sure to come, even five days late; only he would not tarry long; and planes from the west flew this way always to make landfall at the cape where ravens croak; then to follow along the coast.

The fire was burning merrily. He added fat for plentiful smoke. The plane flew low. Peter danced about and waved his hands despairingly.

"We are not sick," she said. "We do not need help. Are you mad, then?"

But he paid no heed. The plane circled once, and landed on this lead. The propeller stopped. A man stepped down. He was a man of such appearance that none would mistake him ever.

"Okpik!" Mary cried, and ran to him, for she thought of Okpik as a father, having had no father of her own since infancy.

There was a pilot, too, a stocky fellow. Greetings were exchanged.

Okpik looked at Peter and Mary, and at the teams. "Is there trouble?" he asked.

"No," said Peter. *I am a man,* he thought, *not to be fearful, like a boy, with this old man.*

"There was trouble," Mary said. She told the story of Nanuk.

"The hunter!" Okpik said. He put his arm across Peter's shoulder, and he asked him, smiling slyly, "No trouble now?"

"There is no trouble," Peter said, and suddenly his childish fear of Okpik left him, and he said, "Except about marriage with this girl."

"Marriage!" Mary stamped her sealskin boot. "I have not agreed to marriage."

"So you do not want to marry him?" said Okpik.

Mary was shy again, and she said in a soft small voice, "He is so foolish. But yes, I want to marry him."

Peter drew his wallet from beneath his deerskins, and he opened it and took out the golden ring he had kept so long.

"Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?"

The pilot gave Mary. She said, after Okpik, in the language of the People, " . . . For richer, for poorer, in sickness and in health, to love, cherish, and to obey, till death us do part ——"

And Peter said, "With this ring I thee wed, with my body I thee honor, and with all my worldly goods I thee endow ——"

Thus Peter and Mary were married in the sun's warmth on the cold white sea, and Okpik prayed for them and for their children, and for all the People, that the people might come to new ways and yet not lose the old ways that had been their strength.

"There is a message," Okpik said. "The building work is now almost done, but there will be flying always to and fro, and snow to be pushed. Therefore, they have permanent need for a cat skinner of the People. They ask if you will go."

Peter thought of his mighty machine, and his heart, so full of joy already, bounded mightily. But then he remembered Mary, and he looked at her.

"To skin the cat," she murmured. "This would please you. Also, I would like to see such a great snow-pushing machine." Mary smiled at him without any shyness. "Also, I am now your wife."

And now farewells were said, and Okpik and his pilot climbed aboard and the plane roared away.

The sun was strong on this first day after Easter; the dark fur of the deerskin was warm beneath the hand.

"Spring comes," Peter said, and turned from his bride in happiness and went over to his sled, where the dogs lay, watching him.

"What now?" she called. "Is there hurry yet again?"

"To make camp," he said. "Here we will tie the dogs—and here. And there we will pitch the tent." He looked for approval.

But Mary wrinkled her nose in the way that means no. "A tent is cold," she said. "We will make a snow house."

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Modern Diagnosis

By Georgie Starbuck Galbraith

Dido, Sappho and Elaine
Wept and ached and
smarted.
And to the world their
plight was plain:
They were brokenhearted.

Dido, Sappho and Elaine
Were lovely and exotic.
But wailing with the
selfsame pain,
What am I? Neurotic!

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"You will help me?" Peter asked, for he was not expert in this skill.

So they tied out the dogs, and then Mary found a drift of the same right firmness through and through, and Peter cut blocks, and Mary pared deftly with her snow knife and fitted them, and Peter chinked the cracks; and then, from within, she placed the last roof block, or the cornerstone of their marriage house, and crawled outside and said to him, "Do you remember the golden watch that should run forever by itself without attention?"

"I remember," Peter said.

"I have worn it always in my bosom, and it does not run. Could it have been broken in the throwing, do you think?"

Mary pulled a thong up from her neck and over her head beneath her hood, and she drew forth the golden watch and gave it to him.

Peter listened to a soft and busy tick; then he held it to her ear that she might listen also. "It is a miracle," she cried. "It runs again, this precious thing."

Peter looked at the sun. He turned the hands to meet together at the hour of noon, and he took off her mitt and slipped the golden strap onto her wrist, and said: "This is the rightful place, for such a watch takes strength from the movements of the arm; only thus will it run forever by itself without attention. And yet it came ticking from your bosom. I do not understand this mystery."

And Mary laughed, and their hearts beat strong with love, which is a mystery, both new and old. THE END

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Here's an *advertisement* about reducing in Hollywood

"Steverino" and his glamorous wife, Jayne Meadows. That person at the other end of the phone conversation certainly isn't getting Steve's full attention.

One of Hollywood's happiest families—Mary Cummings, her husband Bob, star of his own TV show, and four up-and-Cummings youngsters—Patricia, Bob Jr., Baby Laurel and Melinda.

How the Stars Stay Slim

By CAROL MILLER

LOVELY Alexis Smith, lunching recently at a Hollywood restaurant, watched curiously as her companion devoured a rich, calorie-packed dessert.

"Envy her?" she was asked.

"Not at all," Alexis replied. "I keep in shape the easy way, the way Nature intended me to—by not overeating. Whenever I start to put on extra pounds, I take these," and she reached into her purse and held up a wrapped caramel candy. That's right, a piece of candy!

Now there's probably no place in the world as weight-conscious as Hollywood, or where as many different ways to lose weight have been tried. Turkish baths, Swedish massages, Epsom Salts, stretch machines, jiggle tables, pills, protein diets, salt free diets, bulk cellulose—these are but a few of the methods.

Of course, there's a very good reason for Hollywood's concern over calories. Apart from the absurdity of an ingénue with a double chin, the camera itself adds pounds to one's normal appearance. But even though screen stars watch their weight—studios and press agents soft-pedal the subject. They prefer the public to believe their stars have sylph-like figures without any effort. To set the record straight, Hollywood stars need help—just as the rest of us.

It's an old American custom—stopping to enjoy the scenery. The viewers here are Alexis Smith and her husband, Craig Stevens.

Well, what kind of help? Publicity releases to the contrary, dieting alone isn't the answer. Most of us know only too well what a mountain of will power it takes to stay on a diet. And it's that much tougher in Hollywood. Well then, what is the answer?

Just this: they eat candy. Not ordinary candy, but a special low-calorie, vitamin- and mineral-enriched candy called Ayds.

As June Havoc says,. "Even for dancers and actresses like me, staying in trim is sometimes difficult—until you discover Ayds. It has done amazing things for my figure."

Another case in point is Juanita Hansen. Many readers will remember her as a top star for Mack Sennett during Hollywood's infancy. She was a slim, blonde beauty. She lost out in the movies and began gaining weight till she tipped the scales at 196.

She decided to do something about it. Today she is 127 pounds and looks like a new person. "I couldn't have done it without Ayds," she said.

The secret of this candy-reducing plan is that it's utterly different. It's not like old-fashioned methods, some of which were dangerous. Neither is it a fad diet or a "pill." Doctors call Ayds an "Appetite Depressant." Taken before meals as directed, Ayds curbs your appetite. You naturally eat less and lose weight.

What started the trend in Hollywood was a clinical investigation by six doctors at a medical center in Cambridge, Massachusetts, reported in one of the leading medical journals. It was a comprehensive study to determine the value of appetite depressants in achieving weight loss. The leading weight-reducing products were tested. And the doctors discovered that Ayds Reducing Candy gave by far the best over-all results. Other doctors recommended it to their patients, and the word soon spread throughout Hollywood.

In a world where appearance is so important, both husbands and wives have taken up this easy way to lose weight.

Mary Cummings, for example, wife of the popular star Bob Cummings and mother of four, admits, "Sure I lost weight with Ayds, without dieting or feeling hungry."

What seems to appeal to these people who can afford the costliest salon treatments is its ease and simplicity. They know from experience that exercise alone isn't effective. Skaters like Sonja Henie and Donna Atwood ("Ice Capades" star) rely on this miracle candy and, surely, they get enough exercise. But, says Sonja, "I keep myself in trim all the time with the help of Ayds."

When Steve Allen was in Hollywood making "The Benny Goodman Story," he was exposed to the local pre-occupation of fighting fat. When he returned to New York, he decided to try the Ayds Plan. His lovely wife, actress and TV panelist Jayne Meadows, went along with him. "We don't agree on everything," report Steve and Jayne. "But we do agree that two can reduce easier than one. We both take Ayds and losing weight together is fun."

Druggists report that Ayds sales lead in America's continuing "battle of the bulge." Grandmother must have been right when she warned you as a child that eating candy before mealtime would spoil your appetite.

Before you too start reducing with Ayds,® see your doctor and have him write for a reprint of the Medical Journal Report. The Campana Company, Box MD, Batavia, Ill.

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The Case of the Dead Man's Daughter

(Continued from Page 49)

back door without anything else in the line of a latent fingerprint appearing on it."

"Do you know whose fingerprint it was that was found on the door?"

"Mr. Homer Garvin's."

"Cross-examine," Hendrie said, turning to Perry Mason.

Mason said, "How do you know that the room had been wiped clean of fingerprints?"

"Because normally there are fingerprints in every room. When one finds a complete absence of fingerprints, it indicates that someone has removed all fingerprints, particularly from objects like doorknobs."

"You found a fingerprint on the knob of the back door?"

"Yes, sir. A left thumbprint."

"And you were able to identify that?"

"I did. Yes, sir. It was the left thumbprint of Homer Garvin, Senior."

"When was it made?"

"I don't know. I do know that it was made after the knobs had been wiped clean of fingerprints, and since there was only the one fingerprint on all the doorknobs, I know that the cleaning of these objects for fingerprints must have been done while Mr. Garvin was in the room."

"How do you know that?"

"Because there were no other fingerprints. If he had entered the room after the knobs had been cleaned, there would have been fingerprints on the knobs where he had entered the room, where he had touched the doors."

"Wasn't it possible that someone could have wiped the fingerprints from the inside of the knobs and that Mr. Garvin, coming up the back stairs of the apartment and finding the apartment door slightly open, had decided to close it, that he had reached in and, in doing so, had touched his thumb to the knob in this manner?"

"No, sir. That fingerprint was deliberately left on the doorknob. It was not in a position where a person would have normally placed his hand to close the door."

Mason said, "Someone could have reversed the doorknobs, could they not?"

"What do you mean?"

"The rounded doorknob is placed on a square spindle and held in place by a setscrew. The print of Mr. Garvin could have been made on the outside knob, and thereafter someone wearing gloves could have conceivably transferred the outer knob to the inside?"

"Well, of course, if you want to engage in fanciful speculation as to the things which could conceivably have happened, it could have been done."

"That's all," Mason said.

"Now then, if the court please," Hamilton Burger said, getting to his feet, "I am going to call a hostile witness. I am going to call Homer Garvin, Senior."

"I take it," Judge Decker said, "you wish to be permitted to ask leading questions, on the ground that you are dealing with a hostile witness. I think, however, the better practice is to call the witness to the stand and proceed with the interrogation. Then if there are objections on the ground that the questions are leading, the *court will rule on those objections at the* time they are made."

"Very well, your honor. . . . Come forward, Mr. Garvin."

Garvin came forward, was sworn, and took his position on the witness stand.

"I am going to call your attention to a shoe which has previously been marked People's Exhibit Thirty-three for identification. I am going to ask you if that is your shoe."

"That is my shoe."

"Did you wear that shoe on the night of October ninth of this year?"

"I did."

"Did you deliberately step into a pool of blood in the apartment of George Casselman in the Ambrose Apartments at Number Nine-four-eight Christine Drive, and thereafter place your foot over a footprint which you found etched in dried blood in that apartment?"

"Objected to as incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial," Mason said.

"The objection will be overruled."

The witness said, "I refuse to answer."

"On what grounds?"

"On the grounds that the answer may tend to incriminate me."

"Your honor, I now ask that the shoe be received in evidence."

Judge Decker hesitated a moment, then said, "There appearing to be no objection, it is so ordered."

"Did you enter Apartment Two-eleven of the Ambrose Apartments at Nine-four-eight Christine Drive on the night of October ninth?" Burger asked.

"Yes."

"At what time?"

"About eleven or eleven-thirty."

"Did you at that time, by the means of a cloth or in some other manner, deliberately remove fingerprints from certain objects in that apartment?"

"I refuse to answer on the ground that the answer may incriminate me."

Hamilton Burger, seeing the rapt attention of the jurors, and knowing that the answers of the witness were the psychological equivalent of affirmative answers, smiled.

"On the ninth day of October, did you give or lend a weapon to the defendant in this case and tell her that you wanted her to have this weapon for her own protection?"

"I did."

"Was that weapon the revolver which I now hand you and which is marked People's Exhibit Number Thirty?"

Garvin examined the gun. "I believe that is the weapon. Yes."

"I will ask you to describe in detail your movements on the night of October ninth."

"I returned from Las Vegas. I went to my office, where I have a shower, a wardrobe and some clothes. I took a shower and changed my clothes."

"Then what did you do?"

Mason said, "Now, if the court please, I object on the ground that the movements of this witness are incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial, except as to the two matters on which the witness has already testified—to wit, that he was in the apartment of Casselman sometime in the vicinity of eleven o'clock, and that he lent the defendant the weapon, People's Exhibit Number Thirty. Aside from that, any other activities engaged in by this witness are incompetent, irrelevant and immaterial."

"They may be very pertinent," Hamilton Burger said.

"However, if the court please," Mason said, "it is quite possible that this witness may have done certain things that might be incompetent as far as the issues in this case are concerned."

"The court is going to sustain the objection," Judge Decker said, "although it is apparently a close point. The court can very readily understand that there is no statute of limitations which has run in the matter, and this witness is facing a very real danger in that after the conclusion of this case he is to be tried on certain matters concerning which he is now being interrogated.

"Under the circumstances and in view of the situation, I think the court will narrow the examination, particularly in view of the fact that the testimony of this witness is being used to build up a case against the defendant. It is quite possible that certain things he might have done cannot be considered as being binding upon the defendant unless there was some unity of purpose or unless the actions were a part of some pact or design which had been mutually agreed upon."

"Very well," Hamilton Burger said, "we'll prove some of these activities by other witnesses."

Hamilton Burger engaged in a whispered conference with Hendrie; then said, "Where did you get this gun which has been introduced in evidence as People's Exhibit Number Thirty?"

"I owned a sporting-goods store among some of my other investments. While I was the owner of that store I withdrew three guns from the stock."

"And what did you do with those weapons?"

"I kept two for myself. I gave one to my son."

"And those you kept for yourself?"

"I customarily carried a gun with me. I also kept a spare gun in my office. When I was absent I locked this gun in the safe."

"Let's put it this way," Hamilton Burger said: "Let's call the gun which you gave your son 'the junior gun,' let's call the gun you put in your safe 'the safe gun,' and the gun which you carried in your holster 'the holster gun.' Now I will limit this question to certain specific activities. Isn't it a fact that after you gave the defendant 'the holster gun,' you returned to your office, unlocked your safe and put 'the safe gun' in your shoulder holster?"

"Is there any objection?" Judge Decker asked.

"No objection to that question," Mason said.

"Well," Judge Decker said, "it seems to me —— However, if there is no objection, I will permit the answer."

"Did you do that?" Hamilton Burger asked.

"Yes, sir; I did."

"That very evening?"

"Yes, sir."

"When did you do that?"

"I would say about ten-fifty-five."

"Then did you return to the apartment of the defendant after that?"

"Yes, sir."

"Now, then, after you had returned to the apartment of the defendant, did you have occasion again to see 'the holster gun,' which is now Exhibit Number Thirty?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where was it?"

"It was on the bed of the defendant, under the pillow."

"Did you at that time examine the gun?"

"Yes, sir."

"Did you have it in your hands?"

"Yes, sir."

"And was there something about the weapon when you saw it that second time at the defendant's apartment which caused you to make a detailed inspection of the cylinder of the weapon?"

The witness hesitated, crossed his legs.

"You're under oath," Hamilton Burger thundered at him, "and there's nothing in this question which calls for evidence which will incriminate you in any way. I am asking you if you, for some reason, made an examination of that weapon."

"Yes, sir. I did."

"What did you find?"

"I found that the cylinder contained an exploded cartridge."

"What was the condition of the gun when you gave it to the defendant earlier in the evening?"

The witness hesitated. "It was fully loaded," he said at length.

"How do you know that?"

"Because just prior to leaving Las Vegas, I had reloaded the gun with fresh ammunition. I had reason to believe that I might,

(*Continued on Page 112*)

What's Going On Here?

A President of the United States and most of his Cabinet are watching the test of a powerful new weapon, presumably from a safe distance. Suddenly it explodes with terrific force. The blast kills two members of the Cabinet and other notables, including the father of a beautiful young girl. The tragedy almost literally throws the girl into the arms of the President, a fifty-four-year-old widower. He marries the young beauty only four months after the tragic explosion. What President, and what exploded?

R. Lansing Ferrell

(*See page 113 for answer*)

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Are the Public Schools Doing Their Job?—Yes

(Continued from Page 39)

clergymen, businessmen, educators themselves and taxpayers. Some reflect sincere concern over the goals and methods of modern education. Some are no more than the snorts of a few professional cynics and blowhards. A good many start from an isolated instance, get magnified by rumor, and then are presented as wholesale indictments of all public education.

The United States public-school system embraces 30,000,000 youngsters in some 150,000 schools, all administered more or less locally. I have no doubt that in this immense network there are substandard schools. I know that some of the teachers in this country are less than competent. In view of what we pay them, it's a miracle we have so many good ones. Some school systems have gone haywire on their curricula. The only 100-per-cent-safe generalization is that there are good schools and bad schools—public and private. Some schools, public and private, are "traditional" in their approach, while others lean to the "progressive." Two of the most prominently "progressive" schools in the Greater Washington area are private schools.

Another point or two that must be remembered about public schools: Accelerated birth rates, particularly since World War II, have dumped into our schools vast hordes of youngsters. Building programs, halted by the war, have just begun to catch up. Many schools are overcrowded. Certified teachers are in short supply. The public schools must nonetheless continue to take all comers, the bright ones and the dumb ones, the quick and the slow, the kids from normal homes and the kids from troubled homes, the boy who will be an atomic scientist and the boy who will sell neckties, the girl who will be a dress designer and the girl who will marry early and have six young ones of her own. Nowadays, almost everybody goes to high school. Not so far back, it was only the brighter 10 per cent.

Today's world is nothing like the world of a generation ago. Changes of almost imponderable magnitude have been wrought by the automobile, TV, atomic energy, the Cold War, the trend toward greater specialization, automation, the need for managers, the creation of more and more leisure. The public schools are supposed to accept our children—all our children—and to teach each of them to live usefully in this world.

The public schools must absorb a growing list of chores. Draft rejections in World War II raised demands that the schools emphasize anew physical education and health programs. The alarming increase in divorce has led to an insistence on more family-life education in the schools. Poor turnouts in elections have resulted in a clamor for more extensive teaching of citizenship. Traffic fatalities have brought demands for effective driver training.

But I do not mean to defend the public schools by weeping over their problems. Let me tell you something about our schools in Arlington and how my children are doing. This community is typical enough to provide a reasonably good example of what today's good public schools are like.

Arlington County is primarily a bedroom for people who work for the Federal Government in Washington. We have few of the very rich or the very poor. Median family income is around $7500, maybe higher. The adult-education level is comparatively high.

Our schools are financed primarily by local real-estate taxes. We have virtually no industry to help broaden the tax base and help foot the bill—and this hurts. There is some compensation in payments we receive from the Federal Government for being a Federally impacted area. We also get some money from the state of Virginia, but nothing like what we pay to the state in income and gasoline taxes.

Some factors in Arlington thus favor a good school system; others militate against one. Net, we are probably in better shape to have good public schools than many other communities, and our school system is, in fact, considered to be among the top half hundred in the nation. But we weren't born with it; we had to fight like dogs to get it. The present system is only ten years old. Prior to 1947 a political machine indifferent to the growth of the community refused to modernize and expand what was essentially a second-rate, rural school system. A Citizens' Committee for School Improvement organized itself, campaigned for an elected school board, spearheaded a drive to pass bond issues for new construction, and kept applying pressure for adequate school budgets.

The crucial element here was the collective will of the citizens of Arlington. They got a sound, up-to-date school system because they wanted it and were willing to work for it.

My son, Herb, is now in the eighth grade, in junior high school. He has gone through the Arlington elementary schools. My daughter, Carolyn, is in the fifth grade. My wife and I feel easier about her than we did about our son, because we did our pioneering with the boy.

I think most parents pass through a similar experience when the oldest child hits the first grade. Things have changed since we went to school. Much of the confusion and misunderstanding about contemporary schools stems from changes that most of us have been unaware of because we have been out of touch.

There have been changes in the practice of medicine, too, but in this and most other areas of living we have all seen and digested change as it has occurred.

Schooling is an exception. We got out, and that's the last we saw of the inside of a school until our firstborn entered one. Suddenly we notice that they don't do things the same way. Classes are less formal. Children are encouraged to ask questions. They may be split up into three or four groups. Textbooks are colorful and actually look interesting. The rigidly departmentalized subjects have yielded to more fluid organization.

At best, we are surprised; at worst, angered. Our egos rise up to confuse our judgment. What goes on here? Why the fancy changes? Do these school people think we parents weren't decently educated? Waves of nostalgia then pass over us, and we remember in a rosy haze all those nice teachers we had, how wonderful school was, how we really had to work, how we really got our lessons down pat and no fooling, and how, by golly, this molded our characters, which, of course, are quite high.

"No doubt about it," we think, "the public schools aren't what they used to be."

Said a Citizens Committee in Madison, Wisconsin, after visiting certain classrooms: "Almost universal lack of distinct articulation, proper pronunciation and correct spelling." This is a common criticism.

The report is dated 1901.

I receive in my work a spate of letters from businessmen and parents deploring the failure of today's children to master the fundamentals. Actually an impressive number of tests have been run by educators. Old examination papers have been dredged up and given to contemporary children. The present-day youngsters almost invariably outscore their counterparts of former years in arithmetic, grammar, geography and reading.

Many new insights into the learning process have been acquired in recent decades. Teachers generally know a great deal more about their jobs than their predecessors did. This knowledge is backed up by a vast body of research.

It has now been pretty well demonstrated, for example, that individual children mature at different rates. One six-year-old may be ready to read; another child may not be ready until he is eight, not because he is lazy or "bad," but because he just doesn't have the skill yet.

Real learning, the psychologists have also discovered, requires some kind of motivation or interest on the part of the learner. This interest may be provided by rewards or by punishment. At an early age rewards are probably more effective than punishments.

Drill as an instrument of learning, it has been found, has limitations. Everybody knows the story of the boy who kept saying, "I have went." The teacher made him stay after school and write "I have gone" 500 times on the blackboard. Next day she found the 500 statements plus a note. "I have written it 500 times. It is six o'clock. I have went home."

Learning is more meaningful if it is "adjusted to life." The so-called "life-adjustment" approach does not spurn the basic skills or discard academic subjects. It merely tries to make education more lifelike. My son was led into the study of fractions and percentages by being shown how to compute the batting averages of baseball players. He also checked prices in newspaper ads to see what percentage could be saved by buying a bicycle from one store rather than another. Percentages to him are real.

Some people maintain, nevertheless, that the schools should junk all this "modern nonsense" and return to the good old ways of teaching.

I realize there are some educators who have perverted the newer insights into all kinds of absurdities. In a few schools, public and private, there is the "child-centered" curriculum where the kids do pretty much as they please, where there is little discipline, where some subjects may even be discarded if the children are not interested in them. Some of the more extreme examples of this sort of "progressive education" have been represented as typical. In fact they are not.

My daughter, Carolyn, is an alert and imaginative child, with a marked desire to do every job well. During her first year in school she just could not read—just as she could not run 100 yards in ten seconds. A generation or two ago she would have flunked the grade. As it was, she was encouraged to keep trying. The next year she began to pick up slowly. A handful of other children were in the same boat. These children read one text while the more advanced children went on to a more difficult one. The children in Carolyn's group received special coaching.

In the third grade, and again last year, Carolyn began to move ahead rapidly, and she now reads on the "normal" fifth-grade level. The way her situation was handled makes sense to me. To say she was spoiled or inculcated with a disregard of proper standards does not.

It is the public high schools that really are catching it for a whole parcel of supposed shortcomings. The argument runs that the traditional academic program is being crowded out by vocational subjects and diluted to meaninglessness by frilly electives in such subjects as glee club and dating techniques. The kids who want to study such quaint subjects as mathematics, languages and science allegedly must go to private school if they are to get a decent education or get into a respectable college.

Let's see. My son is taking the following required eighth-grade courses: General education—a combination of English and social studies whose area of study this year is United States history and geography—mathematics, general science, physical education and health. He had a choice of one elective from these: home economics, art, newspaper production, industrial arts, choral music, instrumental music, general speech and library methods. His elective—which his parents elected—is instrumental music.

Yes, the choice of electives is broad, and will stay fairly broad throughout high school. Some of these electives may be considered quite nonessential to some folks, but quite important to others. Herb will get no chance to fritter away his high-school days. He has been observed and tested to (*Continued on Page 124*)

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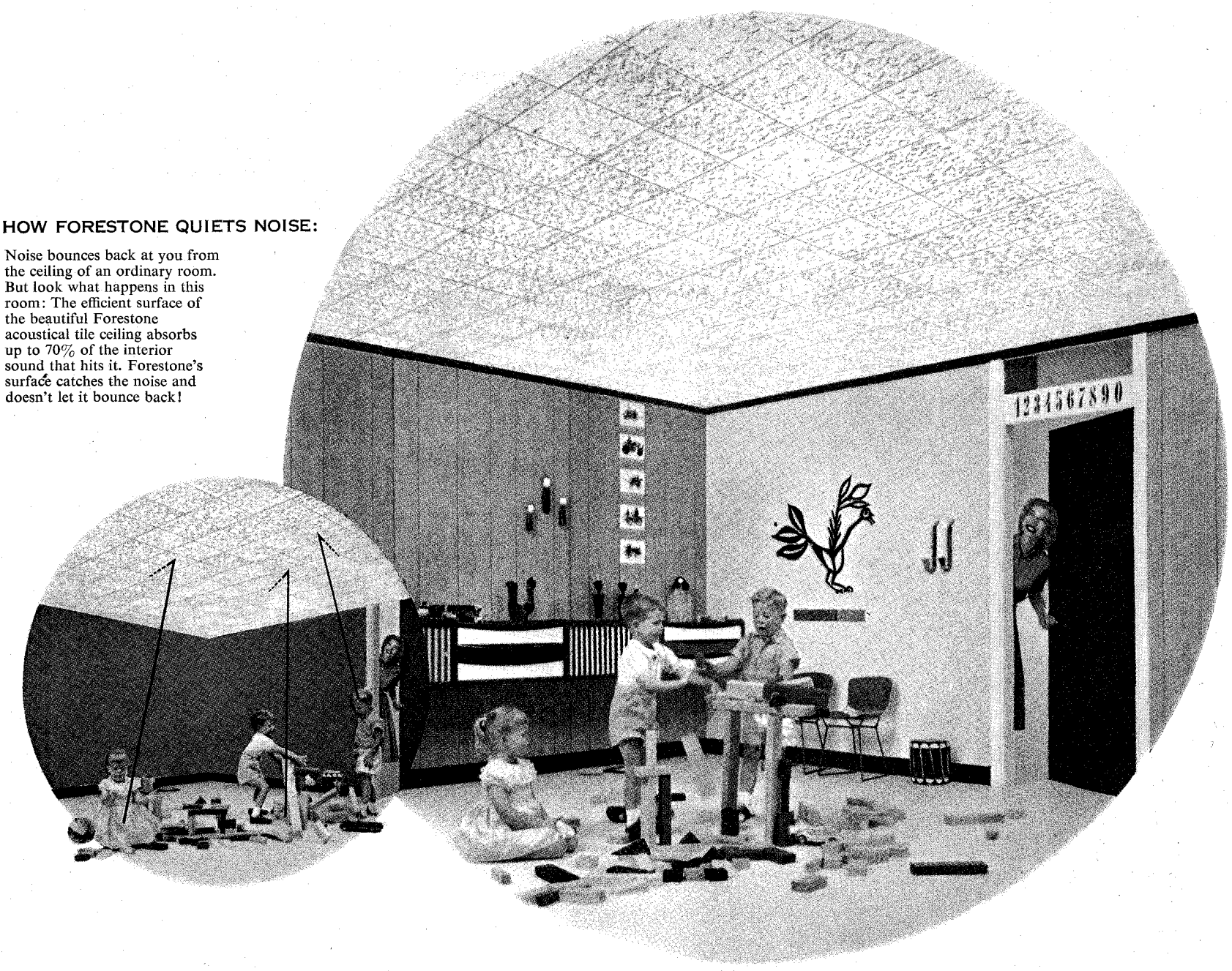

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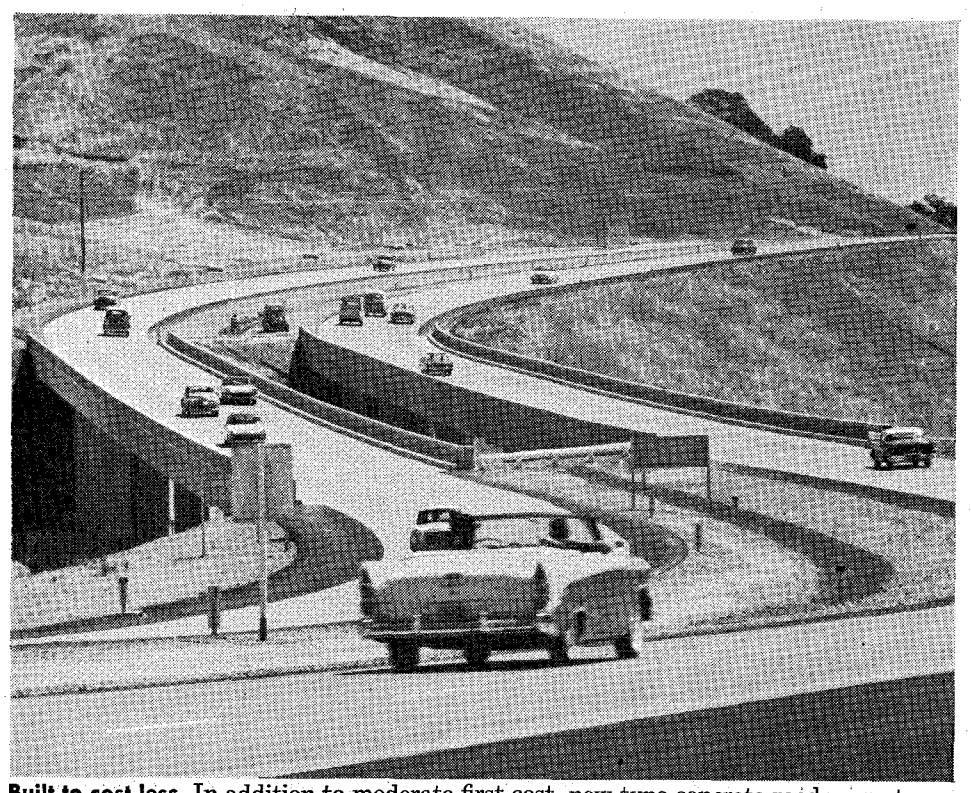

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There's not a "thump" to be heard when you drive this continuous-laid concrete. It's here today . . . developed to meet the 1975 standards set for America's greatest highway-building program—41,000 miles—now under way.

It's almost like riding *above* the pavement, instead of on it. You'll say this new-type concrete gives you the smoothest, most quiet ride you've ever enjoyed.

Don't waste time listening for "thumps." There simply aren't any. The reason is, this new pavement is laid without interrupting joints. Then only the tiniest cushion spaces are sawed into the

The new look with concrete is here, as this Los Angeles photo shows. New-type concrete is the preferred pavement for the Interstate System which will link 209 major citie

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sound-conditioned concrete

for your new Interstate System of super-roads

urface. You really have to look to find them. You never feel or hear them.

You'll want to drive this new pavement at first opportunity. Skilled ighway engineers who helped develop new-type concrete have long :retches of it ready for you in many states. And thousands of miles more :e yet to come as building of the Interstate System moves ahead.

This new kind of pavement is built to last. It has a life expectancy : *fifty* years and more.

Roughening and flaking of the surface due to freezing and thawing ıd the action of de-icing chemicals can't happen. By a modern process ılled "air entrainment," billions of tiny air bubbles can be trapped ithin the concrete to prevent this.

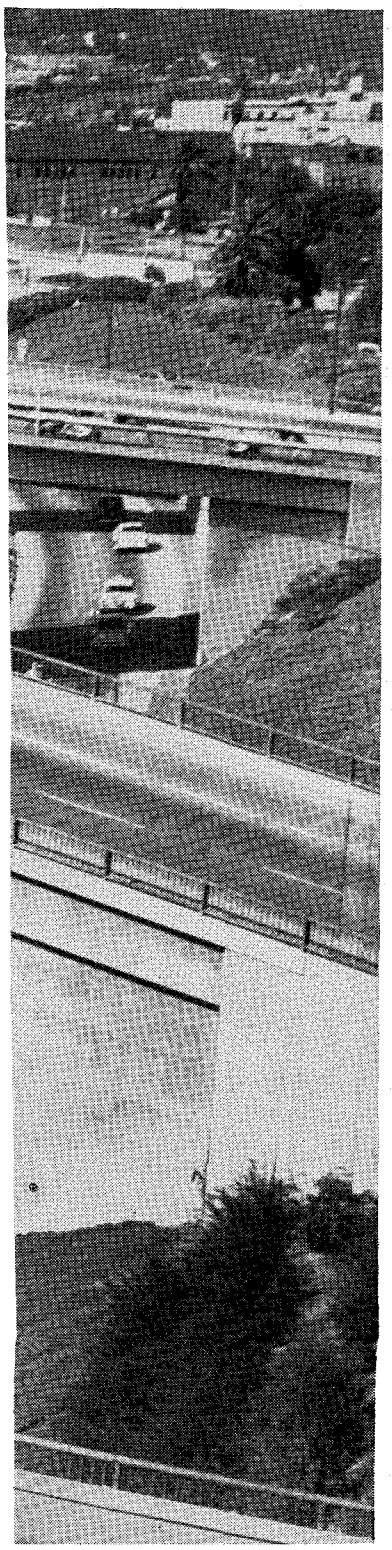
Also, a special granular base is used under the concrete. It makes permanent that new smoothness . . . that good, flat, solid feel under you.

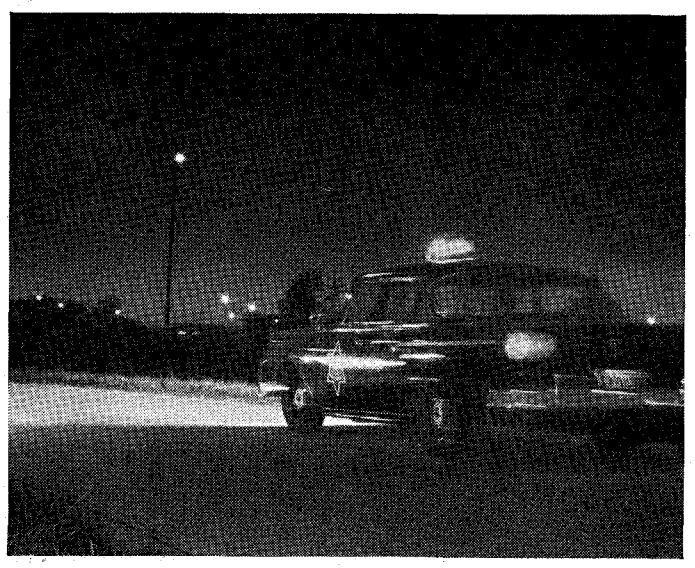
The extra safety that goes with these roads, you'll find very relaxing. Your car handles more easily. You never have to fight the wheel because of ruts or ripples or a high center on the pavement.

They're friendlier roads to travel at night, because they reflect light so well. They let you see up to 4 times better than on other surfaces.

And when it comes to quick, sure stops, the grainy surface of new-type concrete always gives you exactly what you need. Wet or dry, it offers dependable skid resistance.

Along with all this, studies show that *you save as much as 4%* on your car expenses—gas, oil, brakes, steering. For you don't have that surface "drag" working against you as you do on asphalt pavement.





Built-in safety. New-type concrete has a grainy surface for the highest skid resistance, whether wet or dry. It reflects light, too, so you see up to 4 times better at night than on a dark surface.

He'll find these roads still "new" in 1975, and fun! They're being built to last for 50 years and more. Only concrete can be scientifically engineered to match an expected traffic load.

Not a "thump" in a thousand miles! Instead of joints, the new-type concrete has only tiny cushion spaces, thin as the saw blade that cuts them. Note size in relation to a lead pencil.

Continuous-laid . . . up to a mile a day! Modern equipment speeds new-type concrete highways. Over 90% of America's most heavily traveled roads have been built of concrete.

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION

A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete

NEW-TYPE Concrete

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Of all the luck! My stomach's so upset!
I'll just die if I can't make that dance tonight!
Now look, honey—
you take Pepto-Bismol. Hospital tests
prove it relieves upsets. It's
wonderful for indigestion or nausea.
Pepto-Bismol

Pepto-Bismol works where soda, seltzers and "tummy-aids" fail!
For upset stomach, indigestion, nausea, or diarrhea—Pepto-Bismol's special medicinal formula soothes with a gentle coating action. It works both in the stomach *and* the intestinal tract—where soda and alkalizers never help. For children or adults, this wonderful *pink* liquid helps control simple diarrhea without constipating.
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(*Continued from Page 120*) see what his interests and aptitudes are, and his program will be set jointly by his teachers, guidance counselor and parents.

In the college-preparatory program which Herb probably will follow in senior high school, these courses are available: French, German, Spanish, Latin, algebra, geometry, trigonometry, biology, chemistry, physics, English, social studies, art and music.

This youngster of ours has turned out to be above average in general ability. He is quick—and for several years his teachers have occasionally graded him down for being careless. He shows high aptitude for arithmetic. He was among a small group of seventh graders who late last year were given the eighth-grade-arithmetic text and special instruction by the teacher. This sort of advanced individualized instruction is typical of good modern schools.

Herb got all A's last year, except in industrial arts—the kind of elementary course in shopwork that was called manual training in my day—in which he got a B. When we asked how come, he said he had been goofing off. He has learned that he will be penalized for not working up to his standard.

As I said before, a few folks in Arlington charge that our high schools don't do a first-class educating job. There is concrete evidence that this charge is not true.

About 1000 youngsters were graduated from the Arlington high schools last June. This senior class garnered 172 college scholarships worth about $270,000. Eight seniors received appointments to West Point, Annapolis, the Air Force Academy and the Coast Guard Academy.

The scholarships were to such representative institutions as University of Virginia, University of Chicago, Brown, Duke, Dartmouth, Oberlin, Cornell, Princeton, Stanford, California Institute of Technology, Yale, University of Wisconsin, University of Pennsylvania, Carnegie Tech, Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Vanderbilt, Harvard.

The Director of Admissions at Massachusetts Institute of Technology recently wrote the principal of our Washington-Lee High School:

"I have reviewed the record of Washington-Lee High School students. Since 1941, 17 students have entered M.I.T. from Washington-Lee, and their aggregate record is an excellent one. Of the 7 who have been here long enough to graduate, 6 have actually graduated and 2 have, in addition, received masters' degrees."

Reports the Office of Admissions, California Institute of Technology: W-L students have made the highest grades after entrance of any secondary-school youngsters enrolled.

The records of Arlington public-high-school graduates in these notoriously tough institutions are eloquent—particularly in light of the common charge that public-school youngsters are ill-trained in math and science.

Perhaps the most significant evidence, however, is revealed in results of College Board examinations. The purpose of these tests, given by a large group of colleges, is to test the applicant's intellect. As the College Board says, the only preparation for its Scholastic Aptitude Test is "a lifetime of intellectual challenge." Achievement tests, says the board, are based on knowledge of facts plus the ability to reason with them.

College Board scores run from 200 to 800. The bulk of the youngsters who take the tests are public-school pupils. However, the percentage of all public-school enrollees who elect to take College Boards is smaller than the percentage of all private-school enrollees who elect to take them. That's mainly because lack of money keeps a lot of public-school kids from planning on college.

Here are the most recently tabulated complete results of College Board scores. The figures, noting the comparative grades of public-school and private-school boys and girls, average the work of some 45,000 students.

... ...

Step Lively, Please

By Berton Braley

I am old as the hills
And there's snow on my crest,
But the heart of me thrills
With an unaging zest
At blithe Youth, elate
With old dreams and new laughter,
And at men fighting Fate
For the goals they are after.

I am old, but the light
In my eyes is on duty
To capture the bright
Glowing magic of beauty.
My old pulses hammer,
My old fibers dance
In rhythm with glamour,
In tune with romance.

I'm ancient, but never,
I swear, shall I fail
To make new endeavor
Or break a new trail,
Find joy in new skills,
With new courage to prime them;
I am old as the hills
But I still dare to climb them.

... ...

	Public	*Private*
Scholastic Aptitude Test (Verbal)	484	482
Scholastic Aptitude Test (Mathematical)	514	492
Achievement Tests		
English composition	521	523
Social studies	525	511
French	506	526
German	509	492
Latin	557	530
Spanish	486	500
Biology	508	491
Chemistry	540	522
Physics	549	518
Intermediate Math	530	495
Advanced Math	582	575

The public-school youngsters thus outscored the private-school youngsters in both aptitude tests and in all subjects except English composition, French and Spanish.

A general comment from the Director of Admissions of a major Ivy League college is revealing:

"Since 1949 we have had a gradual increase in enrollments from the public schools. This has not been by design, but simply has evolved from the nature of the qualifications of the individuals who have applied and, obviously, from the relative growth in public-school populations.

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"We have, however, kept some data on the academic work of the public-school groups and the independent-school groups on succeeding classes with the same results discovered in an earlier study; namely, that on the average, graduates of public schools perform academically better than do the boys from the private schools."

If there is no substance to the generalized charges against the quality of public-school education, how come all this pro-private-school talk?

Let me say again that in some places a particular private school may be noticeably better than the local public school. Some parents feel they are trapped in a desperate situation where reconstruction of the public school is too big a job, and they conclude they should send their children to a private school.

Other parents favor private schools because that has been the family tradition. It is difficult and a bit impertinent to try to psychoanalyze somebody's belief in a given tradition. It may reflect generations of pride in a high-minded way of life. It may reflect a desire to maintain social status and prestige. There are still other parents who prefer that their children be in a more select or refined environment.

Private schools all cost money. They all cost more than public school, and some cost a whale of a lot more. For most American families, a private boarding school is prohibitively expensive, and even the cost of most private day schools comes high. This means that private schools are required to take only the sons and daughters of families who can afford to pay the price. The few scholarship students in private schools hardly dilute the attendance. Enrollees in most private schools are silver-spoon kids.

The heads of the better, highly responsible private schools deplore this fact. They would like to select, solely on merit, those youngsters who are fit for the superior education they wish to give. But they still must run their schools on a price basis. The second- and third-rate private schools operate without qualms on a price basis.

The last place in the world I want my children is in an institution where membership depends on a comfortable thickness in papa's wallet—where the principal requirements for getting along are the expensive car and the expensive wardrobe.

I hate to see so much money and effort drained into private schools. And it isn't only the direct drain of money. Private schools have another debilitating and even dangerous effect on the public schools. When a parent pays a special tab for a private-school education, he usually is not too willing to vote for higher taxes to support public schools in which he has no personal interest.

I do not question anyone's right to maintain or support a private school, but I do say that support of public education is a basic obligation of citizenship. I cannot shake the conviction that private schools in twentieth-century America may be an anachronism.

The link between private school and parents is usually weaker than the link between public school and parents. The private school represents a service that is bought; the public school is a community institution which the citizens support and can control. This intimacy of relationship among home, community and public schools—which accounts for P.T.A.'s and all the other apparatus of co-operation—is extremely desirable, it seems to me. After all, the child at home, the child in the neighborhood and the child at school are all the same child, one and indivisible.

My wife and I think our children deserve whatever time and effort we can contribute to the schools, and we have learned that the schools are grateful for the contribution. This contention that the "school people" want to "take over" and don't want any "interference" from the parents is quite ungrounded, at least in our schools in Arlington.

Some years ago I happened to ask our principal why she thought narrative report cards were superior to the ABC cards; this was just an inquiry—I was curious. The following year she asked me to be chairman of a study group on report cards. This was a local school group composed of a dozen parents, of various points of view. We hashed it out and wrote a report. The next year I was asked to be chairman of a similar county-wide committee. This group subsequently made a report to the school board recommending certain changes. The changes were made. I cite this as ordinary procedure in Arlington.

The school board appoints advisory committees of parents for each school and names advisory councils in such areas as libraries, personnel policies, textbooks, art and home economics. Some 400 Arlington parents serve on these bodies. They are another reason why we have good, strong schools here.

Those of us who do take part in these activities are not professional educators or professional busybodies. We believe that a little constructive participation in school matters is less wearing and more useful than grousing or throwing stones from the side lines.

Yes, our children are where we want them—in our local public schools. My wife and I have heard all the criticisms; we have investigated and have found them basically without truth. We know the Arlington public schools are excellent, and we have no reason to indict the public schools of a great many thousand other communities.

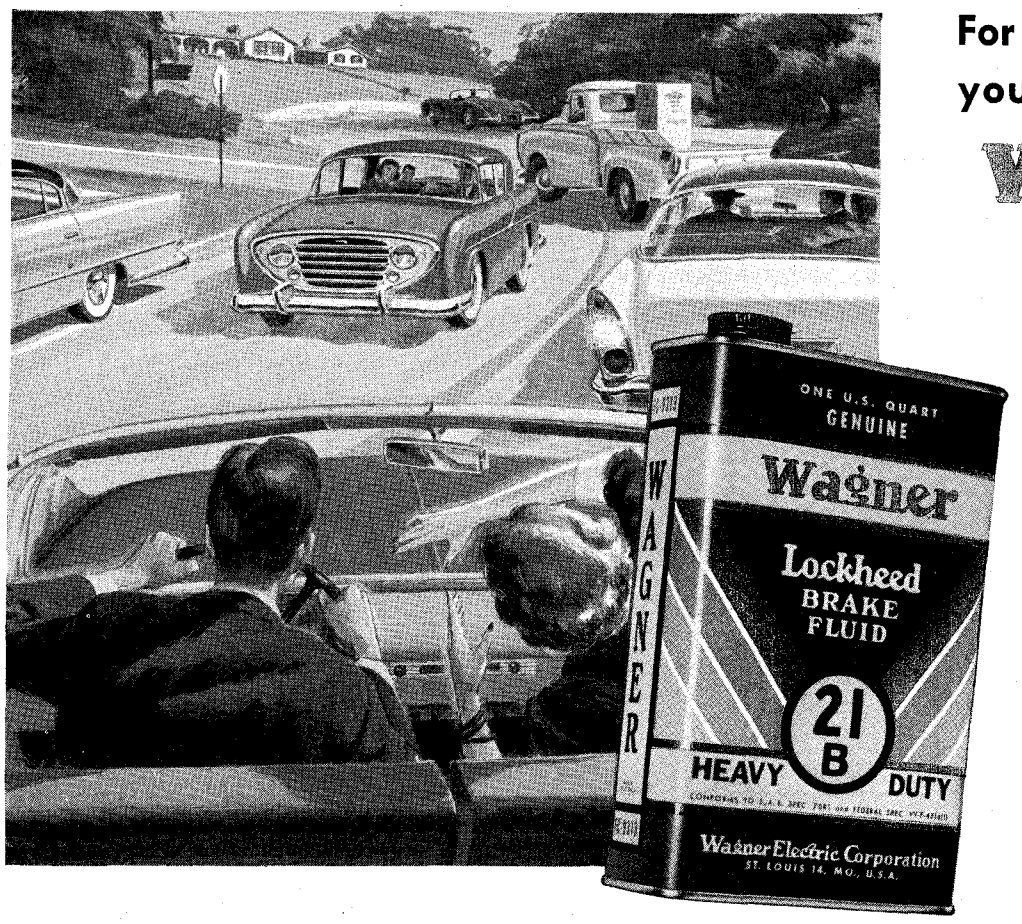
What is it that a parent wants for his children? For Herb and Carolyn I think what I want most is that they will learn to think, and to think responsibly. I want them to have a chance to develop all the ability they may possess. But as they learn to think with their heads, I want their feet to be planted solidly on the common ground which nurtures all of us. I want them within, not above or alongside, the course of events.

I want them to have a fair and equal start, but no head start prearranged for them by their parents. Like every other parent, I think my children are smarter and nicer than many other children, but to make an important distinction, I don't think they are any better. I want them to learn—and they will learn in the microcosm which is the public school—that this is a world full of good and evil, of energy and slothfulness, of greed and honesty. I want them to understand that there is no necessary correlation between virtue and money, between decency and the circumstances of birth. I want them to mix, as they do, with the children of the Ph.D., the ironworker, the man who runs the grocery. I want them to learn to achieve, and also to be tolerant and humble.

I want my children in no hothouse, no headmaster's private preserve, no snob factory. If they want to go to an elevated private college later on, that's fine. By that time they will be proof against being made prigs or jerks.

I will keep my children in public school, and will continue to stew around, along with my neighbors, to make those schools the best possible. "The common school," said Horace Mann, "is the greatest discovery ever made." He was right. THE END

Can your car stop in time?



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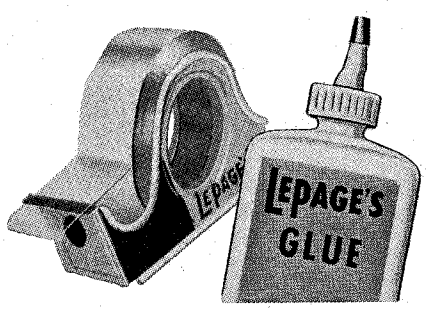

The Mysterious Mr. Niarchos

(Continued from Page 36)

He also is one of the more arresting figures on the international horizon. His wealth, a by-product of the petroleum age, has found such outlets as a three-masted schooner, a villa in Bermuda, an eighteenth-century Paris mansion, a $360,000 estate on the Riviera and a $126,000 race horse—not to mention a superb assortment of French period furniture, a $23,000 pair of Nymphenburg figurines, a twenty-three-ounce snuffbox of solid gold, eight speedboats, four fast cars and sundry other objects of sentimental value. Last February, he acquired fifty-eight paintings—valued at roughly $3,500,000—from film actor Edward G. Robinson, adding them to his own collection, which already included a $400,000 painting by El Greco.

He has no secretary and no headquarters. Unable to be in two places at once, and constantly deploring it, he runs his spreading empire now from his penthouse at Claridge's in London, now from the Ritz in Paris, from his New York apartment, a St. Moritz hotel, the Côte d'Azur, or from the cabin of his gently rocking yacht.

A robust maverick who'll sniff a boom when it is still far off and head for it across all obstacles, he proves, close-up, surprisingly subdued. He dresses quietly. His size—five feet, five and a half inches—helps him look inconspicuous. His smile tends to be vague and frequently apologetic. As though not really sure he is walking on terra firma, he moves with a bell-bottom roll that heightens the impression of diffidence. He is soft-spoken, rarely ventures an opinion, and finds it hard to stay with the same subject of conversation more than a few minutes. He can exasperate a dinner partner by looking bored or downright sleepy. Only his eyes, bright brown and easily amused, keep up the vigil, and he'll recall, long after visiting an unfamiliar home, such details as the title of a book he spotted on a shelf across the room.

"I am," Niarchos says, "one of the coolies of the petroleum industry." Although his bank account hardly conforms with our mental picture of a coolie, the phrase contains a rather apt description of his trade. Oil, as a rule, is found at a considerable distance from the place where it's consumed. To move the stuff from A to B, you may use pipes. Where pipelines are impractical or too expensive, the tanker comes into its own.

About 2700 tankers maintain, at present, a ceaseless flow of oil around the globe. Their dead-weight tonnage of 41,000,000 slightly exceeds one quarter of the world's entire merchant fleet. All tankers are sized up by dead weight, meaning the total weight of everything they carry—payload, provisions, fuel, and so forth—but not the ship itself. Much of this tonnage flies the house flags of the big oil companies. These companies, however, look on the transport business as a mere side line. They'd rather spend their profits on new wells than on new ships, and they don't like the prospect of getting caught with idle tonnage in a slump. Holding their company-owned fleets down to one half or so of their requirements, they use somebody else's ships to carry the remainder.

Hence, the coolie. The privately owned tanker fleets—Norwegian, Greek, American—are at the beck and call of the big oil outfits. Their tankers are for hire, and the enormous fortunes these independent owners have amassed since World War II are what you'd expect the coolies to pick up when business is booming. As the world's oil consumption keeps expanding, at an estimated rate of 6 per cent a year, so does the tanker tonnage. Niarchos is now in the process of adding $200,000,000 worth of new tonnage to his fleet, bringing the total up to some 2,500,000 tons—the largest independent tanker fleet now in existence.

Niarchos—the name, oddly enough, means "master of ships"—had something of a flying start in his career: he had completed his first ocean crossing before he was born. His parents, natives of old Sparta, had emigrated to America, where, for a while, his father helped some relatives run a hotel in Buffalo, New York. By 1909, however, the couple had decided to go back to Greece—Stavros was born four months after their return. The house where he grew up stood on a hillside in Piraeus, the busy port adjoining Athens, and Stavros took to water like a duckling. He swam when he had hardly learned to walk, and sailed a boat when he was nine.

The family was comfortably off. Niarchos, Sr., had become a partner in a flour-milling business owned by his in-laws, and Stavros went to Athens University to study law. He might have ended up as one more Athens lawyer-politician had not his father left the firm and subsequently lost his money. Thus, the young man, compelled to earn a living, entered his uncles' flour mill.

Almost immediately, he came up with a bright idea. The freighters of 6000 tons or less which brought in wheat from Argentina charged high freight rates. Larger ships, Stavros reasoned, would cost about the same to operate, and they could load more wheat, thus lowering the transportation cost per bushel. Upon his urging, his uncles bought six twenty-year-old British freighters of about 9000 tons each, at a depression price of $20,000 apiece. Cutting expenses to the bone by taking on most of the cargo at river ports above Buenos Aires, where loading fees were low—another one of Stavros' brainstorms—the firm could import wheat at the colossal saving of 35 per cent.

"We gained ten thousand dollars," says Niarchos, "on the first voyage made by the first ship."

As three of these big boats took care of their own mill, Stavros' uncles bought into several other mills and used their leverage to sell them excess wheat. Stavros himself bought three ships on his own account and operated them successfully as tramps. When Uncle Theodore, the senior partner, died, Stavros checked out; World War II was around the corner and profits in the cargo business were soaring. By the time the United States entered the war, the bright young man of thirty-one was owner of a fleet of seven ships, two of them tankers.

Niarchos turned this trim flotilla over to the Allies while he himself joined the Greek Navy, then operating out of British bases. As a lieutenant, he did two years of North Atlantic convoy duty—on a corvette and, later, a destroyer—and wound up with Greek naval intelligence in Cairo. One wartime memory that haunts him is the slow speed of those unwieldy convoys—five knots! His yacht makes seventeen.

We find him, at war's end, in the United States, raising $400,000 from a small Greek-American bank and buying, as he puts it, "any old cargo ships available." Only two of his prewar ships were still afloat and, as this was the time of huge relief and reconstruction shipments, he needed tonnage right away. Buying old freighters and using them to carry coal and lumber at good rates, he sold them a year later; and was now ready for his first big move, and for a peck of trouble.

Large batches of well-used T2's, the mass-produced 16,500-ton tankers which had played such a vital part during the war, were rusting in their berths. Nobody wanted them, and there seemed nothing wrong with getting rid of them at bargain prices. Niarchos bought, in 1947–48, a number of these tankers, as well as several war-surplus Liberties and Victories, from the United States Maritime Commission. In order to conform with regulations barring aliens from ownership, Niarchos, a Greek citizen, created several American holding companies which he, in fact, controlled.

This deal—and several others of this type made by Niarchos' competitors—was later challenged by the United States Government, which confiscated nineteen of Niarchos' ships whose title it disputed. Niarchos, sued by Washington and charged with fraud, eventually settled the affair in such a way as to leave both his reputation and his prenatal love for the United States untouched. In return for a payment (*Continued on Page 128*)

"I have here a magic brew which will restore your power of speech."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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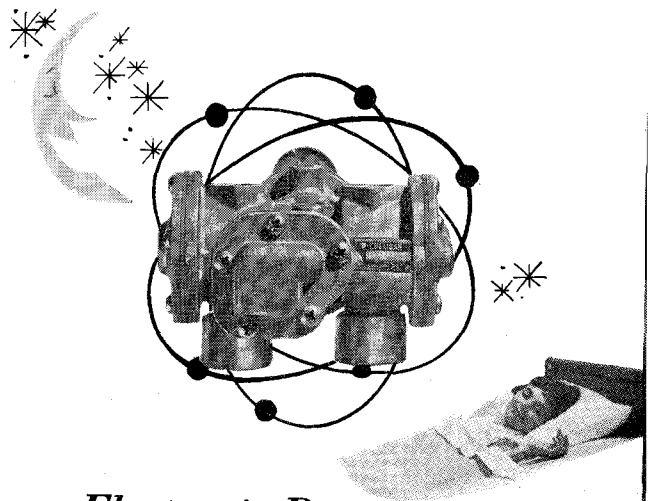

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(*Continued from Page 128*) Cape of Good Hope run around Africa, the old alternative to Suez. True, port facilities the world over are limited; no more than three or four ports in all Europe could now accommodate an 80,000-ton leviathan. But handling installations have a way of following the trade. Niarchos, whose own construction program, before the Suez crisis, called for nothing larger than 65,000 tons, early in 1957 ordered a 100,000-tonner in the United States.

But oil, like gold, appeals to certain instincts. The great excitement of the drilling game spills over into the oil-carrying trade. Cutthroats though they may think they are, these independent operators are, at heart, romantics whose egos bob precariously on a deep pool of ugly crude. If you cannot outshine your nearest rival, you might as well give up. Hence, the most potent argument for building bigger tankers may be that someone else is building them. Niarchos cheerfully admits a keen desire to be, and to remain, "the first."

Hence, it was possibly no accident that he launched "the world's largest tanker"—the 45,509-ton World Glory—in 1954, shortly after A. S. Onassis had built the 45,222-ton Tina Onassis. Nor was it necessarily mere chance that made the 47,750-ton Spyros Niarchos larger by just 250 tons than what was then Onassis' biggest ship. And while the honor of having ordered the first 100,000-tonner goes to Onassis, Niarchos' own "100,000-tonner" will, he has just revealed, weigh in at 106,500 tons.

But the relationship between these two extraordinary Greeks who in the last few years have been engaged in leapfrogging each other is so remarkable it bears a closer look. Onassis is the older of the two. Born of Greek stock in Asia Minor, he had made good in the tobacco business in Argentina, and graduated to petroleum tankers before World War II. After the war, he married seventeen-year-old Athena, the younger of two lovely daughters of Stavros Livanos, an influential Greek-born shipowner in London. When Niarchos, who was married and divorced before, married Athena's elder sister, Eugenie, in 1948, the two competitors found themselves bracketed for better or for worse.

For quite a while it looked as if the two far-ranging Greeks were chiefly interested in outdoing each other. Onassis bought a house on Sutton Square, New York; Niarchos took a penthouse on nearby Sutton Place. Onassis used to spend his summers at Château de la Croë, a mansion set in twenty-five acres of luxurious grounds at fashionable Cap d'Antibes; Niarchos, last year, bought the place. Onassis owns an Annunciation by El Greco; Niarchos, an El Greco Pietà. A less amusing episode occurred in 1954 when it became known that Onassis had made a deal with King Saud which would have nudged other operators out of the rich Saudi Arabian oil run; Niarchos did not like the looks of this—nor did the United States State Department, which protested—and though the deal fell through, it left a coolness between the two great trampers.

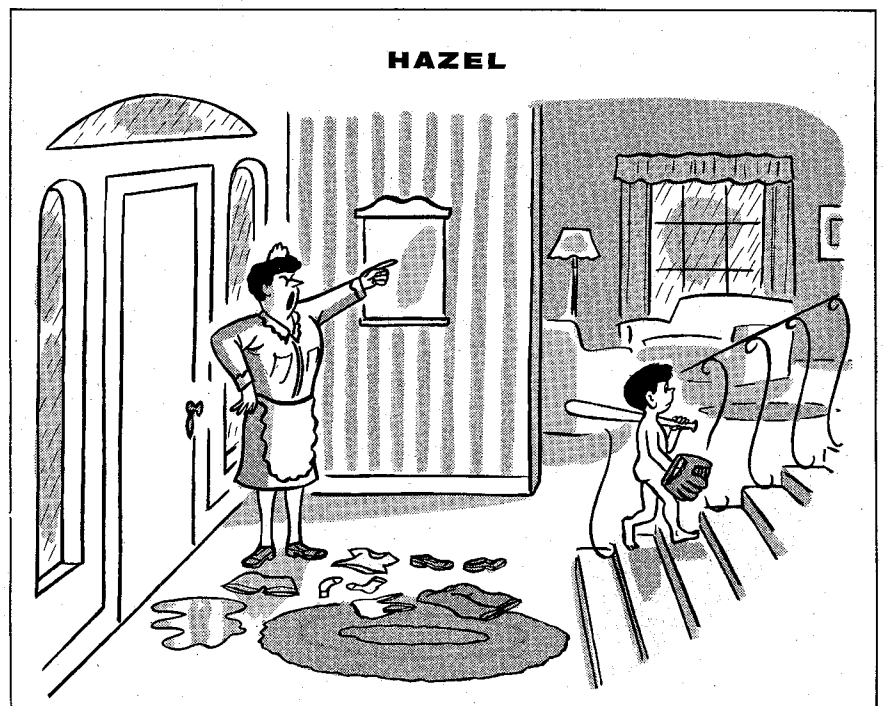
Which of the two has, in the long run, been the more "successful" is hard to say. Onassis, who has a penchant for the picturesque, is best known for such exploits as his purchase of the Monte Carlo Casino, and his dramatic whaling expeditions. He also recently acquired the Greek airline. Niarchos, on the other hand, is well ahead now as a shipowner, an art collector and, somehow, as a public figure. No longer known to one and all as "Mr. Onassis' brother-in-law," he has won the battle for his name—as Mr. Stavros S. Niarchos, he is a well-established entity.

Niarchos will look hurt if you call him a gambler, but he concedes a natural—and eminently Greek—propensity for taking calculated risks. Early in 1947 when he bought his first postwar tankers, most oil companies and independent owners were hanging back, expecting a lean period of adjustment; instead, the market came to life that winter, just as Niarchos had predicted. Again, in 1954, when things had hit the doldrums, he went against the trend by ordering a series of new tankers; soon afterward, when other shipowners rushed in to meet the boom with blueprints, Niarchos had eight supertankers building in the yards. His hunch, on this occasion, saved both time and money: construction prices all over the world have nearly doubled since he laid down those keels.

He kept up with the day-to-day positions of each ship until things got too big for that about two years ago. Today, by his own reckoning, he makes no more than one in every four decisions himself—"I'm seventy-five per cent retired." Still, he'll harass his staff with hard-to-answer questions: Why, for example, did this tanker put in for bunkering in Argentina when Venezuela would have been much cheaper? One question no one else can answer is what portion of his fleet should be run under "voyage" charter. While it's a good idea to be in solid with the oil companies and operate big tankers on a long-term-charter basis, it pays to play the market with a few of them—and thus cash in on a dramatic rise in freight rates, such as the one accompanying the Korean war, or the one following Nasser's nationalization of the Suez Company. The thrill that compensates for months of safe routine is to be ready with some uncommitted tonnage when company executives and ship brokers offer the moon for a three-voyage charter from Curaçao to the United Kingdom.

Although his crews are largely Greek, Niarchos sails most of his ships under "flags of convenience"—notably the Liberian and Panamanian flags. He is in line with current practice there. As such "legitimate" seafaring nations as the United States and Britain make operating ships under their flags well-nigh prohibitive, what with high taxes and high wages and sundry rules and regulations, more and more shipping men seek shelter under cheaper registries. Four of Niarchos' ships now fly the ensign of Bermuda, and four the Stars and Stripes. In 1954 he made a bit of shipping history by registering one of his most modern ships, the 33,000-ton World Harmony, in Greece. His countrymen, who had obtained this privilege by changing some of their inhospitable shipping laws, made a great deal of Stavros' gesture—King, Queen and Prime Minister climbed on board to greet him as the gleaming supertanker stood off Phaleron, and a band played the Greek national anthem as the blue flag with the white cross went up.

And all the time, the world is burning more petroleum. While, since the 1930's, sea transport of dry cargo has barely changed at all, the tonnage moved by tanker has multiplied threefold. Oil traffic now accounts for nearly one half of the world's sea-borne trade, and 43 per cent of all new ships built since the war are tankers. To keep up with the ever-growing demand for oil throughout the Western world, world tanker tonnage must increase by something like 2,500,000 tons a year. Niarchos is determined to have his share of that.



"... dry socks, dry pants, dry shirt, and dry! ..."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Unfortunately, it costs roughly one third more to build a good-sized tanker in the United States than it would cost in Europe. Niarchos, whose fat orders in the postwar years had been a godsend to American shipbuilders, had not been heard from for some time. He ordered ships in Britain, Sweden, Germany and Japan, but not in the United States. However, the accord which, last year, resolved his T2 controversy with the United States Government, obliged him, as a kind of penance for his alleged misdeeds, to build three supertankers in America and operate them under the American flag. To everyone's surprise, Niarchos ordered not three but six big tankers, bringing his postwar investment in American-built ships up to a handsome $120,000,000. The 46,000-tonner launched for him last January by film actress Madeleine Carroll was the largest cargo vessel ever to be built in the United States. And the 106,500-ton giant now on order will be the largest ship afloat.

"Each of these tankers," says Niarchos, "will cost me some three million dollars more than it would cost to build them elsewhere. Why am I doing it? Americans build better ships than anybody else. For that three million I am getting some two million dollars' worth of better value in design and execution. It will show later, as the ship gets old. As for the rest, the market is improving, and I should have no trouble making up that extra million dollars in higher freight rates."

Niarchos' love for a good ship at times approaches passion. He can drink in the lines of a new tanker as other men might look at a fine horse or a curvaceous girl. It saddens him to think that one of his competitors—not a Greek—replaces funnels with unlovely stovepipes to gain some measly dead-weight tons.

Having sailed a succession of small yachts since his youth in Greece, Niarchos now commands two ocean-going beauties, the 181-ton Eros and the 699-ton, 190-foot three-master Creole. The latter, the world's largest privately owned sailing vessel, is the apple of his eye. He spends about four summer months a year cruising, under her 15,000 square feet of billowing canvas, around the warm Mediterranean, where the one private yacht to rival his in elegance is friend Onassis' diesel-powered Christina.

"Stavros sits on deck, in slacks and T-shirt, chitchatting with his friends," says a British businessman who is a frequent guest on the Creole, "and then, on some out-of-the-way Greek island, a man in a dark suit with a large brief case comes on board and we won't see our host for the next day or so."

Once Stavros has been briefed by the new arrival—one of his employees who has flown down from London with a stack of papers—he lets him have a little fun on board and sets him free at the next port of call. Combined with the ship's potent radio and ship-to-shore phone, it is as good a way as any to keep in touch.

At forty-eight, Niarchos is a sturdy and enduring swimmer. He likes to water-ski, and, now and then, will race one of his speedboats where no one can watch him. Speed fascinates him. Not even his best friends enjoy a ride in one of his fast cars with Stavros at the wheel. He uses his own, twin-engined airplane to commute from capital to capital and, until recently, piloted small airplanes—he once crashed into the East River off Manhattan Island.

One reason he can run his far-flung empire like Genghis Khan, who ran his from the saddle of a pony, is that he knows how to pick his lieutenants. The chairman of Niarchos (London), Ltd., his operating company in England, is R. J. E. Dodds, who sailed from England for New York in the coal-burning oil tanker Potomac in 1908 and who, before he joined Niarchos, commanded the world's largest tanker fleet, belonging to the Shell group. Niarchos' New York outfit, the Transoceanic Marine Company, is ably run by Walter H. Saunders, who, as vice president of one of the United States' largest life-insurance companies, was instrumental in financing the build-up of Niarchos' fleet. Stavros' right-hand man, George E. Trypanis, is a quick-thinking, Greek-born engineer with a great love of detail. And four or five bright young assistants from powerful Greek families make up a flying squad of trouble-shooters, scouts and equerries.

Niarchos likes to say that all he owns of his fine ships is the blue sky above the funnel—meaning that tankers are weighed down by mortgages through most of their existence. For, having paid off its own heavy construction loan, a ship is still good for another mortgage—thus paying in its adult years, for future ships to come. Ships into money, money into ships—Niarchos, sitting in his makeshift office, surrounded by monarchic splendor, is wondering how far his sea-borne luck will carry him. THE END

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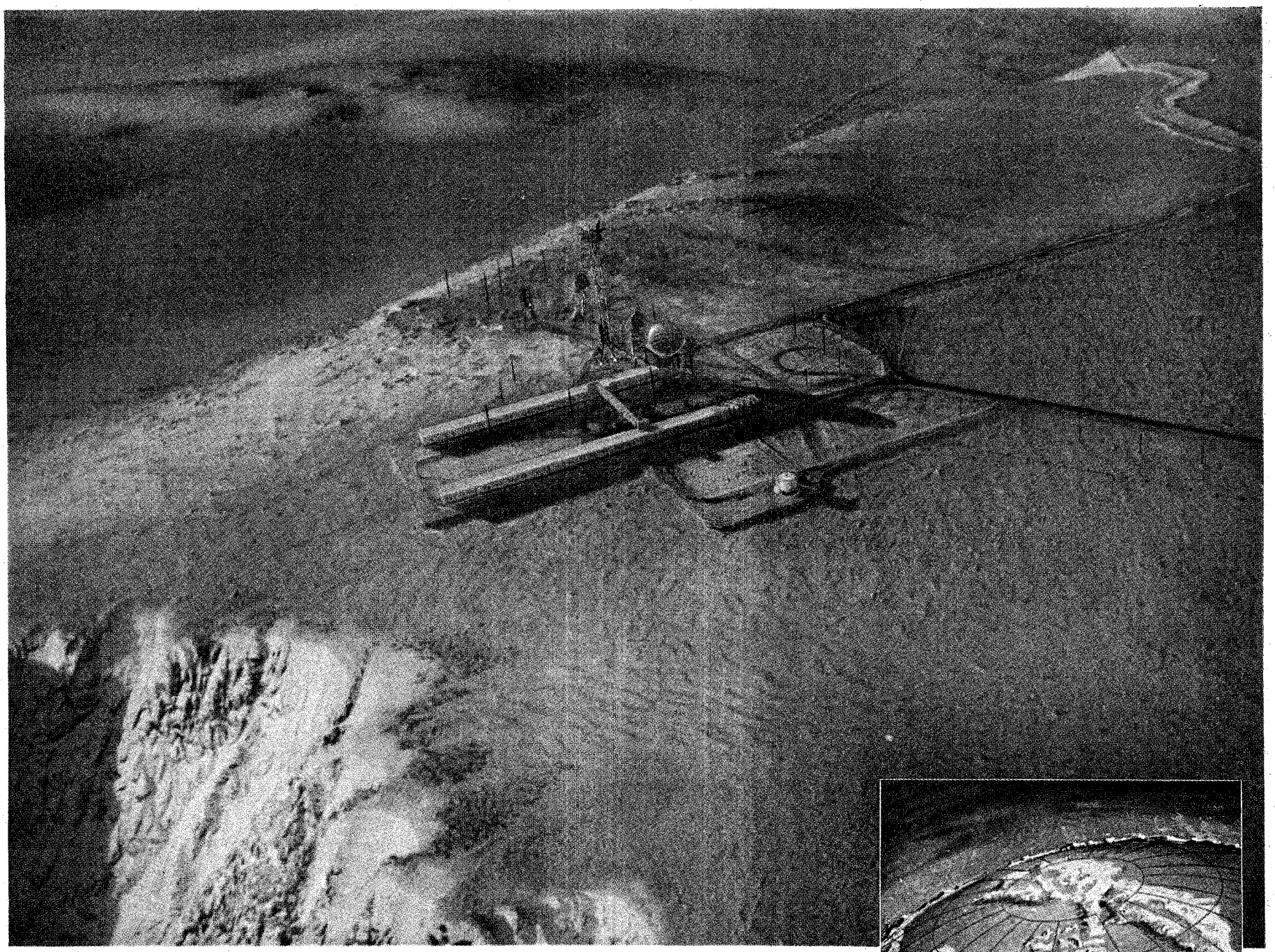
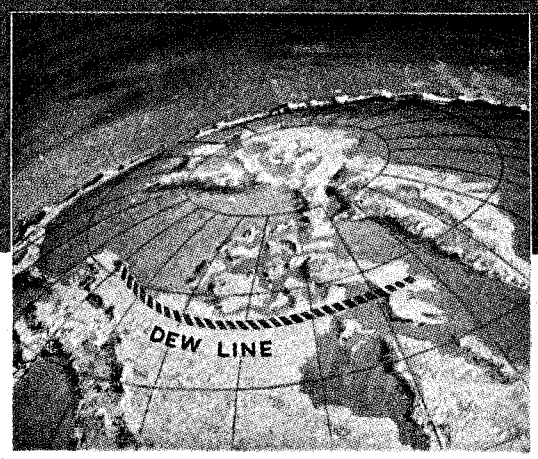


Isolated DEW Line radar station in the Arctic showing radome, communication antennas and buildings.



Artist's sketch of Distant Early Warning Line.

DEW LINE Now on Guard

Built in 32 months . . . on schedule

America's Distant Early Warning Line is now completed along the upper rim of the North American Continent. Reaching from western Alaska across Canada to Baffin Island — and in a line entirely above the Arctic Circle — it provides defense command centers in the United States and Canada with advance warning of the approach of airborne objects over the polar regions.

The DEW Line, which many once considered impossible because of the hazards of Arctic construction, was begun late in 1954. It was completed this past summer, *on schedule*, after only 32 months in spite of the difficulties of hauling hundreds of thousands of tons of building materials and construction machinery and of transporting and maintaining thousands of construction workers.

Starting from scratch Western Electric organized a team to do the job: Technicians, construction authorities, transportation experts, with communication specialists from our own ranks and from other Bell System units both here and in Canada; for basically, an early warning line is a communications system. Joining forces in much the same way we do to provide telephone service here at home we got the job done . . . and on schedule. In so doing, we discharged our obligation to the U. S. Air Force which had entrusted us with responsibility for the project as prime contractor. Of course, we were ably aided by hundreds of other firms, the U. S. Navy, Army and Air Force and the Canadian government.

Today, DEW Line is in operation. And the men of Western Electric? Their job done, they're returning home again . . . to work on other defense assignments and at our regular Bell System job of producing the things needed to provide Bell telephone service for the nation.

Western Electric

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Keeping Posted

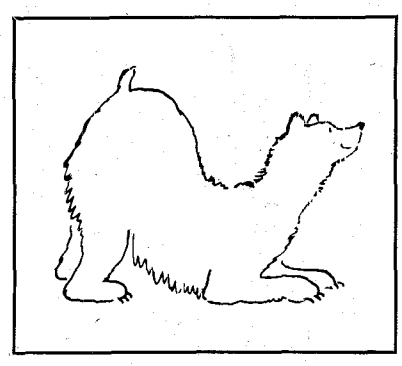
Raft and Jennings have fun with some photos of the actor's earlier years.

George Raft Tells His Story

One night thirty years ago **George Raft** and **Dean Jennings,** page 23, performed before the public in London within a few blocks of each other. The already famous Raft danced at a night club, and Jennings, a music student in Paris, was in town with an American students' basketball team to take on a crack English quintet. After the Yanks won 41 to 8, Jennings saw Raft dance, but they didn't meet. Five years later they met in San Francisco when Jennings interviewed Raft for a newspaper; Raft doesn't remember this, but Jennings sharply recalls the gun Raft packed in a shoulder holster and his decidedly hard-boiled demeanor. Lots of years later, as they began work on the current series, Raft was gunless and gentle and astonishingly willing to talk about his wild and woolly past. Jennings got to meet many former racketeers, gangsters, burglars and cons; and his wife, Mary, thought he should have a bodyguard, in case the mob guys didn't like what Raft and he were doing. Nobody else worried—anyway, those characters had all reformed, the characters said.

During seven months Jennings collected 325,000 words from Raft and wept mental tears as he boiled them down into a 25,000-word MS. (Incidentally, the fifth installment will mark Jennings' fortieth Post appearance.) Sometimes the workers relaxed; once, before going to a race track, Raft, an expert, spent hours doping each race for Jennings' benefit, but at the track he changed all his selections and wound up an awful loser. Jennings observes smugly, "I took his original picks and had five winners." When their work was done, Raft shook Jennings' hand, repining, "I may not see you again. When this comes out, I'll have to move to Siberia." He didn't sound very serious, though.

Fresh on the Bookshelves



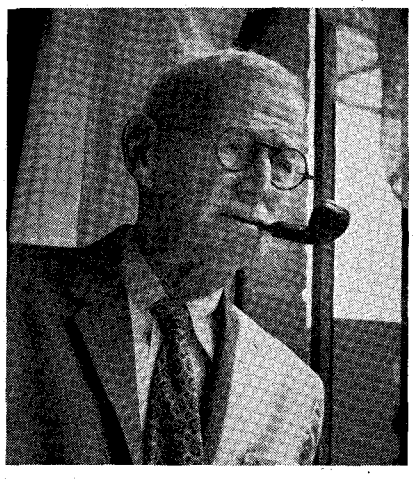
Once upon a time (in the Dec. 24, '55, Post, to be exact) a polar bear named Whitey had one of the darnedest experiences that ever were. Now Associate Editor **Robert Murphy's** hilarious story, THE WARMHEARTED POLAR BEAR, is out as a book (Little, Brown). Priceless illustrations by Louis Slobodkin render the volume especially appealing to youngsters—and don't detract a bit from its appeal to oldsters.

Probably you'd like to know: How to Enjoy Work and Get More Fun Out of Life. That's the title of **O. A. Battista's** new book (Prentice-Hall), which is a selection of Business Leaders' Book Club, Salesman's Book Club and Executive Book Club. Doctor Battista, a well-known research chemist and science writer, is also an able composer of epigrams, as Post readers long have known.

He's Old, But He's Young

Forty-eight years ago **Berton Braley** broke into the Post with his Mining Camp Ballads; now, at 75, he reflects poetically on page 124 that "I am old as the hills," and then reveals how delightfully young he is. Braley, who has expressed himself in many forms of writing, including the novel, has published 10,000 verses, and he has been read in the Post some 300 times.

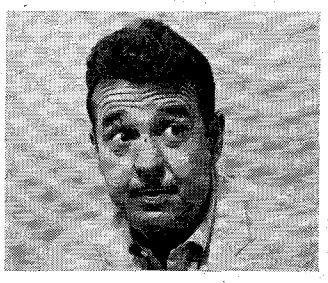
The author reports that he is still married to the mother of his 30-year-old son (a teacher at Arizona State College), and to the grandmother of the son's one-year-old scion. He says he's healthy enough to be slightly hated by valetudinary friends of similar age; physically active enough to do his own carpentry and drive his car at a rate that doesn't impede traffic; and mentally active enough "to make a precarious living" with his rhyme and prose. Home is in New York City's Stuyvesant Town; and there's a Connecticut cottage where bridge is played virtually nonstop from Friday night to Sunday afternoon. "My wife is a musical longhair and I am a musical moron. I smoke a pipe a lot, drink wine in moderation, and am a Republican." And he probably belongs to the Young Republican Club.



Berton Braley and his trusty pipe.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"I Call on Tennessee Ernie"



Now Pete Martin studies the remarkable success of TV's easy-going, hymn-singing, country-talking Ernie Ford, who values his happy home more than money or fame.

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